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High Times

May '79

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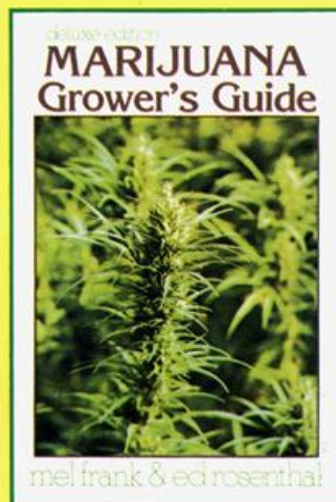
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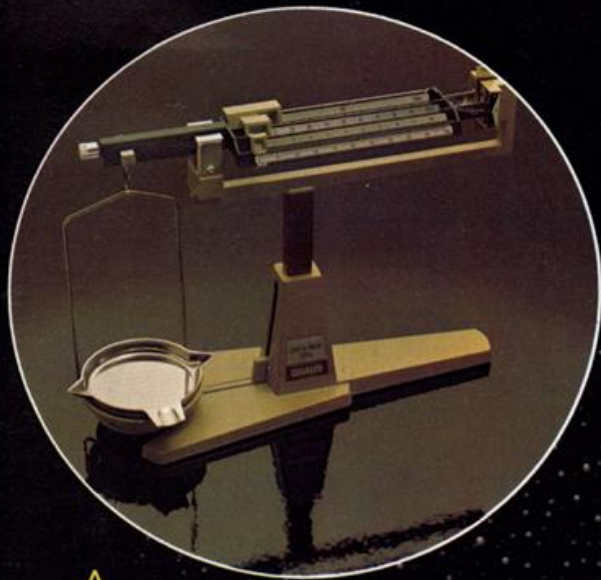
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High Times

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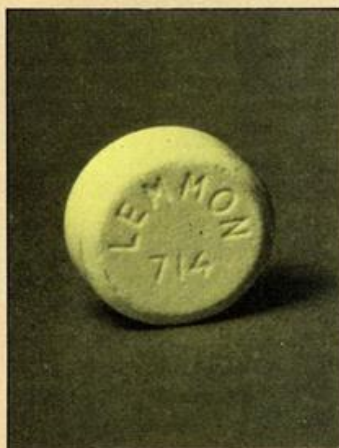
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(C)



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America's Hate Affair with the Press

It's taken a long time, perhaps because of a journalist's thick skin, but it has finally gotten home to me that Americans don't love journalists. I mean, they may like some of us personally, and they may be fascinated by us, but they have come to resent us as an institution.

It seemed only an aberration of Nixonian times when Vice President Agnew, attacking a "tiny and closed fraternity of privileged men" back in 1969, produced a hundred thousand applauding letters to the networks.

Similarly, when I found myself more reviled than praised in 1976 for assisting in the publication of a suppressed congressional report, I thought that might be an exceptional circumstance having to do with my abrasive personality.

No mass picket lines of outraged citizens formed outside the Hackensack courthouse when Myron Farber of the New York Times was sent to jail. I was appalled to find how many people were ready to believe Judge Frederick Lacey's slanderous statement that Farber was only "standing on an altar of greed" in refusing notes and sources of his investigation of mysterious deaths in a hospital.

Many Americans seem also ready to believe—so soon after Watergate!—that reporters endanger national security by finding out things the government calls secret. What is mind-blowing about this is how people rage at the press about leaks without noticing that the worst leaks don't involve the press at all. The three most serious security lapses of recent times were these:

- (1) The navy spying on Henry Kissinger, having the contents of his briefcase copied for the enlightenment of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
- (2) Bitter old Ambassador Graham Martin, carting around a trunk full of Vietnam secret documents, for reasons unclear, allowing them to be stolen with his car and strewn around the countryside.
- (3) The CIA, like a distracted lending librarian, letting copies of its hottest manual on satellite photography wander off the reservation, unmissed for months.

It says something about the mood of America that such leaks are treated as almost routine matters while the press is pilloried for uncovering scandals, cost overruns and disastrous covert operations.

The courts are clearly on a rampage against the press. They have given their blessing to police searches of newsrooms, demands for confidential notes and sources, and restriction of coverage of courtroom proceedings. In part, the judges are motivated by a "justice above all" concern. But they would hesitate to invade so flagrantly, even in the name of justice, the privileges of confidentiality claimed by lawyers, doctors and priests, and of other groups with more accepted status than journalists.

Where did things go wrong? It seemed to happen about the time Americans started talking about "the news media" instead of "the press." In retrospect, that was the tip-off to a change of perception of reporters from dedicated and mostly impeccable pursuers of truth to well-heeled and arrogant offspring of a large entertainment industry.

That is to say, the journalists got lost in the wasteland blur among the prime-time programmers, the docudrama titillators, the happy-news chucklers and the sugar-plugging Saturday morning hucksters. It seemed a long way from John Peter Zenger of colonial times, or even from Hildy Johnson of *The Front Page*.

Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart once noted that no private industry except the press enjoys constitutional protection. The Bill of Rights is designed to protect the liberties of individuals—and press freedom seemed essential to this purpose. But, when the First Amendment is perceived as protecting the profits of the purveyors more than the interests of the public, "freedom of the press" begins to get a bad name.

I can live with the unpopularity of the "news media." What troubles me is the erosion of the First Amendment, the drying up of sources and the undermining of the reporter's role in our society. Hardly six years after Watergate, I wonder what the situation would be if the Watergate cover-up were to occur now. Would there be a "Deep Throat" willing to blow the whistle? Would there be a reporter willing to risk jail? Would the public believe what the press said, anyway?

Daniel Schorr

—Daniel Schorr

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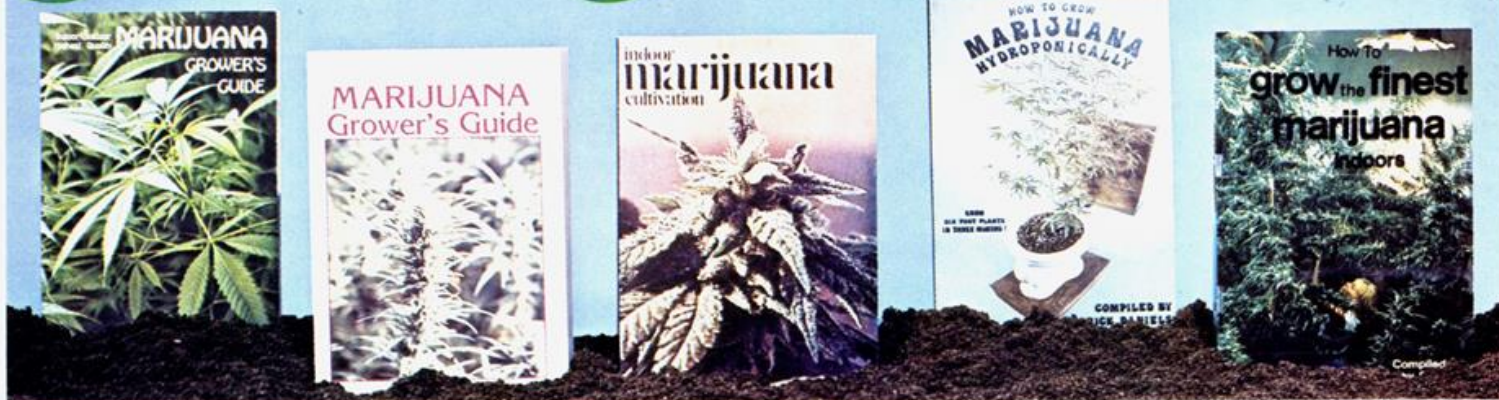
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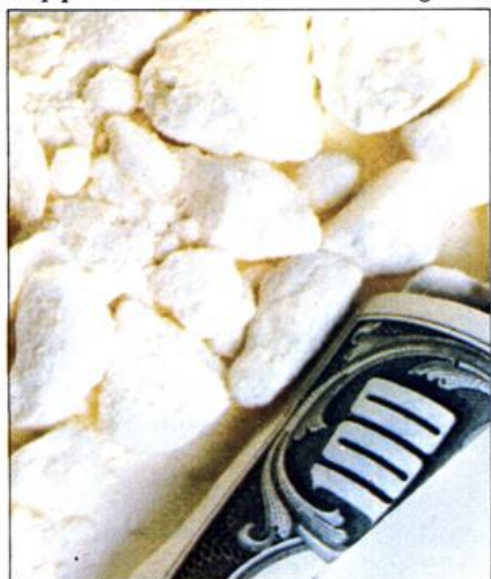
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To Prevent "C" Sickness

"Cocaine Karma" [High Times, January '79] was interesting—the tests for cuts were particularly informative—but I do feel some important discussion was left out about how to counteract the physical strain put on the body by coke. Vitamin C is quickly depleted after snorting, and chewing a couple of 500 mg Acerolas will help put back what is taken out and guard



Mick Rock

against colds and the let-down that comes as the high wears off.

Coke also dehydrates the body, so the user should drink liquids to replace fluids. A good "brew" is orange juice mixed with instant protein to prevent fatigue. And gently snorting a few drops of water after doing your lines will allow the cocaine to enter your body faster and protect your nasal passages.

—Taylor Holmes, address withheld

The Mafia or the Mario?

I enjoyed Jules Siegel's "The Myth of the Mafia" [High Times, January '79], but my granddaddy always cautioned me to look at both sides of a story. Who knows, maybe the Mafia cleverly dreamed up a "Mario Puzo" so people would think the Mafia was nothing more than the product of a popular writer's overactive imagination! —Amy Armand, Greenwich, Conn.

The Media Complex

High Times is a consciousness raiser whose very existence is a powerful assertion of freedom of expression. Deanne Stillman's "Beware the Media Industrial Complex" [High Times, "Media," January '79] exemplifies this. Media's power to alter behavior via data, emotional stimulation and the subliminal implications of tacit assumptions is an assault (and not necessarily an "establishment" one) on the original hippie phenomenon.

Stillman's column, in showing the current effort to encourage helpless mediocrity by playing up trivia about admired



Lynn Goldsmith

persons instead of focusing on the abilities and efforts by which they succeed, has also shown that people can be made aware and do not have to be susceptible to such sly manipulation. This is in no small part to the credit of High Times and the few other truly courageous publications still in existence.

—David C. Morrow, Arlington, Tex.

Coke-Test Mistake

Regarding your article "Coke or Cut?" [High Times, January '79]: upon following your instructions to the letter and sending a sample and code number to PharmChem and calling one week later, it was learned that PharmChem doesn't test anymore, nor have they for some time. It was a waste of two lines and \$5. It sounds like a scam to me, and I'm still interested in a legitimate testing company.

Sammy LaPetis, address withheld

Pharmaceuticals editor Dean Latimer replies: Actually, PharmChem is very much in the coke-testing business, despite an awkward snafu inadvertently committed by High Times in that "Coke or Cut?" piece. It seems that someone here had called Menlo Park information for PharmChem's number and was given the number of a lab down the road by an operator who couldn't spell properly. Since then, that unfortunate lab's gotten several thousand phone calls from people who mailed their coke to PharmChem and called these people for the test results.

At first the receptionists at the misdesignated company didn't have any idea what was going on. Evidently you were one of the first callers and got the startled

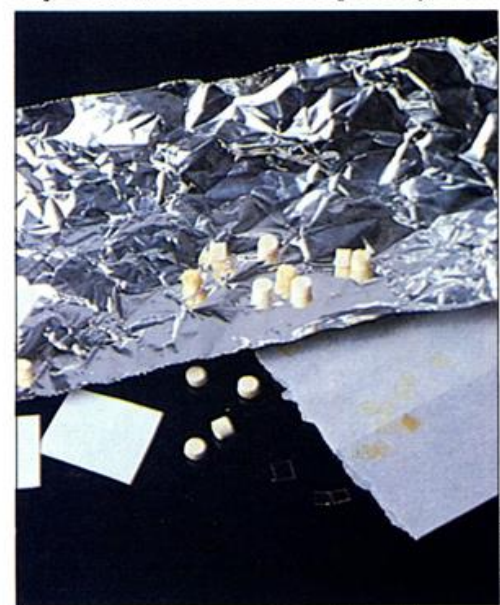
reply that no, these people aren't into coke testing and never have been. As the volume of calls mounted, though—some 4,000 called that erroneous number within two weeks of that issue's appearance on the stands—they figured out the problem and began routinely referring coke-test call-ins to PharmChem.

This fuck-up was first brought to our attention by John Koteki, PharmChem's director. Our heartfelt apologies are herewith tendered to PharmChem, to the lab down the road—and to the approximately 15,000 people who were inconvenienced by that mistake in the month that issue was on the stands. For the record, PharmChem's correct phone number is: (415) 322-9941.

"R."s Trip Challenged

Your Dope Connoisseur should stick to smoke and other highs he knows. His recommendation in "Welcome Back, LSD" [High Times, "Dope," January '79] to sample today's acid with a quarter hit is absurd. As he says, most of today's acid is about 100 to 125 micrograms (mcg). But I have found that 25 to 35 mcg have no effect on the mind or body.

"R."s comments on the lowered doses miss the point—what has happened to today's acid is a decrease of potency from



Jack Abraham

250 mcg to 100 mcg, with a slight increase in price. This is for a chemical that is cheap to synthesize (though difficult to purify). Many people will try one 100-mcg hit and experience only the beginnings of psychedelic perception.

Now for a summary of recent LSD supplies: Mr. Natural blotters are speedy with about 150 mcg. Large gray nickel-sized blotters are potent at 400 mcg but only slightly purer. The best acid is liquid at \$175–\$225 for a bottle of 100 doses at 150 mcg each. Avoid nickel-sized green-tinted blotter hits; they show signs of

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ergot poisoning and were responsible for many bad trips at last summer's Grateful Dead show at the Meadowlands in New Jersey.

Only with improved knowledge can psychedelics regain their use as tools to higher consciousness.

—Rainbow Ryder, New Paltz, N.Y.

"R." replies: *Anyone so benumbed as to feel no effect from a quarter tab of good acid is not qualified to make recommendations to anyone about anything.*

The Nose Guesses

Not that I totally buy your response in "A Cutting Blow" as to why you print ads for cocaine cuts [*High Times*, "Letters," January '79], but your "Coke or Cut?" feature in the same issue was a definite reader service. I have been using the "Melting-Point Test" for several years and have painstakingly recorded the exact temperature at which the following substances melted (these weren't mentioned in your blurb): 170°C—xylocaine; 172°C—mannite; 182°C—amphetamine (turns jet red); 185°C—sucrose (household sugar); in general if the sample begins to deteriorate before reaching the high 170s, it is certainly heavily cut.

I've seen a lot of bunk being passed off as coke over the years, and it's a great feeling to be able to catch some Borax peddler in the act, especially at today's ridiculous coke prices. What a rush to see that thermometer rise to 187°C and the sample suddenly froth up and turn to a golden oil—hello, real cocaine! Testers such as those made by KLS and Argon should be purchased at the grass-roots level, i.e., the ultimate user. It's time for some cocaine-consumer action!

—George A., Los Angeles, Ca.

Cover Charges

What gives with your December '78 cover? Capote and Warhol are played-out fossils having no relevance to today's dope scene. And while we're at it, why don't you get down to the nitty gritty and show some ethnic diversity in your cover subjects!

—Susan Fishbein, Brooklyn, N.Y.

I find the cover of the January '79 issue just another exploitation of sisters in general—not merely American Indians, who, by the way, are the true masters of herbal knowledge. Remember brothers and sisters? Is nothing sacred?

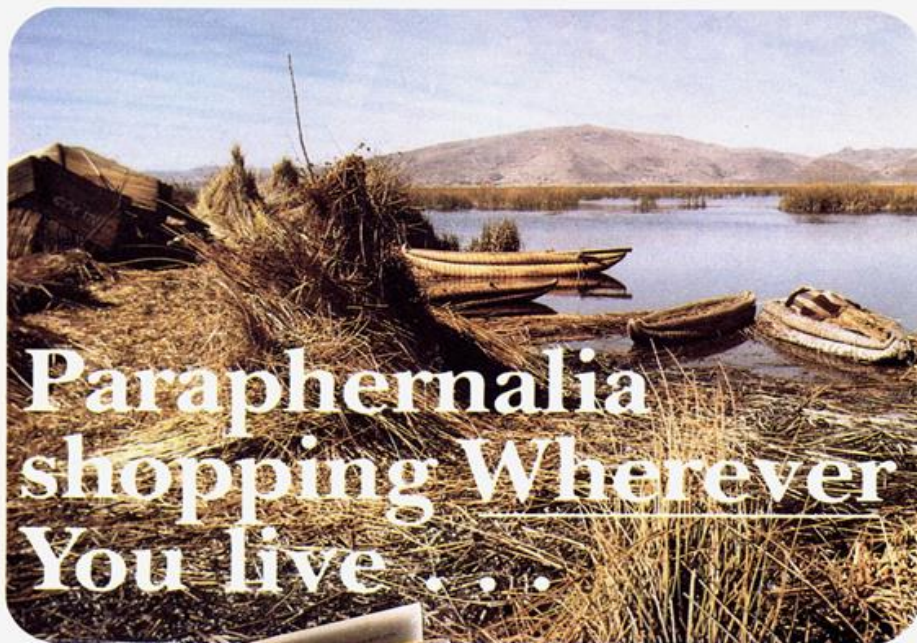
—A member of the Rainbow Tribe

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BY GILBERT SHELTON

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Filters for Cannabis?

Q: What is it in marijuana that causes lung cancer, as the DEA claims? If you smoke it through a water pipe, will that take the harmful stuff out of it? Is it true that one single joint is worse than a whole pack of tobacco cigarettes, like I heard on TV? If you put cigarette filters on your joints, would that help?

—E.K., Potsdam, N.Y.

A: Like every other kind of vegetable material, grass gives up hydrocarbon condensates—"tars"—when it's burned. Tars are associated with lung cancer. According to Dr. Eddie Wei at Berkeley, who's been comparing grass and tobacco tars and their effect on bacteria cultures, a one-gram joint of grass burns out to 40-80 milligrams of tars, compared to 30-50 milligrams from an unfiltered Pall Mall cigarette. So if you smoke three joints a day, that's equivalent to doing maybe five tobacco cigarettes. That joint-to-pack equation is a fable purposely concocted by the DEA to scare people away from marijuana.

Smoking grass through a water pipe, even just a small bong, will reduce the intake of tars into your system considerably. But, really, you simply don't have to worry about tars in grass, top doctors at the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) and the American Cancer Society have privately assured us. People who smoke the most astronomical amount of herb every day of their lives, like Jamaicans and Costa Ricans, show no greater statistical rate of lung dysfunction than their nonsmoking neighbors. And, dear God, don't put cigarette filters on your joints: they'll filter out most of the tars, sure, but also most of the high-causing cannabinoids. If you want to be hypochondriac, buy a bong.

Street Acid May Trigger Labor

Q: While I agree with your advice to Mandy C. ["Adviser," January 1979] that pregnant women would be wise to minimize marijuana use during term, I am appalled that you were ignorant enough to tell pregnant women that it was okay to use LSD during pregnancy. Wrong,

wrong, wrong. LSD was discovered while scientists were trying to synthesize ergot, which has been used for centuries to stimulate labor contractions. LSD will definitely bring on labor. Under no circumstances should LSD be used by any pregnant woman.

—Kathleen McGrane (licensed midwife),
Mesa, Ariz.

A: The editor responsible for that statement has been publicly humiliated and sent to the countryside for reeducation. He left protesting that pure lysergic acid diethylamide-25 shouldn't bring on uterine contractions by itself, but he was persuaded to admit that virtually all street acid is incompetently synthesized and undoubtedly contains residues of ergovine and other ergot alkaloids that will conduce to premature labor.

Anarchist Cookbook

Q: I've heard of some book that tells you how to make psychedelics, bombs and self-defense weaponry. Can you tell me



Homegrown havoc: weapons from the kitchen table.

its name and what devious route I have to follow to get a copy?

—Captain X., Skokie, Ind.

A: Capitalism indeed sows the seeds of its own destruction, for the Anarchist Cookbook by William Powell, published by Lyle Stuart (239 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003) was released in 1971. Some of the information on electronic surveillance is dated, but the sections on drug synthesis, tear gas, weaponry, self-defense and booby traps are still accurate. Bear in mind Powell's preface that this is dangerous information for both user and usee, and is not intended "for children or morons."

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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The Truth about Circumcision

by Dean Latimer

To tell the truth, I would never know it was even there, but once in a blue moon it will take you up short. "Ycch!" the woman will sometimes exclaim, after a first good look. "What happened to your thing? Why don't you get that taken care of?"

It's understandable. In this country—where 95 percent of all male infants are now circumcised routinely after birth—when it comes to male genitals, the natural is abominable. "Gawd, it looks like a—well, never mind." I don't recall that I've ever been bounced summarily out of any lady's love life just for being cum prepuce intacto, though maybe they were just too polite to designate that as a reason.

But there really is a palpable odium attached to foreskins in this country, among men and women alike, and I'd be greatly surprised if it didn't seriously complicate the sex lives of many unshorn men more sensitive than I am. For kicks, I'll often bring up the subject in mixed conversation, without divulging my own uniqueness. Foreskins are smelly and dirty, I'll hear people say; they've been shown to cause cancer in men and women; men cursed with them are oversensitive to the point of chronic hair-trigger ejaculation; and they generate big, malodorous clots of the ugliest word in the English language—smegma.

Not that anybody ever saw one, right? No, they had a friend who saw one once, or they read about it in a back issue of *Popular Mechanics* or something. It's like listening to nondopers prating about grass: not the slightest notion of what they're talking about, but no question in their heads that all this folklore they've picked up is the absolute God's honest truth.

Actually a foreskin has a perfectly decent *raison d'être*, speaking from an evolutionary standpoint. Human beings in their natural state are small and weak and very appetizing to the enormous toothy animals around on the Ice Age tundra, so anything that conduces to their gratification in the act of reproduction greatly benefits the species. By exuding an unction that maintains the nerve ends

I've never been bounced out of a lady's love life just for being uncircumcised, though maybe they were just being polite.

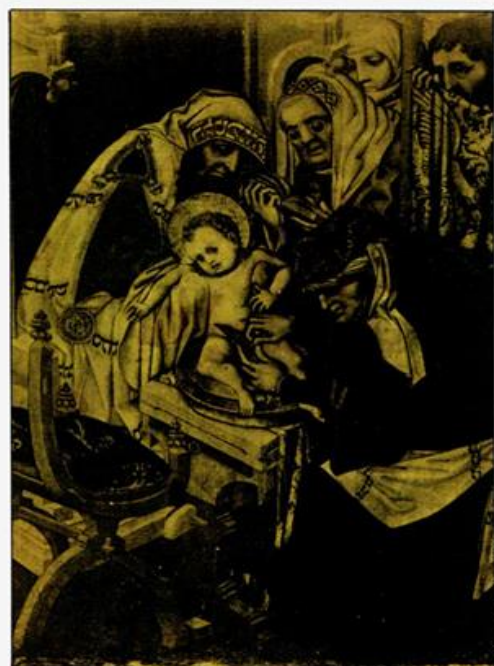
clustered around the corona in a state of maximum receptivity—that selfsame smegma—foreskins act superbly. To extrapolate from this that we unshorn are hairtrigger-quick comers is a little barmy: how would you know you were oversensitive if you'd always had a foreskin?

Really, these vile libels against a perfectly organic, normal, healthy, natural, loving and giving tissue of the precious human body obviously derives from social, not physiological, conventions. The Jewish people are most commonly credited for instituting circumcision in the Old Testament, as witness the Book of Genesis, chapter 17, verse 11: "And ye shall circumcise the flesh of your foreskin; and it shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me [God] and you." No particularly material reason is given for instituting this practice in the Old Testament—God said to; that's material enough—but there are always a lot of folks ready to accept that if good people were doing this so long ago, and continue to this day, then they must have known a good solid reason for it, way back then.

With this clearly in mind, a team of researchers in the early '60s compared the statistical incidence of cervical cancer in Israeli married women with its incidence in Hindu women, whose husbands often aren't circumcised. Sure enough, Hindu women are a whole lot more likely than Israeli women to get cervical cancer—also yaws, rickets, tuberculosis, elephantiasis, cholera and black plague, though the researchers gave no consideration to these other diseases, which healthy, clean, largely middle-class Israeli women seldom get. But that's how it passed into conventional American sex lore in the late '60s, via an ill-researched article in *Esquire*: Foreskins cause womb cancer, so Abraham clearly instituted circumcision out of a special patriarchal insight into, and consideration for, women's plumbing.

Which is another rollicking knee slapper, if you know anything about patriarchs and the people they led around through Iron Age deserts. Not a word in the Bible or any other orthodox scriptures suggests hygiene as an alibi for circumcision. Whole tomes of sacred commentary exist on the subject, but they all mainly boil down to circumcision representing a permanent symbol of the special covenant between the (male) people of Israel and God; a tactile and immutable mnemonic reminder, as it were, to every Jewish male that he is Jewish, all his life. Considerations of feminine hygiene simply never entered into it until a generation or so ago.

In fact, this very sign-of-the-covenant



notion may be pretty far from what Abraham really might have had in mind when he originally decreed it. Circumcision actually predates Abraham (c. 1900 B.C.) by a couple millennia at least, in the Nile Delta and elsewhere about East Africa. Ritual scarification of male infants has always been practiced by African people, since if your kids get carried off as babies by another tribe and it takes you five years or so before you can kidnap them back, a distinctive tribal scar pattern will let you know which kids to nap. Some Sudanese still distinctively carve up their babies' cheeks (ever see a photo of President Gaafar al-Nimieri?), and others scar them elsewhere. The Egyptians had already been snipping at their little boys' cocks, as wall murals clearly show, a thousand years before Abraham of Ur began marrying his sons to Egyptian noblewomen. In fact, one might almost suspect ritual circumcision of being Abraham's way of getting influence at pharaoh's court.

Anyway, no Israelite in Egypt could have told himself from an Egyptian by the trim of his tool alone, and I imagine it must be hard for them to tell the difference in a Des Moines locker room, too. This is the most common single rationale I've heard for justifying circumcision: "I wouldn't want my kid to feel self-conscious in the boy's gym shower at school." Word of honor, I went all through school and nearly two years of college, and nobody poked fun at it even once. Guys don't usually care about things like that; those who do, I'd imagine, have a good deal of trouble of their own, in the shower room.

Well, infant circumcision was actually billed here throughout the 1800s, loudly and colorfully, as a preventive against the horrors of masturbation in later life. In Victorian America, "self-abuse" was the focus of a hysterical social paranoia that was precisely equivalent to the contemporary flap about "drug abuse." The insidious private sin had exactly the same effect on its devotees as smack has on junkies: it starts out as an evil thrill, develops into a joyless eternal bondage and saps the victims' precious bodily fluids until they perish of some unspeakable inanition. Those Victorian "authorities" who incessantly condemned it on moral, social and scientific grounds did so out of the same weird psycho motivations as today clearly animate the likes of Peter Bensinger and Lester Wolff; and by the 1870s, doctors felt ethically obliged to slice every newborn male child falling into their clutches. God save us, they still feel so obliged, even after a century of proof positive that circumcision doesn't forestall adolescent masturbation!

All it does, really, is hurt babies. It hurts like bloody hell, grown-ups who've been circumcised report, and there's no reason to suppose babies like it any better. In fact, studies have shown that uncircumcised babies sleep better than those who get chopped fresh from the womb, who appear to be uncomfortable (for some strange reason) the first fortnight or so after surgery. And it is surgery, y' know: the skin is broken, and the risk of hemorrhage and infection is very real for weeks afterward. And fuck-ups *do* occur.

But enough of that: it's already too late for 95 percent of us here. Speaking for the intact minority, I can guarantee that while untended smegma may indeed develop an aroma—not unlike the aroma of an untended vagina, which will be suppurant with exactly the same sort of ycch—just a dab of warm water and soap and, why, 'tis gone! Elementary thoughtfulness. When the prospect of getting laid by a strange woman firms up, I for one dart straight for the nearest sink. I also try to keep the foreplay in the dark on the first date, and effect penetration as soon as possible: that way she doesn't even know she's been defiled, until after it's too late.

After that, they tend not to complain a whole lot. Most of them, believe it or not, grow decidedly affectionate toward it. It's like a little pink teddy bear. 🐻

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Tractor Pullers Do It in the Dirt

by Chip Berlet

Tractor pulling is the boomingest motor sport of Middle America. The idea is simple: a crazy, shit-stomping driver steers a rebuilt farm tractor pulling a 30-ton sled until either the machine disintegrates under stress or makes it 300 feet down a dirt track. The green flag drops, and with a deafening roar the 3,000-horsepower tractor grinds down the dirt track kicking up clouds of dust until it is dragged to a screaming standstill by the specially designed 30-ton sled. Few tractors make it 300 feet because the steel sled is designed to increase its resistance as it advances.

The final few feet are the ultimate test of a tractor's durability: universal joints shatter, transmissions shred into slivers of steel, exhaust pipes belch jets of burning fuel, and everybody loves it.

Last summer more than 60,000 people packed the grandstands at the National Tractor Pulling Championship in Bowling

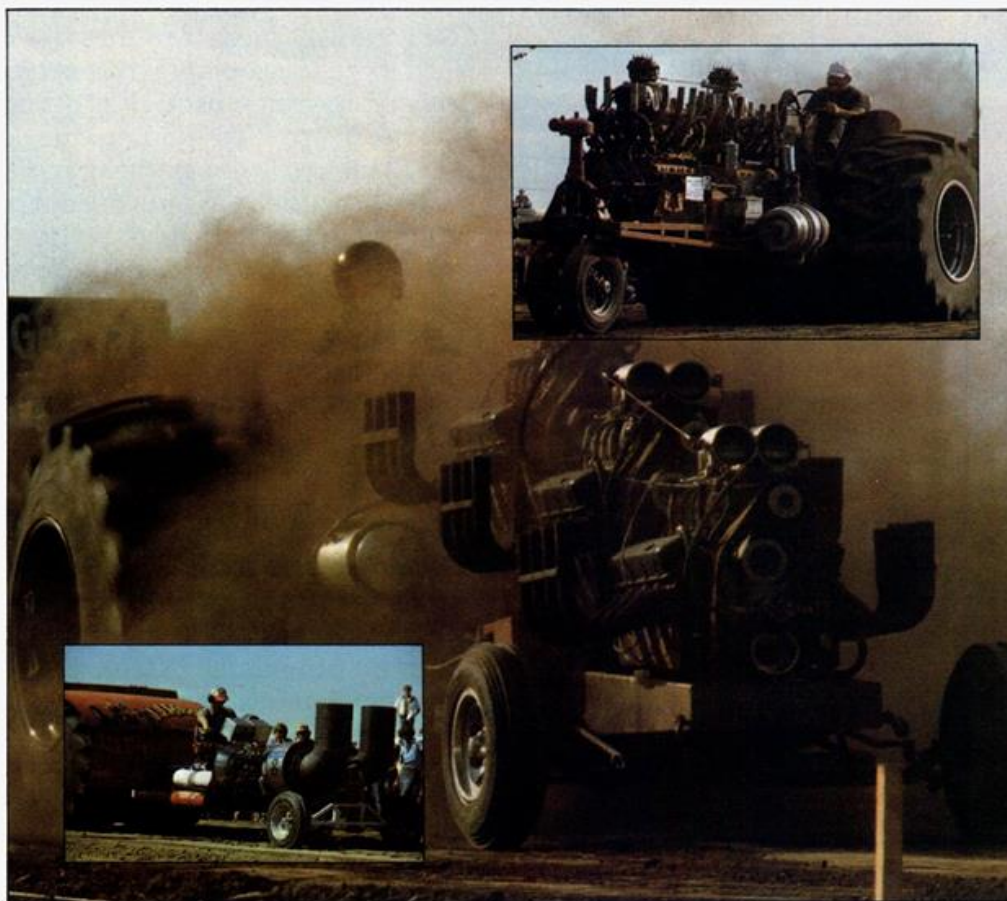


A diesel-driven 100-yard dash.

Green, Ohio, to watch three days of competition for over \$50,000 in prize money. The majority of the crowd wore farm caps from John Deere, Hybrid or Cat. Nearby fields were jammed with hundreds of recreational vehicles, complete with smoking barbecue grills, and droning dirt bikes.

A tractor pull is like a rural county fair. Crowded booths dish out steaming corn on the cob and crisp french-fried onion rings. Barbecued chicken roasts over coals. And with giant tractor tires kicking

Universal joints shatter, transmissions shred into slivers of steel, exhaust pipes belch jets of burning fuel, and everybody loves it.



The sled (left inset), the tractor (right inset) and the grinding end of another "pull."

up a lot of dust, the spectators wet their throats with beer—gallons of it, vats of it.

A tight T-shirt can send a section of the bleachers into vocal frenzy, and sometimes the T-shirts are emblazoned with such earthy slogans as "Tractor Pullers Do It in the Dirt," "Once You've Pulled It, You'll Never Want to Stop" and "When in Doubt, Pull It Out."

Here and there, joints of homegrown are passed back and forth between beers, and it is powerful stuff; these farmers know how to plant for a bountiful harvest.

As the day progresses, the audience grows more demonstrative. Soon they are standing and screaming for each tractor as it bounces and bucks down the track, struggling vainly against the inevitable drag of the sled.

"Fire it up," yells one obviously smashed motorhead as a driver revs his engine. Diesel fumes waft slowly across the track, and then, with a rumbling roar, his tractor starts its pull. Suddenly the clutch dissolves in a cascade of sparks that sets fire to the tractor, but the 60-year-old driver is not about to quit. As flames lick at his trouser legs, he keeps trying to coax the machine down the track. He makes it only 37 feet before safety officials flag him down and spray his smoking machine with fire extinguishers. The crowd gives

the dejected driver a standing ovation as his tractor is towed off the track.

"You don't really make any money at this," admitted Norm Smith, a top-ranked, 30-year-old driver who has been pulling for eight years. "Most people do it just for the competition and enjoyment." Smith, a tool and die maker in Dayton, Ohio, drives at 40 or 50 pulls a season.

Tractor pulling requires both a master mechanic to keep the tractor running long and strong and a skilled driver to read the track conditions and get the maximum distance out of the machine. While pulling teams seldom trade secrets about weight distribution or equipment, there is a surprising lack of competition among drivers. It's really the sled they're competing against.

Years back, farmers chained together teams of plow horses in opposite directions, betting on which team would pull the other a set distance. Then horses were replaced by horsepower on the farm, and tractors were pitted against each other. The first recorded organized tractor pull happened in 1929. Since then they've caught on in nearly every state in the union. In 1969, pullers from several states formed a national organization to standardize rules. The

Photos by Chip Berlet

National Tractor Pullers Association, located in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, coordinates competition and sets regulations and safety standards for sanctioned national events. The NTPA is controlled by a board of directors of active pullers representing 25 state associations. They also publish *The Puller*, an action-packed review for tractor enthusiasts.

NTPA interstate competition is flourishing, and attendance at tractor pulls, or "hooks" in puller's parlance, is growing at a rate of 20 percent a year. NTPA sponsors 12 major pulls during its spring-to-fall Grand National circuit, as well as some 30 regional pulls. There are also two indoor invitational pulls held in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Indianapolis, Indiana, during the winter.

Central to the newly standardized sport is the weight-transfer sled, which is every tractor puller's nemesis. One sled carries signs saying "You Know We're Going to Get Ya." It is no idle threat. The sled resembles a flatbed semitrailer with wheels on the rear and a steel skid plate welded to the front. As the sled is dragged forward, a weighted box moves from over the wheels toward the skid plate, forcing the plate into the dirt and eventually bringing every tractor to a grinding halt. The tractor dragging the sled the farthest wins. The weight in the box and its rate of movement toward the skid plate are adjusted to match the various classes of vehicles that pull the sled.

Tractors range from small V-8-powered machines, weighing around 1,500 pounds, up to giant 12,000-pound diesels. The most bizarre machines are the modified-division monsters, whose only restrictions are weight, overall length and the rule that horsepower must be transferred to the ground through the rear wheels.

The modifieds often use hand-built frames and are powered by aircraft engines, drag-racing engines or up to six conventional automobile engines hooked into one drive shaft. Art Arfons (a popular modified-division competitor) pilots the Green Monster, a 12,000-pound tractor powered by a jet-turbine helicopter engine!

The super-stock division tractors must begin with a factory-produced design, and modifications are limited to certain parts of the engine, transmission and drive train. Some super-stock tractors deliver over ten times their original horsepower. Both super-stock and modified tractors come in 5,000-, 7,000-, 9,000- and 12,000-pound classes.

The newest NTPA divisions are the garden-tractor-sized mini modifieds and four-wheel-drive trucks. Trucks are the fastest growing section of the sport, with suburban backyard mechanics transforming their vehicles into 500-horsepower snorting beasts. Both these divisions allow new blood to get started on a relatively low initial investment. ■

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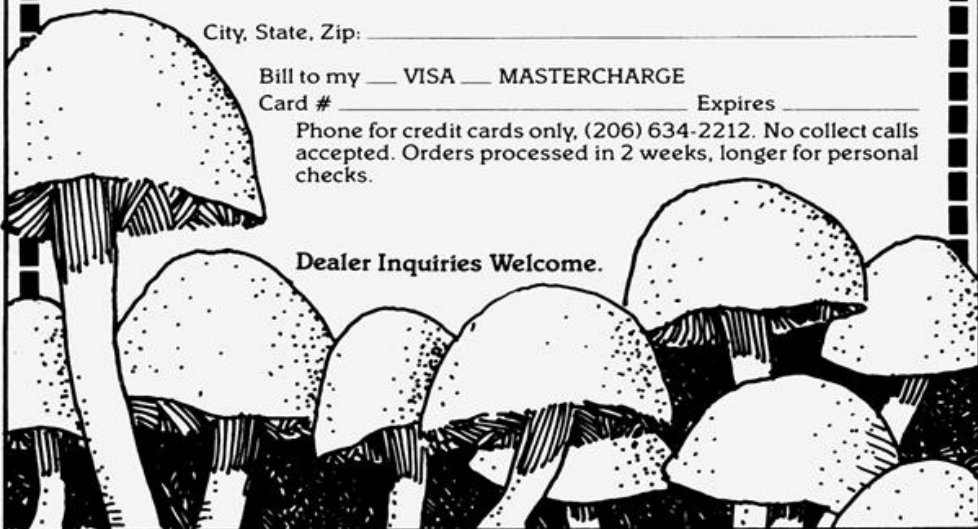
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Now You're Cooking with Grass

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

There's a new breed of marijuana merchant making the rounds these days. Like old-fashioned bakery-truck men, they have a route of regular customers for whom they make home deliveries of their specially cooked goods; the difference is that these baked goods contain one ingredient Old Mr. Bakery Man neglected: a healthy dose of high-powered herb.

Typically this new breed of baker/dealer will be a member of a grass-growing commune who will take some time off from watching the buds bloom and devote it to cooking with the cuttings in the farmhouse kitchen.

Some of these underground bakery communes have developed such a reputation for combining connoisseur-quality food and dope that they've begun packaging their wares in elaborate gift boxes printed with their own colorful brand-name labels.

I happened to be present one day at a stop along the route of one of these traveling cake-and-pie men when he arrived to deliver holiday gift orders. He brought out boxes of cookies, cakes, and a new line of golf-ball-sized goodies he called "bourbon balls." These, he said, were made from an old southern recipe that combined generous measures of thick chocolate fudge, 100-proof bourbon, chopped pecans and Oregon sinsemilla infused into the mixture with a heavy dose of butter that bathed the batter.

He handed 'round a sample. We all nibbled from it. And gasped: It was strong stuff. The fumes of the bourbon wafted the spirits straight up to the cortex, and at first it was like getting drunk and stoned all at once. About an hour later the alcohol had boiled out of the brain, but the marijuana had just begun to get into gear and start purring its way through the bloodstream.

It might be worth noting here that marijuana becomes a brand-new substance when eaten. By the time it enters the bloodstream the process of digestion chemically transforms the marijuana into a different mix of cannabinoids and cannabidiols from the mix produced by the same marijuana plant when burned and



Jack Abraham

Smoking is more of a roller-coaster high, while eating grass could be compared to an exhilarating free fall.

inhaled with smoke. Each combination of these complex psychoactive factors results in its own special kind of high.

The best way to describe the difference, I think, is that you *feel* the inhalation high first in the chest, specifically in the pulmonary/cardiac musculature that receives the first fruits of the toke. From there the feeling seems to spread up the spinal column to the brain and then down throughout the rest of the body. Most people I've talked to report that they begin to feel the smoking high somewhere behind the solar plexus and that it radiates outward from there.

With dope that is eaten, however, there is not that same sense of a physical center to the high. It doesn't seem to begin in any one place but instead begins to emerge and pervade one's entire being simultaneously, bathing each and every cell in its warm energizing glow. Indeed it is as if instead of coming from the solar plexus of the body, it seems to be pulsating from the solar plexus of every cell, harmonizing the entire body through the congenial vibrations generated.

In some ways the eating high is a much more physical, sensual, bodily feeling than even the best smoking high can generate. Needless to say, more sexual also. And while the smoking high has a more pronounced effect on the brain than, say, on the feet, the eating high has

a more profound effect on the brain than the smoking high has: you definitely get a psychedelic, trippy effect on internal and external perceptions that you don't get from smoking. Eating dope is closer to eating mescaline than it is to smoking dope.

In addition, the eating high tends to come on and last more like a psychedelic than the smoking high does: it starts slowly and subtly but lasts six or more hours with a smooth self-generating consistency that is hard to duplicate with the smoking process, whose ups and downs correspond closely to each toke. Smoking can be more of a roller-coaster high, while eating could be compared to an exhilarating free fall.

What's also interesting about the eating high is that, in my observation, a variety of marijuana that is superior for smoking will not necessarily be better as food, and vice versa. Because of the complex interaction of the digestive chemistry with the complex of cannabis molecules, it's hard to predict whether a grass known as a high-quality smoke will turn into a special treat to eat. It is known that cooking mediocre grass can improve its smoking potential, but it's not clear whether cooking and eating high-class grass will make it more of a turn-on or whether some point of diminishing returns is reached within the resin complex.

Which brings us to the paradox of the bourbon balls. They were exciting to eat; they worked deliciously as pastries; but eight hours later, evaluating the high that had just begun to wear off, I felt that it was sleepy and somewhat bland. Hypnotic but not euphoric. I've gotten far more excitingly high from some raw Mexican dumped into a tin pan of prepackaged brownie mix and left in the oven too long. Why is this? Judging from the angry reactions of sinsemilla farmers and fanciers to my deprecating remarks about the over-rated, overpriced high they peddle, they must think I have some personal grudge against them and their plants or perhaps some neurochemical imbalance that makes me immune to its charms. But no, my loyalty is not to any alleged "dealer friends," as one letter recently charged (where are these dealer friends when I really need them, anyway?), but only to my own tastes and the interests of the average ounce-buying consumers who make up the readership.

I would be less than honest if I didn't say that I found the high from these particular Oregon sinsemilla confections boring. They were excellent holiday gifts, and everyone got high and enjoyed them, but \$30 for ten cookies or 20 bourbon balls can be fairly steep for daily munching. I do think the development of these traveling bakery/dealing operations is a good sign, because it will encourage people to explore eating again as an alternative to smoking. Many people had been turned off to eating grass, perhaps by indigestion caused by those trays of raw dope and brownie mix. If it takes a high-priced nudge from some inspired gourmet grower chefs to bring people back to a realization that they can cook their own, more power to them.

For those who haven't cooked their own before, a couple of elementary tips. If you eat too much, it is possible to have an unpleasant experience of the sort that seldom happens when you smoke (because the smoking high comes on and wears off much more quickly and you can refuse the next toke). It's better to include no more than one or two fat joints' worth of cleaned grass in each brownie or cookie. It's better that way too because if you try to cook something with much more, it'll taste like biting into a Oaxacan brick.

Experienced cooks, such as the bakery-truck man I met, suggest that the best way of adding marijuana to a pastry recipe is to clean it, powder it and add it to melted butter before mixing it with the other ingredients. Any old recipe that calls for a lot of butter will work. Also, don't forget how much longer the eating trip takes and give yourself eight free hours to enjoy yourself; or else take a lesser dose, a quarter-cookie to brighten up your working day.

My compliments to the chefs. ■

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HIGHWITNESS

May '79 No. 45

New 'Ludes to Be Lemmons

Rorer Sells Rights to 714s in \$5-Million Deal

by A. Craig Copetas

The privately owned Lemmon Pharmacal Company has rocked the multi-billion-dollar pharmaceutical industry with its \$5-million purchase of the rights to manufacture the famous Rorer 714 Quaalude.

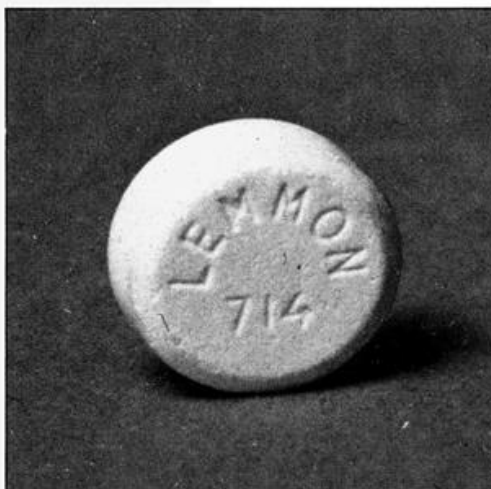
Rorer, which introduced what may be the most sought-after recreational pharmaceutical in the world in December 1965, sold the 'lude formula and trademark, and an unknown quantity of the drug, to Lemmon on October 23, 1978. The deal culminated nearly three months of negotiations that involved the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Food and Drug Administration and representatives of both corporations.

The \$186-million-a-year Rorer corporation decided to sell its most famous product because, according to Rorer, Quaaludes comprised only 2 percent of the company's annual sales. There has also been speculation that Rorer disposed of its Quaalude partly because of the drug's role in the resignation of former White House drug adviser Peter Bourne. Bourne was forced to resign his job as the nation's top drug "expert" after it was discovered he wrote at least one illegal prescription for the substance to his secretary, Ellen Metsky.

"There is no question," said a Rorer source, "that the press Quaalude received during the Bourne flap added to whatever apprehensions hospitals and private physicians had in prescribing it to patients."

"We purchased Quaalude because it fits into our product line of sedative hypnotics," reported Lemmon's chief executive officer, Harris Hollin. "And we intend to launch a new advertising campaign in the proper medical journals to promote the benefits of our product."

Lemmon Pharmacal, a 35-year-old company that maintains seven labs in Pennsylvania, produces a wide and exotic array of pharmaceuticals, including Belap, a belladonna-based drug used for ulcers; Donphen, a phenobarbitol-and-belladonna-based drug to ward off nausea; and Oxoids, a bizarre concoction of phenobarbitol, belladonna and ergotamine tartrate (the base ingredient in LSD) used for menopausal discomforts, cardiac and stomach disorders and migraine headaches.



Fears that Lemmon Pharmacal, the new methaqualone moguls, would cut their 'ludes with some ugly belladonna-based antihistamine turned out to be unfounded. It's the true 'lude, all right.

'Lombo Governor Fingered in Dope Trade

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA—The governor of Colombia's Atlantic Province, Pedro Martin Leyes, has been accused along with a top aide of corruption and complicity in the dope trafficking industry. Speaking in the Bogota parliament, Senator Roberto Gerlein called for federal investigation of widespread rumors that the governor and Provincial Secretary Roberto Estrada Arevalo have released several of the 31 ships so far sequestered by the navy under special security statutes enacted in the government's latest stab at reviving the "dope war." Estrada Arevalo is also suspected of accepting a five-million-peso bribe to free the crews of a dope-carrying DC-3 and two smaller planes captured right on the strip at Barranquilla's Ernesto Cortissoz Airport.

Speaking of the vanished ships, Senator Gerlein asked: "Where are they? Why are the fines not applied? Why is the crew not arrested? Why do they travel in our national territory without passports? What is happening in this government?" He also accused the government of Atlantic Province of massive frauds and tax evasions at all levels. Atlantic Province, which adjoins the famous dope-growing Guajira Peninsula, has a long and colorful history of piracy and contrabanding.

Reactions to Gerlein's accusations in the parliament were lukewarm. While praising the senator's dedication in fighting the "narcotraffickers," the minister of justice remarked that he would have to come up with some solid proof to substantiate his charges. Governor Martin Leyes himself, in a statement issued from Barranquilla, denied any irregularities.

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Environmental Report on Dope Herbicides Both Pro and Con

by A. Craig Copetas

The government's statement on the environmental effects of the herbicides paraquat and 2,4-D reaffirmed previous reports that the long-term effects of smoking marijuana treated with the herbicides remain unknown.

The State Department asserts the eradication program, which will cost the American taxpayer \$11.7 million in fiscal year 1979, will continue despite warnings of pollution to the Mexican environment and to handlers, helicopter pilots and the population in the spray zone.

Some 90,250 acres of nontarget vegetation may have been sprayed with 2,4-D in 1977 alone, and an additional 66,250 acres of vegetation sprayed with paraquat, according to the report.

The report cited instances where paraquat entered the systems of milk cows, thereby decreasing milk production by up to 50 percent. Horses were also found to develop gum, tongue and palate lesions from contact with the herbicide.

There were also instances where paraquat

and 2,4-D were applied to streams and lakes. The report said that these applications could result in lethal concentrations for species in each group of the food chain.

The two-volume report, prepared by the METREK Division of the Mitre Corporation, an environmental study organization, also stated that opium and marijuana cultivation brings about \$5,000 a year into the average Mexican campesino family. The per capita income in the poorer campesino areas has been placed at \$270 a year.

The report claimed that a large portion of the marijuana money acquired by the marijuana farmers went for the purchase of alcoholic beverages. The Mexican government, which, with the DEA, was actively involved in the report, said that they measured the success of the spray program in statistics showing a 10 to 20 percent reduction in campesino purchases of alcohol. "The men

were allocating more time to narcotics production," said the report, "spending their new income in village bars."

The report, which stated that the effects of the herbicides on marijuana smokers were "remote," remarked that some 60 percent of Mexico's natural pasture is used to raise common livestock, and that "much of this area is in the primary narcotics growing region." These areas were primary targets for spray helicopters.

The report also presented a number of options to the U.S. government concerning the eradication program. These included: alternative herbicides, color and scent markers, testing kits, measures to reduce toxicity during use, increased Mexican marijuana interdiction, crop purchases, educational programs and legalization. Making marijuana legal, the report stressed, is the only option that would completely eliminate the danger.

Mother Nature Damages Latin Smoke Crop

Natural enemies may be doing more damage than narcs to the 1979 South American marijuana harvests.

Commercial crops in the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta have been hit by a patchy black rust that withers leaves, stunts growth and ruins quality. Pot-growing peasants believe that a mysterious white helicopter cruises in at sundown and sprays poison. In some parts of the Sierra the myth has turned into a phantom fleet of white planes that only fly at night.

Executives in the Colombian cannabis business have another explanation: seeds are frequently imported to strengthen and improve local strains, and a 1978 load of Mexican seed arrived with a mold.

Ecuador's high-altitude weed is also vulnerable to bug plagues. Growers in the Quito area report infestations of spider mites and brown rust, while some opium poppy plots have been crippled by insects.



As though swordfish didn't have enough to worry about with mercury contamination and oil spills, nowadays coke movers are stuffing the poor things full of snort.

"Cocaine Swordfish" Rumored Off New England

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS—Hard-pressed fishermen in the recession-wracked New England swordfish industry are making up to \$100,000 per trip running cocaine in to shore, the Patriot Ledger here reports. Well-heeled coke movers regularly seek out poor fisher captains and arrange for them to meet with smuggler craft far out at sea, says the Ledger. Selected swordfish are packed with kilo bags of coke, and the fishermen run them home to their docks without having to pass

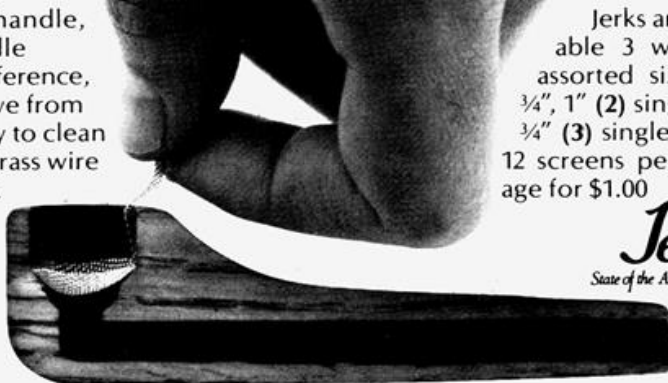
through Customs. As a result, narcs have begun to randomly search swordfish craft returning to the mainland, but so far no coke has turned up.

Honduran Presidents Linked to Pot Trafficking

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS—Pot trafficking has replaced bananas as the major source of official corruption here. When the notorious dictator Colonel Juan Melgar Castro overthrew, in 1975, his predecessor, General Osvaldo Lopez Arellano, the justification was Lopez's involvement in a United Brands Fruit Company bribe scandal. In 1978, however, Melgar Castro was ousted in another bloodless coup by General Policarpo Paz amidst rumors that he was heavily involved in the marijuana trade.

According to sources just returned from the area, however, Melgar was ousted because he was on the verge of launching a campaign against the dope business. The current president, Paz, has given the smugglers ample facilities to operate using Honduras as a bridge between northern Colombia and Florida, and there are scores of ships with Honduran flags plying the Caribbean pirate waters.

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Narc Mod Squad Terrorizes L.A. High Schools

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Narcs posing as regular, class-attending, high-school students busted 143 kids in ten city schools here in the first semester of the 1978-79 year. Some 98 percent of these busts were for small amounts of grass, generally two or three lids, but all the kids were charged with "dealing": California's decrim law doesn't apply to minors, who remain liable to the old, stiffer penalties. The result has been a massive rise in paranoia, suspicion and distrust among students in all the district's 50 schools. Students who transfer to new schools are particularly subject to "sniff out" tests, with other kids suspiciously setting up fake oregano sales to see if they're really cops.

Actually the Los Angeles Police Department's notorious "kiddie korps" consists of only six men and women, who enroll in schools under "transfer" covers and stay there just long enough to set up a few nickel-and-dime dealers. Each cop drops out of sight when the busts come down and is replaced on the squad by an alternate, who infiltrates another school while the first cop is testifying in court. All the kiddie kops are over 21. So far, none have been molested in the course of duty, though kids report that a few actual transfer students have been roughed up for innocently asking where they could score some grass.

At a very conservative estimate, at least

Soldiers Harass Tourists in Phony "Dope War"

CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA—American tourists visiting this increasingly popular resort city should be wary of leaving it to travel around the countryside, knowledgeable sources report. In its effort to put on a respectable front for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), the Colombian government has instructed the military throughout the countryside to make a big show of undertaking intensive drug searches at every highway agricultural check station and at randomly imposed roadblocks. The result is that the soldiers routinely demand money from virtually every tourist they come across, implicitly threatening to set them up for a dope bust if they're not paid off.

Scandalized tourists have returned from sightseeing jaunts telling of soldiers who magically "found" rolling papers and other dope gear in their possession. The soldiers typically hint that only a few dollars will keep them from looking a little further and coming up with dope. While no tourists so far have been officially busted for dope, many who objected to this blackmail have wound up doing overnight stretches in hellish local slammer "on suspicion," sources say.

Inevitably, though, the farmers and small businesspersons of the countryside have suffered most from the phony "dope war." They've become resigned to the perpetual army payoffs, adding yet another level to the complicated system of routine corruption that pervades "ordinary" business throughout this country.

half the kids around L.A. are into doing grass. "Listen, this is not some minor problem we're talking about," exclaims Dick Green, security chief for the L.A. school district, in justifying why he lets narcs infest the schools. "We did a study not long ago and discovered that at least 50 percent of our high school and junior high school students are using marijuana regularly. And they're using it right here in the schools."

In typical law-enforcement fashion, the response to high-school doping of LAPD's Juvenile Narcotics Squad chief Lt. Donald LaGuardia is to marvel about the money involved. "We've caught some kids who were earning anywhere from \$150 to \$300 per day dealing grass and PCP," says Green. Although the kiddie kops have made virtually no PCP busts, LaGuardia continually cites angel dust as a justification for all his nickel-and-dime "dealing" raps.

Teenage bustees who have complained

later that the kiddie narcs had coaxed and bullied them into dealing, offering insanely inflated prices for grass in some cases, are flatly called liars by LaGuardia. "They don't have to ask," he says of his school narcs. "It only takes a few days before [any narc] is sought out. There's a lot of competition, you know. Pushers can't wait around: they have to act fast."

When it proudly announced the series of monster busts last fall, the LAPD was evidently surprised by the wave of condemnation it produced from all over town. Parents of dopers and nondopers alike were appalled at the idea of their kids rubbing shoulders in the corridors with adult undercover narco cops. The L.A. American Civil Liberties Union, which has pressed a suit since 1976 to have the kiddie korps disbanded, termed the LAPD "deterrent crazy." In-school bust figures were conspicuously lower for the second semester.

DEA Hotshot Agent Blows Another Bust

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) special agent Paul Markonni was caustically congratulated by the majority of the U.S. Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals here, after the latest in his energetic series of mangled dope busts was tossed out by them. In the tricky area of dope law, the court indicated, Markonni's continually devious methods of obtaining evidence illegally are a great help in teaching the court exactly where to draw the line between proper and improper police procedure.

Markonni, it seems, was informed by the San Francisco DEA office that a Detroit man had been nailed at Customs there with three pounds of Golden Triangle smack; he was then asked to look up the guy's record for them. Markonni did so, then checked with a local travel agent, who told him the man had traveled round trip to Bangkok with three others, one of whom the agent suspected of being a big Detroit smack mover. Markonni called for a smack-sniffing police dog and got to the airport just in time for the landing of flight 86, on which the San Francisco suspect had been flying.

Markonni boarded the plane, determined that one of the passengers was his suspect, and checked his passport. It said "Thailand," so Markonni busted him and took him to the airport security shed for a strip search, which turned up a small stash of pot in one of his socks. He also confiscated the man's claim checks and secured his luggage. When the dope dog arrived at the shed, it went straight for one of the bags, which turned out to hold a quarter-pound of pure white heroin in a talcum can.

This rigmarole was painstakingly dissected by the court, which subsequently came up with a minor, but very crisp, new distinction in evidence-nauling procedures. The accused runner, they pointed out, was nowhere near the dope until the agent brought it to him; his physical "possession" of the smack had been effected by Markonni himself. "Just as the police cannot justify the search of a whole house by escorting an arrested person from room to room," they

declared, "Markonni cannot justify a search of locked baggage as incident to arrest, when the only possibility of the defendant's gaining access to the luggage was due to Markonni's own acts." Once a person is busted, the court ruled, the cops can't create pretexts for searching any areas beyond the suspect's immediate control.

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Teacher Quits in High Style

by Chip Berlet



Dope-smoking teacher Dennis Woroszylo, fed up with the educational establishment, ended his public-school career with one hell of a farewell party—complete with pyramids, helium balloons, costumed superheroes and real live muggles of marijuana.

A Chicago high-school teacher, who resigned his job protesting puritanical policies on pot use and display of the nude body, climaxed his classroom farewell party by lighting up a joint and telling his cheering students that pot and sex were not evil.

Dennis Woroszylo, a 30-year-old freshman biology teacher at southwest Chicago's Gage Park High School, also had his students stage a pageant depicting the triumph of beneficial marijuana over dangerous cancer-causing tobacco.

For the occasion, Woroszylo's science lab was filled with hundreds of energy-focusing pyramids and dozens of helium-filled Mylar

balloons left over from Playboy magazine's 25th anniversary party. Past students of the popular teacher returned especially for his party, hearing him tell how he grew in awareness through drug usage and could no longer "put up with the bullshit" he was supposed to teach. Gage Park High is a deteriorating school with a heavily integrated student body that is located in a predominantly white, conservative, Catholic neighborhood.

"Sex is not dirty; it is not wrong," said Woroszylo. "It is a natural part of life." He blasted the Reverend Jesse Jackson's criticism of the Rolling Stones' lyrics that say some black girls like to have sex all night long. "There's nothing wrong or demeaning about that," he told his laughing students. "I like to have sex all night, too; and I only hope I can still do it when I am 80."

Woroszylo also said he would rather smoke marijuana than take a drink of alcohol or swallow some Darvon after work to relieve stress. "And let me tell you," he added with a grin, "you kids can create quite a bit of stress for a teacher."

The pot-smoking teacher said he would leave teaching to devote full time to his promotional company, Moonstar Enterprises, which distributes unusual items such as the cardboard pyramids and Mylar balloons used in the classroom pageant. The company also stages events using actors dressed as superheroes.

After telling his students to open their eyes to the barrage of symbolism found in art, culture and nature itself, Woroszylo began the pageant by having his class smash scores of small circular mirrors hidden under the pyramids. With this symbolic descent from light into darkness, out stepped Darth Vader with a phasor gun belching tobacco smoke. Vader attacked Woroszylo, who began to cough violently and slump forward.

"Protect your teacher," yelled Santa Claus, so 12 students grabbed water-filled phasors and doused the evil Darth Vader. Then the Wookie, Chewbacca, magically appeared with a phasor full of pot and revived Woroszylo, who lit up a joint and took several tokens before passing it around and then eating the evidence.

The students found presents of rolling papers under their pyramids, and Woroszylo raffled off the balloons and copies of *High Times* and other magazines.

The students interviewed said they really liked Woroszylo and always had found his classes interesting, even when he tried to explain to them how they all carried genetic-coded messages implanted eons in the past by visitors from the dog star in outer space. "He's a little weird," admitted one student, "but we never cut his classes, even when he offered to let us."

Woroszylo ended his party by donning his "I am the eggman" disguise and telling the students he was an intelligence agent from the Illuminati. "We must tear down the old order in order to replace it with a new one," he proclaimed as a confused school administrator looked on in dismay.

Schizos Aided by "Body's Own Morphine"

UTRECHT, THE NETHERLANDS—Researchers at the Rudolph Magnus Institute of Pharmacology here have confirmed that endorphins—brain proteins often called "the body's own morphine"—can significantly aid in treating schizophrenic symptoms in long-term patients. Dr. David de Wied treated 14 schizophrenics, exhibiting symptoms ranging from catatonic immobility to paranoid hallucinations, with endorphins derived from pigs' brains. Eleven of them showed "marked" to "complete" improvement within days of regular administration.

Endorphin proteins were first isolated in the early '70s from the brains of camels, which produce them in abundance, giving camels a virtual invulnerability to pain. Subsequent research showed that endorphins in human brains had the same effect, leading to speculation that many chronic emotional dysfunctions, such as schizophrenia, may be largely influenced by insufficient or abnormal production of these proteins.

Endorphin therapy in the United States,

while encouraging, has been hampered by the widespread misdiagnosis of alcoholics and manic-depressives as "schizophrenics." In Europe, where the medical definition of schizophrenia is much more specific, the results are much more dependable. Responding to skeptical charges that schizophrenics tend to "improve" temporarily anytime they're given a new therapy, Dr. de Wied, on contract for Organon Laboratories, developed a synthetic endorphin that works even faster than the organic protein.

A second study was undertaken wherein doctors "blindly" administered these synthetic endorphins and placebos to schizophrenic patients. It was discovered, at the end of the study, that while both sets of patients responded initially to both drugs, those receiving placebos quickly relapsed; recipients of the synthetic endorphins began rapidly improving within 24 hours of first administration, and retained their improvement for up to two weeks after the experiment was concluded.

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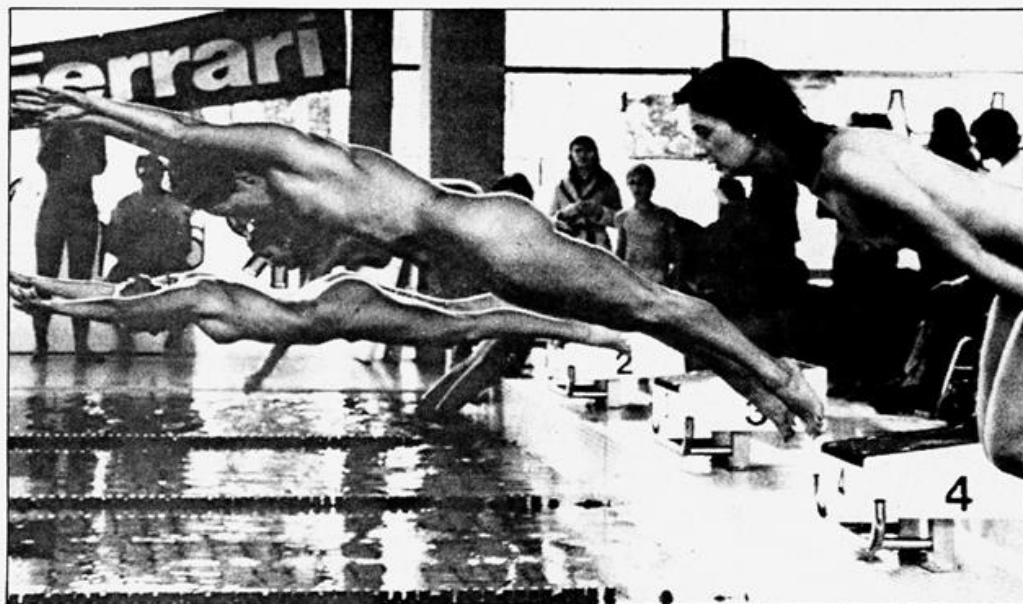
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Doc's "Timetable" for Drug Use Draws Sheriff's Ire

MENA, ARKANSAS—Staff psychiatrist Dr. Joe Mizell has been suspended from the Western Arkansas Guidance Counseling Center because of remarks he made about pot recently during a Fort Smith seminar on alcohol and drug abuse. Specifically, Dr. Mizell remarked that it might be socially beneficial to legalize marijuana and caffeine for 16 year olds, light booze and psychedelics at 18, and hard liquor at 21. When Polk County sheriff A.L. Hadaway heard about Dr. Mizell's "timetable," he called for his suspension and promptly got it. Polk County officials also indicated they were planning to block funds for the Mena branch of the counseling center, in order to shut it down.

Interviewed later at his farm, Dr. Mizell assured the world he wasn't really promoting universal drug abuse, only posing a possible alternative to the "rather paternalistic" U.S. dope laws. "I don't encourage anyone to become dependent on anything," he declared, "because you are limiting your freedom. But the only rational way to get out of the black market and the cops-and-robbers game is to legalize the use, and then educate the people about it. Let's cut out the horror stories and let people decide for themselves."

Law-enforcement personnel and vote-hungry legislators are responsible for most of the social problems attending drug use, Dr. Mizell indicated, and they effectively nurture a dope black market by making the stuff so profitably expensive. "Our laws just don't seem to consider personal health," he told the Conway Log Cabin Democrat. "They consider whatever is the personal whim of a legislator at the moment."



Elimination of bathing suits can cut precious nanoseconds off a swimmer's lap time; and being shot up with testosterone can cut it in half.

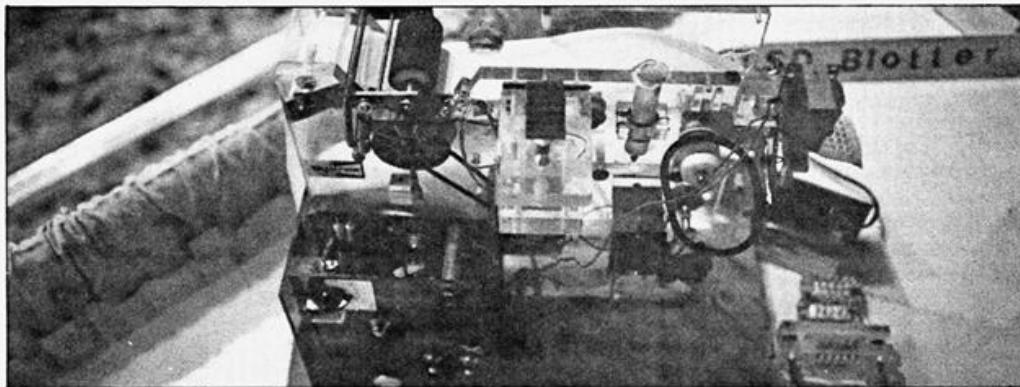
Defector: German Swimmers Forced to Take Weird Drugs

BERLIN, EAST GERMANY—Defector Renate Neufeld, an Olympic-class swimmer, has revealed that government coaches in East Germany subject their best athletes to massive doses of hormones, steroids and other drugs to make them perform at super-human levels. Before the 1976 Montreal Olympics, when she was 18, Neufeld says her track trainer forced her to take two different medications. She lost her voice; her leg muscles began knotting painfully; and she even began growing a thin moustache. When she refused to continue with the dope, her salary was stopped and she was made to see a

psychiatrist. After the Olympics, when she learned she was being reslotted from athletics to factory work, she went over the Wall.

East Germany won 40 gold medals at Montreal, six more than the USA—which has 15 times its population.

DEA Acid Clipped in High Times Coup

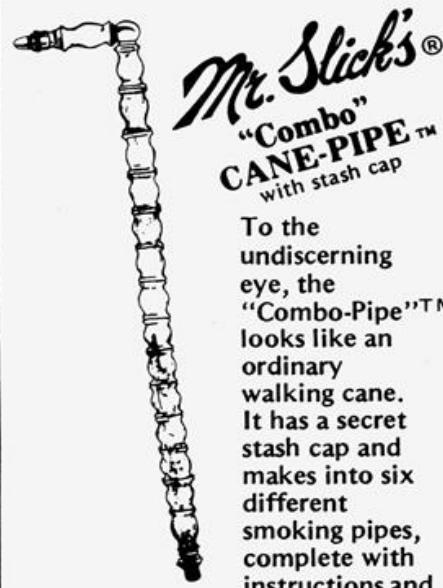


No respect for good dope: the DEA just let the acid in here go flat.

NEW YORK CITY—Local heads have been getting off for weeks, albeit lightly, on LSD-25 provided by the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. As reported in "Highwitness News" here in January, the DEA installed an impressive exhibit of "LSD blotter machines" at last year's International Police Chiefs' Convention at the New York Coliseum. Several persons from *High Times* attended the conference of international torturers, and one of them came back with a roll of blotter paper from one of the gimmicks.

Subsequent gas-liquid chromatographic

analysis showed that some LSD was present in each of the dots on the blotter paper, though age and exposure had greatly reduced the concentrations; since there were also traces of longer lasting ergot alkaloids like ergonovine (a powerful vasodepressor) in the blots, it was considered safe to take only four to six dots at a time. The resulting trip was estimated by experienced heads as approximately 100 mikes of acid, though it carried mildly unpleasant side effects like leg cramps, hot flashes and tingling in the toes and fingers.



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High Crimes

12 Tons of Ganja Nipped on Island

Rasta Herb Makes Comeback



Besides finding opium, hash, pot and barbiturates, cops raiding an apartment on Manhattan's Lower East Side also uncovered prescription blanks, phony ID paraphernalia, credit cards, typesetting equipment and some picturesque guns.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—Ganja is making a welcome reappearance on the black market after having supposedly been wiped out by a U.S.-inspired "dope war" campaign called "Operation Buccaneer" in 1976. So far, the only official indication of the ganja renaissance has been 12 tons of Jamaican sinsemilla discovered near an airstrip in Clarendon, where an antique four-engine Douglas DC-7 had been disabled.

The plane, of American registry, had made

an unauthorized midnight landing at Vermanfield Airport and blown both its rear tires; an indeterminate number of crew quickly scattered out of the craft into the woods, drawing the attention of May Pen cops. A search turned up scores of canvas bags loosely stuffed with huge stalks clustered with bright resinous buds. (The cultivation of sinsemilla pot, a science adopted by Jamaican farmers in the last few years, is now producing some spectacular crops.) The crew is still at large, believed to be back in the States.

Three days later, a twin-engine Beech was nailed on the strip at Negril Airport, where cops had located 32 bags of ganja—about 700 pounds—stashed in an adjoining shed. The American pilot and a Jamaican passenger were busted.

County sheriffs harvested 1,200 plants from a series of hydroponic bins in an Antioch, California, greenhouse where a 27-year-old local man had allegedly been cultivating them. "Beautiful stuff," marveled one veteran deputy, "some of the biggest and finest I've ever seen." The cultivator, who gave himself up to the cops later, had rented the greenhouse with two other men months earlier: they'd planned to grow hydroponic

cucumbers, but when the crop failed they started kidding about growing dope. When the other two men, from out of town, gave up and sold out, the Antioch man evidently stayed on to bring in a patch of grass. "Beautiful stuff," the cops kept saying.

● A scam that consisted of sending large amounts of blotter acid in Christmas cards from San Francisco to Santiago, Chile, was discovered after one of the dealers involved was caught by the police selling the festive cards in a residential neighborhood. Over a thousand cards were seized and two persons were arrested in what the Chilean narcs called "one of the latest systems utilized to camouflage hallucinogenics."

● Two men have been busted in Benin, Nigeria, for stealing morphine and speed from hospital pharmacies in Plateau State. Police said the men would typically approach night guards at the Lantang and Pankshin general hospitals, get them stoned on tea and booze laced with phenobarbital, then raid the hospital supplies while they slept. Some guards were in a coma for four days after the robberies. The culprits were identified by hospital guards in a police lineup.

● Two speed dealers in Denison, Iowa, passed a suitcase containing over 237,000 white-cross tabs to undercover narcs on a local streetcorner and wound up in Crawford County Jail. "That is the largest seizure in the state's history," gravely observed state cop Kenneth Ardruser. The state narcs had enticed the men into the deal by offering them \$23,000 in cash for the load.

● County cops invited 24 news reporters and photographers to cover the bust of three employees at the Argon Chemical Company of Torrance, California, for selling phenylcyclidine precursors in wholesale quantities to unregistered out-of-state buyers. It seems Argon was buying piperidine, a crucial angel-dust ingredient, from Abbot Laboratories for \$25 a pint and selling it for \$125 a pint to suspected PCP chemists. The Argon general manager and two salesmen were nailed for conspiracy to violate the California narco laws. Deputy District Attorney Dennis Choate hoped the well-publicized white-collar bust would "serve notice" to other chemical companies. "We're watching them, and we're going to prosecute them," pledged Choate.



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Narcs Raid Barranquilla Lab, Seize 74 Pounds of Coke Pills

A coke-processing lab with 74 pounds of pure blow was busted in the most exclusive neighborhood of Barranquilla, Colombia. Federal narcs who discovered the "slick and modern" lab said the "coqueros" used it to synthesize cocaine and then convert the powder into pills to simplify its transport. Also found were 574 of these coke pills, together with other tools, a station wagon and several thousand dollars and pesos in cash. Four persons were arrested.

● Six illegal aliens, Colombian citizens, were busted in three apartments in Queens, New York, with four pounds of cocaine, weapons, and more than \$200,000 in cash. The cops were searching the apartments while investigating a double murder, and finding the blow was just pure luck, they say.

● Two people identified by narcs as American citizens left their brand-new Dodge with 45 kilos of pure cocaine inside it near a hotel in Pasto, Colombia, after they felt they were being tracked by special F-2 narcs. Pasto, which means "grass" in Spanish, is an important crossroads city in southern Colombia, right in the middle of the coke route that runs between Peru and Ecuador to Bogota and the northern coast. Although no arrests were made, the F-2 narcs concluded after analyzing the blow as 93 percent pure that it was brought by the "gringos" from Peru and that they had stopped in Pasto on their way to deliver it to a "contact" in Bogota, who would then take care of shipping it to the United States.

● Quebec Province police pulled a helicopter stunt right out of "Rockford Files" to nail five pounds of snort in upper Quebec. At the end of a two-month undercover investigation, airborne narcs electronically trailed a suspect's car north along the Laurentian Autoroute for 40 miles and observed him entering and leaving a ski-resort chalet. They trailed him halfway back to Montreal, buzzed him with the siren blaring and chased him several miles at top speed before setting down the copter directly in front of his car. After risking the lives of the narcs, the suspect and incidental motorists, they came up with one kilo of 95-percent-pure blow in the



Chico, a dope-sniffing dog in Melrose, Massachusetts, once again proved to be the Man's best friend—cops say the coke and smack Chico nosed out were worth \$3 million.

car and another kilo back at the chalet. Four men were busted.

● Cops found five kilos of unstepped blow in the false ceiling of a Queens, New York, apartment where smuggler Ramiro Guerra, 30, and his 20-year-old housekeeper had been shot to death by feuding dealers. The Jackson Heights flat had previously belonged to Oscar Toro, who had engineered the "fail-safe" system of moving coke out of Colombia on tourist cruises, transferring it to mules in Puerto Rico and flying it into New York without passing Customs. Toro, 35, died a year before the latest shootings when his car plunged off a cliff near Medellin in Colombia; his two passengers were unhurt.

● U.S. Customs officers at Miami International Airport have arrested two Tampa, Florida, residents and seized three pounds of cocaine. A Tampa waitress was arrested last

November after her arrival from Bogota, Colombia. Customs officers found 2.2 pounds of blow strapped to her lower body. The officers were able to determine that she was traveling with a 28-year-old man who was carrying an additional 8 pounds of toot strapped to his legs. Both were turned over to the DEA.

● In New York City, Queens Narcotics Bureau undercover narcs blew the whistle on the purported head of a "major cocaine ring"—a 27-year-old woman—when one of the narcs believed she might be arranging to have him killed. Over the previous month, one narc allegedly bought stashes of snort weighing 7.5 ounces from the woman, having been turned on to her by her "steerer," a man who allegedly set up gram sales in Queens and in Manhattan's garment district. From a tap on the woman's phone, though, they learned that she'd had her steerer checked out. "We've got to get a hit man," she allegedly exclaimed, and opened negotiations with a Brooklyn ex-con who was asking for \$3,000 up front and \$7,000 after the hit. All three individuals were promptly busted for conspiracy to kill a cop and to possess and sell narcotics.

● Three West Indian women with 10 pounds of coke, 3.5 pounds of meth and assorted MDA, LSD and mescaline on their persons were busted at Toronto International Airport, with two accompanying men, after Customs searches. On the same day, a man in the Sheppard Avenue subway station was nailed by the RCMP with four ounces of blow in a hollowed-out book.

Hit Parade

Have you been wondering why the price of dope is so stiff? Well, see, every time there's a multi-ton bust like those listed here, the dealers have to lay out a big bundle on lawyers, bribes for cops and DAs, expert-witness fees (some of those grass experts can drink out a Hollywood Inn bar over a single weekend) and settlements for the wives and kids of whomever ultimately goes to jail. This adds up, and of course it all comes out of the consumer's pocket—along with the tax bread that underwrote the narco cops in the first place. There has to be a better way.

● 50,000 lbs Santa Marta gold in British ship *Romain Brio*, nailed by Coast Guard cutter *Diligence* 15 miles east of Marathon, Florida; 13 Colombian crew members deported.

● 40,000 lbs of Colombian busted aboard the 66-foot shrimp *Sea Star*, by Customs,

at Morgan's Dock in Sunbury, Georgia; five busted unloading into three ten-wheel trucks.

● 25,000 lbs of growing grass nailed at Shelter Inlet, British Columbia; 17 local growers busted; raid involved 700 Canadian Army personnel and the warships *Kootenay* and *Terra Nova*.

● 24,000 lbs Colombian nailed during off-loading from shrimp *Kenny* at dock near Paterson, Louisiana, by St. Mary's Parish sheriff's deputies; six busted after helicopter chase through swamp.

● 5,000 lbs grass and hundreds of 'ludes scattered around DC-3 crash site in western Martin County, Florida; two killed, seven busted, waiting for pickup at nearby White Belt Dairy.

● 2,000 lbs of grass in a 24-foot speedboat pulled on a trailer by two Cubanos in Miami; both busted after chase by Marine Patrol cops.

● 355 lbs hash oil in two steamer trunks at Customs at Toronto International Airport; two addressees in Mirabel, Quebec, busted.

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Florida DEA Chief Blasted for Selling Dope T-Shirt



Little suspecting they're about to be immortalized on a T-shirt by Miami's top narc, the crew of the famous Heidi is led off to court. Four were convicted and sent to Eglin AFB's minimum-security jail, from which they quietly walked.

The chief of the DEA's Jacksonville, Florida, office was criticized in federal court there for selling T-shirts emblazoned with facts about an August 1978 grass bust that is still on trial. Special Agent Robert Ginley claimed only his wife and daughter were doing the selling at a local rock concert, and he was merely protecting them.

The T-shirts, decorated with a marijuana leaf and the legend "Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 11, 1978, 112 tons," commemorate the bust of the *Heidi* and 23 South American seamen for alleged conspiracy to smuggle weed. Counsels for the 23 argued that the sale of such T-shirts had prejudiced their clients'

defense, but U.S. district judge George C. Carr, murmuring, "Incredible," ruled that there was no such jeopardy of the trial in progress.

Agent Ginley also claimed that no one had profited from the T-shirt venture, because he and his wife and daughter had only been able to get rid of 17 of them. Evidently preoccupied with the disturbance of his counter-culture investment, Ginley worried, "It looks like we're going to have to eat a lot of shirts." He stated that he had accompanied his family to the concert so they wouldn't get "ripped off."

Judge Carr expressed disapproval: "It concerns me that the chief agent in charge of the DEA is doing that sort of thing." He then commanded the remaining T-shirts to be remanded to the U.S. attorney's office "so it won't happen again."

● Jogging in New York City's Central Park just as night fell, Jerry Apodaca, governor of New Mexico, noticed that he was lost. Clad in shorts, without money, and in the vicinity of Harlem, he simply did what our mothers always told us to do—he looked for a policeman. He walked up to two cops just outside the park, placed a friendly hand on the shoulder of one, and heard the cop seethe, "Don't ever do that!"

Explained the jogger: "You're not going to believe this, sir, but my name is Jerry Apodaca, and I'm the governor of New Mexico, and I'm lost."

The policeman grinned tightly and replied, "Sure, buddy, and I'm the president of the United States."

Apodaca then asked if they could take him

back to his hotel, mentioning that he was also the new chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness. The second officer, guiding him toward the patrol car, threatened, "The first place we're going to drop you, governor, is Bellevue." Unfamiliar with the name of this famous psychiatric facility, Apodaca corrected him: "I'm staying at the New York Athletic Club," and showed them his room key.

One phone call later the cops agreed to take him to his lodgings. Just one year ago, the 44-year-old governor became lost while jogging around the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, with the added complication of finding not one English-speaking passerby. "I guess maybe I just wasn't meant to jog in big cities."

● Sometime prior to President Carter's decision to pardon Patty Hearst, Barbara Walters received the following telegram from John Wayne: "The American people and all the television editors have accepted the idea that one man could brainwash 900 people into mass suicide. But no one will accept the fact that a ruthless group, the SLA, could brainwash one girl by torture, degradation, and confinement."

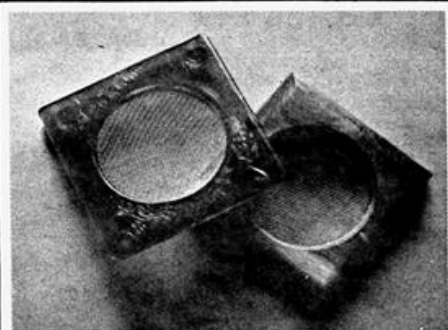
● Dr. Peter Bourne, former top administration drug adviser, cited the American marijuana industry for creating a "new criminal aristocracy" from its \$48-billion-a-year revenues. Speaking in Atlanta at the Southeastern Conference on Alcohol and Drug Abuse, he further credited the illicit grass trade with employing about 3 million American workers.

● Complaining that U.S. stamps depicting the naked baby Jesus are "indecent," three women in Garden City, Kansas, demanded their money back from the local post office. One said she refused to put the stamp, which shows fifteenth-century sculptor Andrea Della Robbia's "Madonna and Child with Cherubim," on her Christmas cards. The questionable items were replaced with stamps depicting reindeer.

● In San Francisco, the legendary treasure-chest-washed-up-on-the-beach story came true for 19-year-old Warren Edward Hill as he sauntered along Ocean Beach. He noticed something glittering imbedded in the sand, unearthed a metal box, carried it home and opened it—to discover over a million dry five-ruble notes from czarist Russia. All were dated 1909. Hill spent five hours counting them and then turned them over to the police.

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Thai Army grunts, in a spectacle straight from the Middle Ages, torch up two tons each of grass and smack on a public pyre in Bangkok. Prime Minister Kriangsak Chamanan staged the lurid auto-da-fe for diplomats and DEA narcs just before his last U.S. trip. "We don't collaborate in the drug trade, we only combat it," Kriangsak lied.

California Bill Would Decriminalize Unlimited Pot Growing

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—Assemblyman Willie Brown has submitted a NORML-approved bill to the Sacramento legislature that would reduce the legal penalties for home cultivation of an unlimited amount of grass to a \$100 "traffic ticket" fine, like the current penalty for misdemeanor possession. If the bill passes through the state assembly's Criminal Justice Committee as expected, the Sacramento legislators will be voting on an ordinance that would legalize the growing of up to three plants by any individual, with a six-plant maximum for households of more than two people. Besides the \$100 fine, growers apprehended with more than the allowed limit of plants would suffer the confiscation of their crop. While amendments that would proscriber harsher terms for growing a large number of plants could possibly be added to the bill as it moves through the legislature, NORML's West Coast director, Gordon Brownell, says the bill was purposely drafted to appear as conservative as possible, to appeal to the considerable number of conservatives who were elected to the Sacramento legislature last November.

Wooing conservatives to decrim is a tricky business, as veteran lobbyist Brownell describes it, but not altogether impossible. Last year's paraquat scare, when it appeared that the federal government was knowingly poisoning millions of American citizens, deeply affected numerous honest conservatives. In addition, many normally depressed areas of the Pacific Northwest—from Humboldt and Mendocino counties in California up through Oregon and Washington—have recorded multi-million-dollar windfalls from the sale of scientifically cultivated sinsemilla in the last couple of years. The proceeds have been so fruitful, in terms of money that gets invested in local property and business, that a good number of arch Republicans have been

privately tilting toward the idea of legalizing wholesale dope cultivation and brand-name merchandising.

● Former Starr County, Texas, district attorney Arnulfo Guerra says he has become convinced from personal experience that hounding and jailing people for grass and coke is the wrong way to handle the business. If these innocuous drugs were only legalized, he points out, the entire criminal subculture

that thrives on their trafficking would completely collapse. Unfortunately, ex-D.A. Guerra only enunciated his personal position after effectively wiping out the Starr County dope business. Previously, over a third of the residents of Starr County, which borders on Mexico, had been subsisting mainly on the coke and grass trades, and now most of them are on welfare. "I swore to uphold the law," explains Guerra, "and I did."

Grass Legal in Colombia —For Arthritis

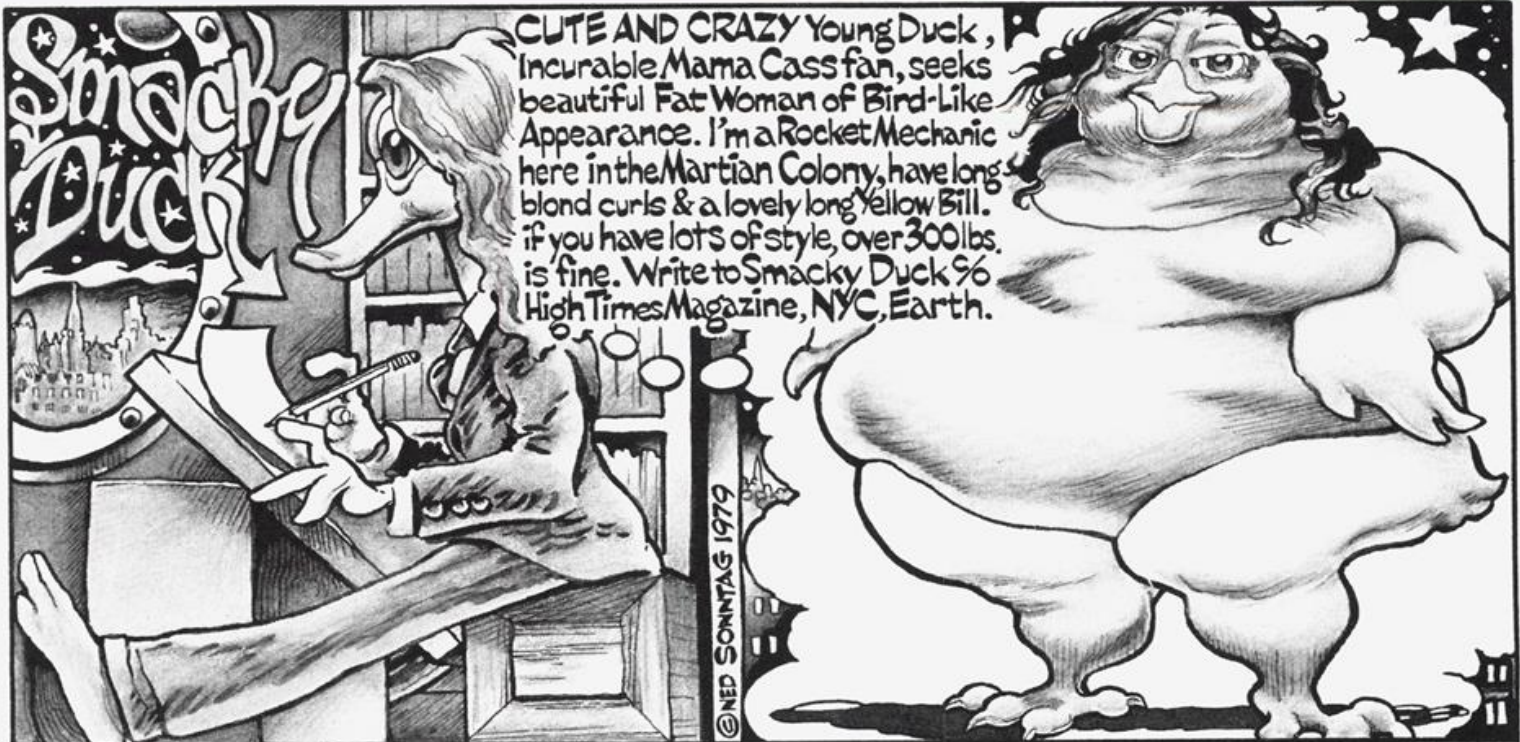
BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—The supreme court here has revoked an 18-month jail term handed out to a local woman charged with possessing seven pounds of marijuana, on the grounds that she was using it legitimately to treat her arthritis. The historic test case was resolved in the woman's favor by High Court Magistrate Pantaleon Mejia Garzon after government medical experts testified that grass has always been used traditionally by poor Colombians as an effective arthritis treatment and that the United States and many other countries have approved programs researching grass's therapeutic properties for a variety of crippling diseases.

The woman was using the grass as a poultice, soaked in warm alcohol and applied to the afflicted joints through a bandage, to draw the pain out of her body. Doctors in the Medellin Police Department have been lately testing the efficacy of this and several other traditional cures involving marijuana, and have reported splendid results. People who use grass in these ways are not usually busted by Colombian police. In this case the police had had no choice, since the woman's boyfriend had reported her stash to them after a love spat, emotionally demanding her prosecution. The case got much local publici-

ty, and the woman was unofficially supported by the people in the government and in medicine who favor a change in the Colombian grass laws.



Keith Richards on kicking smack: "In all fairness to the poppy, I must admit that never once did I have a cold."



Shah's Sister Exposed as International Dope Queen



Henry Kissinger, who largely put the Iranian royal family where they are today, sniffs the sidestream smoke from Princess Ashraf's cigarette at New York's 21.

Shah Muhammad Reza-Pahlavi of Iran hardly eased into luxurious retirement before his twin sister Princess Ashraf, 59, was finally exposed as one of the world's top international dope capos. With the Pahlavi family finally out of power, tongues immediately loosened: the princess's 30-year tenure at the head of several syndicates running hash and opium out of Iran, and a few more years smuggling coke and smack back in, oozed from jet-set gossip into public knowledge.

Fashionable industrialists and politicians

all over the world own antique Persian hash pipes and blocks of O given them by the princess and other royal-family members; busted dope runners in many countries have told police interrogators of their Tehran connection, but it almost never gets into court.

The 1977 attempt on Ashraf's life, when her car was sprayed with submachine-gun bullets on the French Riviera, has long been viewed as just another smack mob trying to rub Her Highness out. When even Iran's Savak secret police failed to drum up any

politically motivated suspects, it was clear that the issue was something other than mere politics. Currently Princess Ashraf is dwelling mainly in one of two handsome brownstone townhouses she owns on New York's exclusive Beekman Place. The royal family is worth approximately \$20 billion.

● The police chief of Swansea, South Carolina, has been busted with 17 others by the DEA for allegedly moving grass and coke through town. The busts came down after federal undercover narcs set up a one-kilo coke buy from three men in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, alleged to be running dope to the Swansea outfit. The police chief, a former 20-year air-force lifer and local trucker, had been on the Swansea force only two months.

● Three players on the crack Indiana University basketball team were suspended and five others put on probation for marijuana smoking midway through the past season. Non-doping teammates had snitched on the alleged tokers after a long trip to Alaska for the Sea Wolf Tournament in Anchorage. "It's pretty tough to draw the line in a society that doesn't draw the line," complained head coach Bobby Knight after booting the smokers.

● Four New York City Housing Authority cops have been indicted for stealing grass from local kids they'd busted. A fifth CHA cop helped get rid of the dopenappers by wearing an eavesdropping wire for Special State Prosecutor John Keenan.

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TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	marbled	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	average, always in season	oz	30-35
Superior domestic	top quality, but scarce	oz	45-55
Thai sticks	excellent, beware phonies	lb	575-700
Nepalese hash	slabs, some black primo	one	15-18
Lebanese hash	taste treat	oz	200-300
Domestic hash	truly inferior	lb	2000-3000
Afghani hash	black, nice head	oz	200-300
LSD	microdot, tile	lb	2300-2900
Cocaine	if available...	oz	50-100
		hit	1400-1800
		gm	3500-4200
		oz	3-4
		gm	125-200
		oz	2500-3000

CANADA

Domestic	crop thriving	oz	10-20
Commercial	glut,	lb	100-125
Colombian	some fresh	oz	30-45
Connoisseur	rare of late	lb	350-450
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	oz	40-60
Thai sticks	up, some ersatz	lb	450-550
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	oz	180-200
Metham-phetamine	crystal, good	lb	2000-3100
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	one	20-25
Cocaine	z-z-z-z-z	oz	160-200
		lb	1200-1800
		oz	500-800
		lb	4500-7000
		gm	35-50
		oz	450-600
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown, stock solid	lb	55-75
Colombian hash	improving, still ho-hum	oz	2-4
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	lb	30-40
Mushrooms	OK supply, not big commercially	oz	10-30
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	lb	100-250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	3-5
		gm	100-300
		oz	200-500
		lb	3000-5000

HOLLAND

Moroccan hash	medium quality	gm	2.50
Lebanese red	medium to good	kilo	1250
Afghani hash	fine, higher in Amsterdam	gm	2
Pakistani hash	always available	kilo	1000
Nepalese hash	limited stash	gm	4
Colombian grass	hard to find	kilo	3250
Cocaine	decent rock	gm	2.50
Chitral hash	black, OK	kilo	1500
Mandrax	200 mg	gm	3
		kilo	2000
		oz	50-80
		lb	450-650
		gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2100
		gm	2.50
		kilo	1250
		one	.50-2

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathtaking	oz	8-12
		lb	30-75

Oaxacan tops	seedlings	oz	4-6
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	50-90
Pueblo	good, when and if	oz	3-6
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	lb	20-50
Cocaine	brown to pure white	oz	3-6
Opium	not much, growing interest	lb	20-70
		oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
		gm	300-500
		oz	30-50
		lb	300-400

PANAMA

Green shake	good quality, higher for GIs	oz	2-5
Green tops	stony all over	lb	25-50
Red buds	sticky with resin, primo	oz	5-10
Cocaine	good, some beat in cities	lb	45-80
Magic mushrooms	in cow pastures everywhere	gm	65-100
		oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
		oz	1-10

PERU

Brown buds	jungle grass	oz	4-5
Gold buds	mountain grass	lb	55
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	10
Coca leaves	dry, cheap in bundles	lb	70-75
Coca paste	for smoking	oz	2-3
Cocaine	90 percent pure, the world's best	lb	35
Quaaludes	locally produced, not very good	kilo	2-3
		gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

African	steady stream	oz	35
Spanish	good grass	lb	400
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	oz	15-20
Lebanese red hash	sacks blond and red, not the best	kilo	400-500
Hash oil	Moroccan dark	oz	40-50
LSD	good blotter	kilo	1000-1200
Cocaine	good to excellent, tops	oz	50-60
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	kilo	1500-1700
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300
		gm	80-120
		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

USA

Contiguous	tasty colas, inflation fighter	oz	25-50
Top-grade Mexican	good brown, record crop	lb	125-275
Quality Jamaican	stable for three years	oz	30-40
Commercial Colombian	mild drought, price hikes	lb	125-300
Connoisseur Colombian	top stuff, scarce	oz	25-40
Seedless Colombian	precleaned, lazy man's special	lb	200-375
Colombian shake	stash only, very powerful	oz	50-70
California indica	smooth and trippy	lb	350-550
Colombian seeds	speckled beauties, some top-notch	oz	50-75
		lb	500-675
		oz	20
		lb	250
		not sold	
		oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
		lb	25

Pseudo sticks	California made, mighty fine	oz	750-1000
Didrax ups	orange "upjohns" do-it-yourself	single	2000
Methaqualone powder	"ludes	oz	1-1.25
California red hair	tasty, potent, plentiful	lb	500-750
California sinsemilla	delish, overpriced	oz	50-125
Florida sinsemilla	hot new item, market testing	lb	450-1000
Jamaican sinsemilla	spicy new breed	oz	500-1000
Hawaiian Puna buds	astronomical, runner's curse	lb	50-75
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	oz	500-850
Lebanese hash	mucho red and blond short head	lb	100-175
Black Afghani hash	overpriced, fair	oz	800-1200
Nepalese hash	pressed balls, knockout, West mostly	lb	75-100
Paki hash	just decent, no buy	oz	625-800
Thai sticks	the bigger, the better	one	85-120
Hawaiian	biggest crop ever	oz	1000-1400
Hash oils	more potent	lb	1500-1800
PCP	Afghani to honey powder, the pits	oz	100-150
LSD	renaissance, rates up	gm	150-175
Mescaline	clear caps, good	hit	1000-1750
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen, dried	oz	25-40
Peyote	flourishing, some homegrown	lb	100-250
Quaaludes, 714s	rare, many "boots"	oz	4-30
Cocaine	various qualities	one	50-150
MDA	scarce	100	250-500
Black beauties	beware of fakes	gm	60-120
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	oz	1000-2000
		hit	35-60
		oz	3-5
		gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500

Hawaii

Puna buds	juicy, fruity, unreal stone	oz	110-160
Kona gold	sweet and fantastic, inflationized	lb	1000-1800
Mauna Loa	buds look sugar-coated	oz	100-140
Maui	big fat buds, choice high	lb	1000-1700
Leper grass	Molokai export, killer buds	oz	100-130
Oahu shake	nice buzz	lb	1200-1500
Leaf sticks	big leaves, GI special	oz	100-150
High-grown seeds	for real	one	75-100
Cocaine	wide quality range	oz	20-40
Amphetamines	white crosses, black beauties	one	5-10
LSD	mostly microdot and windowpane	one	2.50
Lebanese hash	light color, not bad	one	2-4
Hash oil	short-term high	gm	10
Magic mushrooms	lots of fun, in season	lb	10 free

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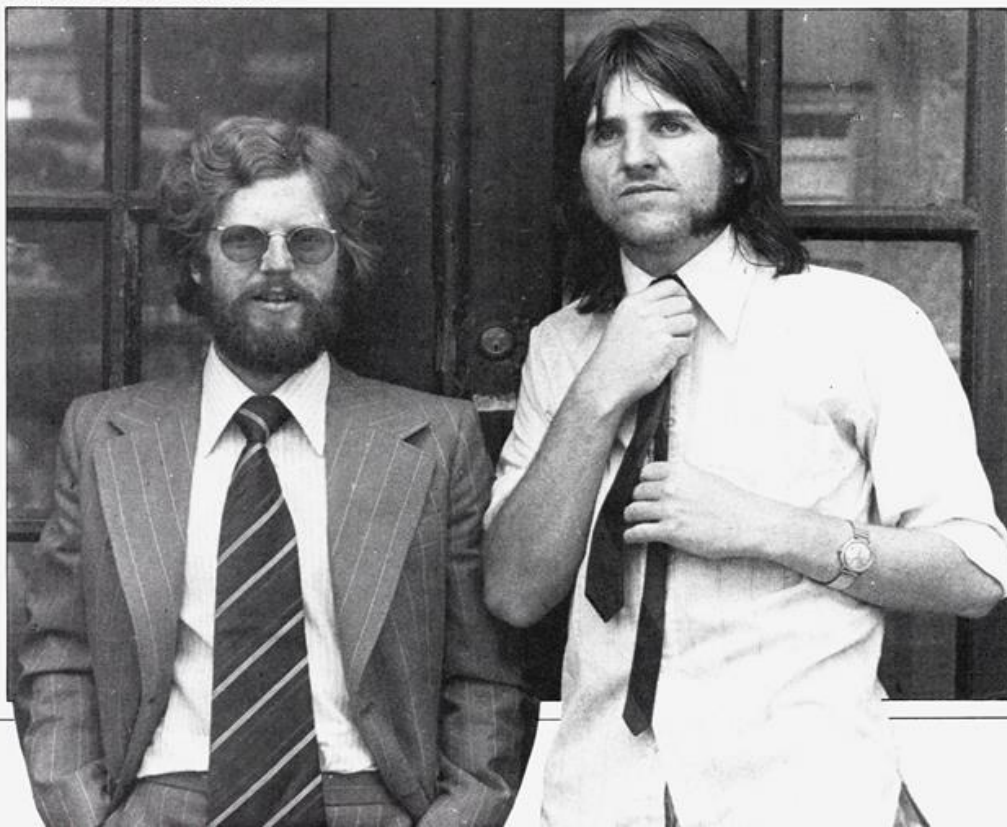
Steve Rubell pied for disco decadence.

Pieman **Aron Kay** recently pied acid godfather **Timothy Leary** with a cheesecake (for "ratting on the underground") at a Manhattan party for Beat bard **William Burroughs**. A few weeks later Kay pied Studio 54 co-owner **Steve Rubell** for being "elitist" and because Kay believes disco music "lobotomizes and robotomizes" its audience.



High Times contributing editor **Larry "Ratso" Sloman** plugged his new book, *Reefer Madness*, a social history of marijuana in America, on a recent episode of "Studio 10 Extravaganza," a rock'n'roll/comedy-hour television series directed by **Craig Silver**, editor of *Alternative Media*, and starring *High Times* rock critics **Doc Rock** and **Spy Smasher** and featuring the tidal-wave rock band **Secret Rocker** (with *High Times* contributor **Doug Kelley** as lead singer). The show is broadcast live on cable TV from the Yuppies' new antidisco cabaret, Studio 10, at 10 Bleecker Street in New York.

The Irish-American rock band **Turner and Kirwan of Wexford** were recently prohibited from having their records played on the Irish National Radio Network, because their songs are full of "drugs, lesbianism and religious topics." Turner and Kirwan recently performed for 2,000 protesters at the Anti-Nuclear Festival at the Wexford Parish Hall in Ireland.



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Brooke Adams, the waiflike starlet of *Days of Heaven* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, says she used to drink nasal spray in high school. "The stuff was called Sinalgin," babbles Brooke. "It had speed in it, and I'd get wired beyond belief. When they took it off the market I was heartbroken." Brooke's next film will be *Cuba*, which takes place during Castro's revolution in 1958; it stars **Sean Connery** as a cynical mercenary, **Chris Sarandon** as a plantation owner and Brooke as the woman they love. ■



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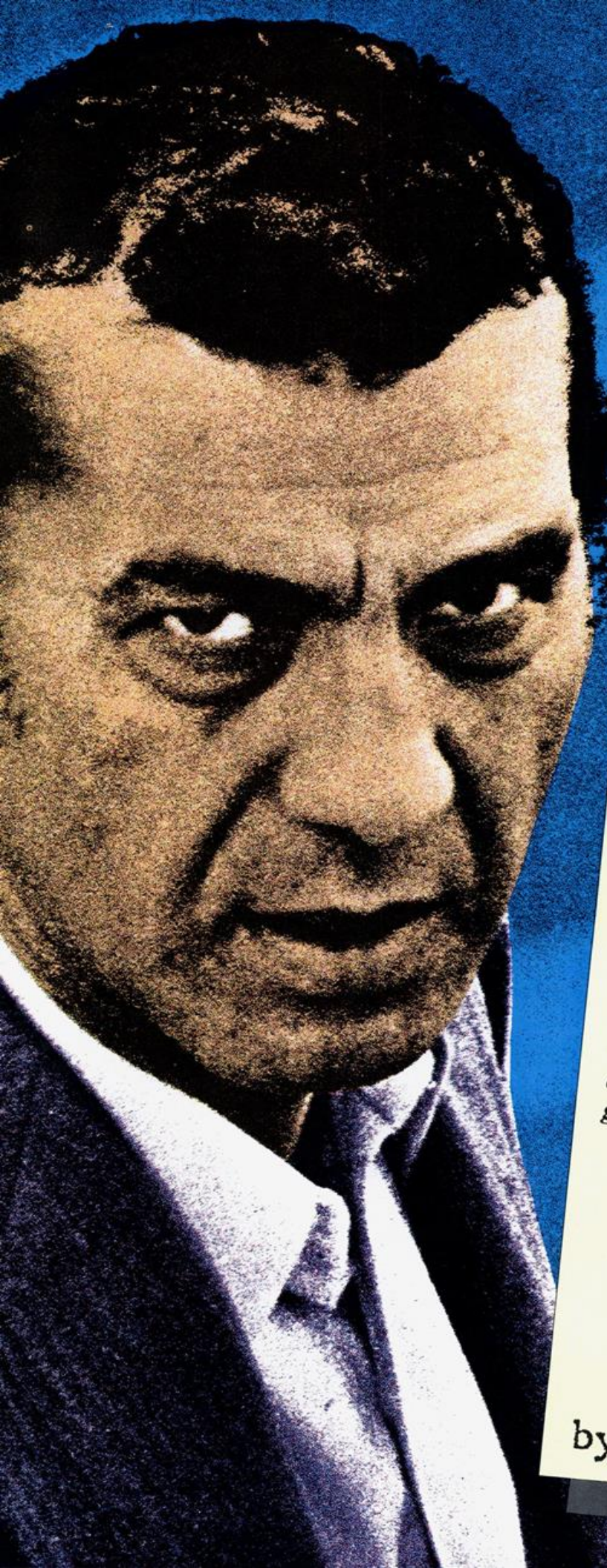
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The Last Testament of Sante Barrio

He was the DEA's top agent. He went to Mexico to find out why "our" drug program wasn't working. He found out. He was busted by the DEA and jailed. Then one day in jail he ate a loaded peanut-butter sandwich. As we go to press, Sante Barrio is a vegetable, dead to the world of the living, not a brainwave in sight, hooked to a life support machine in San Antonio, Texas. This interview was conducted about one month before the fatal goober spread did its work.

by A. Craig Copetas

Sante Barrio was one of the top five narcotics agents for the Drug Enforcement Administration. He infiltrated and busted a major heroin ring. One of the French Connection agents called him "the best damn narcotics agent in the world."

Presidents personally invited him to the White House. Congress called him in when they needed an expert on narcotics traffic. Foreign leaders took him into their confidence. He was commended many times by his agency. If there must be narcotics agents, it would seem that Sante Barrio was what a narcotics agent should be.

In 1975, Sante Barrio was sent to Mexico City, where he was put in charge of the DEA's operation. There is no question that Sante Barrio learned a lot in Mexico City. According to the DEA, he learned how to make money. They busted him for allegedly accepting a \$9,000 bribe, and for letting an informant hold on to 11 of 33 pounds of blow netted in a bust.

According to Sante Barrio, his problem was knowing too much. Like knowing why all of that Yanqui paraquat was winding up on marijuana and watermelons instead of on poppies. And knowing just who was getting rich from the Mexican heroin trade. He identified Mexico's attorney general, to whom the DEA gives a \$13-million annual budget, as the nation's number-one narcotics trafficker.

According to Sante Barrio, he was busted for what narcs do as a matter of policy in order to maintain a cover or friendly relations with an informant.

Barrio was busted on October 9, 1978, and held in jail in San Antonio on \$500,000 bail. On December 16, he took one bite of that peanut-butter sandwich, and threw the rest in the toilet, but it was one bite too many. In minutes he was in convulsions. Preliminary tests revealed strychnine in his blood; later tests showed no such substance in his blood, the sandwich or the mysterious powder on the cell floor.

Federal officials suggest that peanut butter was perhaps a fatal combination with the antidepressant drugs their disgraced agent had been prescribed. Time magazine suggests that among those who might have had a motive for poisoning Sante Barrio are: Mafia members; "traffickers against whom Barrio was moving, allegedly including high Latin American officials"; and, of course, "some DEA officials who might also have had reason to want Barrio dead."

High Times senior editor Craig Copetas interviewed Sante Barrio in his cell on November 4, 1978, little more than a month before his brain died. Copetas recalls, "Sante Barrio was the most terrified man I have ever met. It was as if some doctor had injected him with a 7 percent solution of pure paranoia. Every time a cell door clanged shut he jumped out of his chair, checked the place out like a barn owl and asked me to turn my recorder off. And he would make sure that I did.

"I remember being almost afraid to ask the question 'Sante, do you feel your life is in danger right now from the DEA?'"

"Barrio jostled around in his chair and tapped an unlit cigarette on the table top. 'If there is an opportunity for anyone to retaliate against me for what I did to them, I will be a target. I never trusted the motives of the DEA. Peter Bensinger was out to get me.'"

A few weeks later Barrio was vegetable matter.

High Times: Did the Mexicans or the DEA lay out the groundwork for the paraquat program?

Barrio: The paraquat program was a bilateral program between the State Department and the DEA. The study was

"The DEA has files containing hard evidence accusing people like the attorney general of Mexico of being among the class-one traffickers of Mexico. But there was never anything done about it."

made by the State Department and approved and accepted by the DEA. The DEA fronted most of the manpower to make the operation effective.

High Times: Did Mexico or the DEA control the program?

Barrio: The program was totally controlled by the DEA and the State Department.

High Times: How would you characterize Mexico's involvement in the paraquat program?

Barrio: Although the Mexicans said that they invested some money in the program, in reality they never invested anything but the manpower. Other than Mexican military manpower, the show was operated by the DEA and the State Department.

High Times: Is it accurate to say that the DEA called the shots?

Barrio: The DEA called the shots. Absolutely. As a matter of fact, when the DEA started to experience some interference on the part of State for the operation of the program, it started an internal war between the DEA and State in Mexico.

High Times: Was the equipment given to the Mexicans by the U.S. used for any other purpose than spraying fields?

Barrio: Many times we had reports that Mexican officials commandeered helicopters and other aircraft for their per-

sonal use. The attorney general of Mexico was given a jet by the U.S. government, and he never used that jet for any official purpose. Whenever we requested to use it in relation to an official investigation he always found excuses not to make it available to us.

That was his method of operation. The last request we made was to use the plane for the capture and surrender of Jaime Herrera, considered the principal heroin fugitive in Mexico. The attorney general refused to give us the jet, saying that the weather was bad in Monterey. We had to rent an airplane to get to Monterey.

High Times: What was Jacques Kiere's [head of the DEA in Mexico] response to this misuse of American-taxpayer-supplied equipment?

Barrio: There was an acceptance of it. The State Department and the DEA felt that we had to give in in some ways in order to get something else. We overlooked some things—corruption, misuse of funds—and then in return we got something.

High Times: DEA boss Peter Bensinger said his agency's involvement with paraquat was as adviser and never as leader. How would you respond to that?

Barrio: The DEA never made any suggestion as to what kind of herbicide to use. The study was made by the State Department people. They gave a contract to several people to make the study, and as a result the DEA chose paraquat, which was then supplied to the Mexicans to spray over the marijuana plants.

Although the main interest of the U.S. government was the spraying of poppy fields, the Mexican government used the greater portion of the paraquat over marijuana fields, because they felt that marijuana was the principal enemy of Mexico and not heroin.

High Times: Were you ever aware of any instances of either opium or marijuana growers paying off government officials in Mexico so that their fields would not be sprayed?

Barrio: I have no direct knowledge of that.

High Times: Do you have any indirect knowledge?

Barrio: Well, allegations . . . I don't know if you can check. The operations were controlled by a DEA zone coordinator and a Mexican zone coordinator, who is the local prosecutor. The pilots and the sprayers were under his direct control. There were cases where our spotters went back to check if a specific area had been sprayed, and it was sometimes found that it had not been sprayed. The reason for that I cannot tell you.

High Times: One of the DEA documents that *High Times* got hold of stated that the agency was aware in late 1975 that marijuana sprayed with paraquat was entering the United States and being smoked. Were you ever privy to any discussions concerning paraquat-treated marijuana coming into the United States?

Barrio: No. I went to Mexico in 1975, and

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my involvement in Mexico was pure enforcement and not tactical in relation to the spraying of the fields. I never directly participated in the field operations but I did have some managerial capacity.

High Times: What did you manage?

Bario: I coordinated personnel. I helped the DEA select some people to go in the field and kind of coordinate the program.

High Times: How did the DEA characterize the marijuana industry in Mexico?

Bario: Well, under pressure from Congress we were more interested in the spraying of the poppy fields. Our involvement in marijuana was a concession. We understood that the Mexican government wanted to lean on marijuana; they had more concern about spraying marijuana than poppies, in spite of the pressure put on them by the U.S. government. So we just let it ride that way.

High Times: Bensinger claims that the amount of heroin that has come out of Mexico has decreased a great deal. Would you buy that?

Bario: No. It's unfair to say that. For many reasons. There is no way to measure the quantity of opium being produced in Mexico. It's impossible. And for anyone to come out and say that 80 or 50 or 90 percent has been destroyed is, I think, a big lie, because it's absolutely impossible to determine. If you cannot measure up to 100 percent, how can you measure the percentage that has been destroyed? It's just impossible. Neither the DEA nor the State Department has any way to check on how much is produced and where it's being produced. It's entirely in the hands of the Mexican government.

High Times: Did you ever feel at any point that there were Mexican officials involved in heroin traffic?

Bario: Yes. I personally cannot make any allegations based on my feelings, because I don't have any hard evidence I can offer. The DEA has files containing hard evidence accusing people like the attorney general of Mexico of being among the class-one traffickers of Mexico.

In addition, I'd like to make reference to a visit made by Congressman James Mann to Mexico City during which my former director, Jacques Kiere, stated to him openly in a meeting that Mexico's Attorney General Oscar Flores Sanchez is a class-one trafficker in Mexico.

High Times: Weren't you given orders to investigate Sanchez?

Bario: No.

High Times: Were Mexican officials aware that these allegations were going uninvestigated?

Bario: Information was collected as it came in and stored in our files. There was never anything done about that, never an investigation made to prove or disprove the allegation.

High Times: Were DEA agents working in Mexico told to make a differentiation between marijuana smugglers and heroin

smugglers?

Bario: Yes. The basic rule was that the DEA in Mexico was not to waste any time on marijuana traffickers. We were to concentrate more on heroin and the class-one traffickers in that area.

High Times: Do you think that the technology involved in the paraquat program was sufficient that the people who were mixing the herbicides knew what they were doing?

Bario: There were discussions at the time about tainting waters and other food supplies from Mexico, but there was also a discussion about paraquat not tainting anything else but the product for which it had been developed . . . marijuana.

High Times: Did these meetings conclude that paraquat was a safe herbicide?

“A spotter-plane observation would discover that paraquat was sprayed on top of bean fields. It happened so many times that it became a DEA-State Department joke.”

Bario: That was the understanding I had.

High Times: Did the other people involved in these staff meetings have this understanding?

Bario: Yes.

High Times: And they based this belief on the reports that were conducted by the State Department and the DEA?

Bario: Yes. But there were many incidents where a spotter-plane observation would be made only to discover that paraquat was sprayed on top of bean fields. It happened so many times that it became a joke.

High Times: It became a DEA-State Department joke?

Bario: That's right, a joke. Everyone laughed.

High Times: Were you convinced that the majority of Americans in Mexican jails were major traffickers?

Bario: There are very, very few American traffickers in Mexican prisons. I would say that 97 percent of all the Americans jailed in Mexico were not major traffickers. None of them were of any caliber for us to be made aware of them. Most of them were arrested for a kilo of marijuana, a few cigarettes of marijuana, a few ounces or grams of cocaine, pills and so forth. It added to their seizure statistics.

High Times: Would the DEA know if someone were arrested for possession of, say, 200 pounds of marijuana?

Bario: That kind of amount would have

been reported.

High Times: Would the DEA question the Americans?

Bario: Sometimes. But most of the time we would rely on the Mexicans.

High Times: Were you aware of allegations made in the United States during your stay in Mexico that DEA agents were participating with Mexican agents in the torturing of American prisoners.

Bario: I know of those allegations.

High Times: Would you characterize those allegations as true or false?

Bario: I was personally opposed to that kind of violence and never participated. I just turned around and left. I could not tell the Mexicans what to do. It was their country, and therefore they had the right. I never formally complained.

High Times: Were there ever any inner embassy stories passed around concerning the torture?

Bario: Everyone knew of the existence of some machines or other means used to interrogate prisoners. There was always a joke made by agents that the lie-detector machine available to the Mexican agents to interrogate people was the best. There was no other way—the prisoners had to confess to something.

High Times: When Americans were arrested the consulate would supply them with a Mexican attorney. Were you ever aware of any instances when these attorneys were later paid and debriefed by DEA agents?

Bario: I do know that the DEA maintains informants among defense lawyers in Mexico, who supply privileged information about what is discussed between lawyer and client.

High Times: Why do you think Mexico—a poor country, really—spent so much time, money and effort to arrest low-level American marijuana traffickers?

Bario: If you have plenty of money, you are immune from anything in Mexico. You just can do almost anything you want. I don't know exactly why the Mexican government never really went after any large U.S. traffickers. But I do know that 97 percent of the people in Mexican jails are there for nothing. Kids, most of them.

High Times: Did the DEA or the State Department ever go to the Mexicans and tell them that this was a waste of time, effort and money?

Bario: No.

High Times: What did you and DEA director Bensinger talk about?

Bario: The performance of the Mexico office and the arrest-and-seizure productivity in Mexico. He wanted to see more production.

High Times: How does one boost production?

Bario: He said he was not happy with enforcement in Mexico and he wanted to see more results.

High Times: Did he talk about Jaime Herrera, the alleged smack “godfather” of Mexico?

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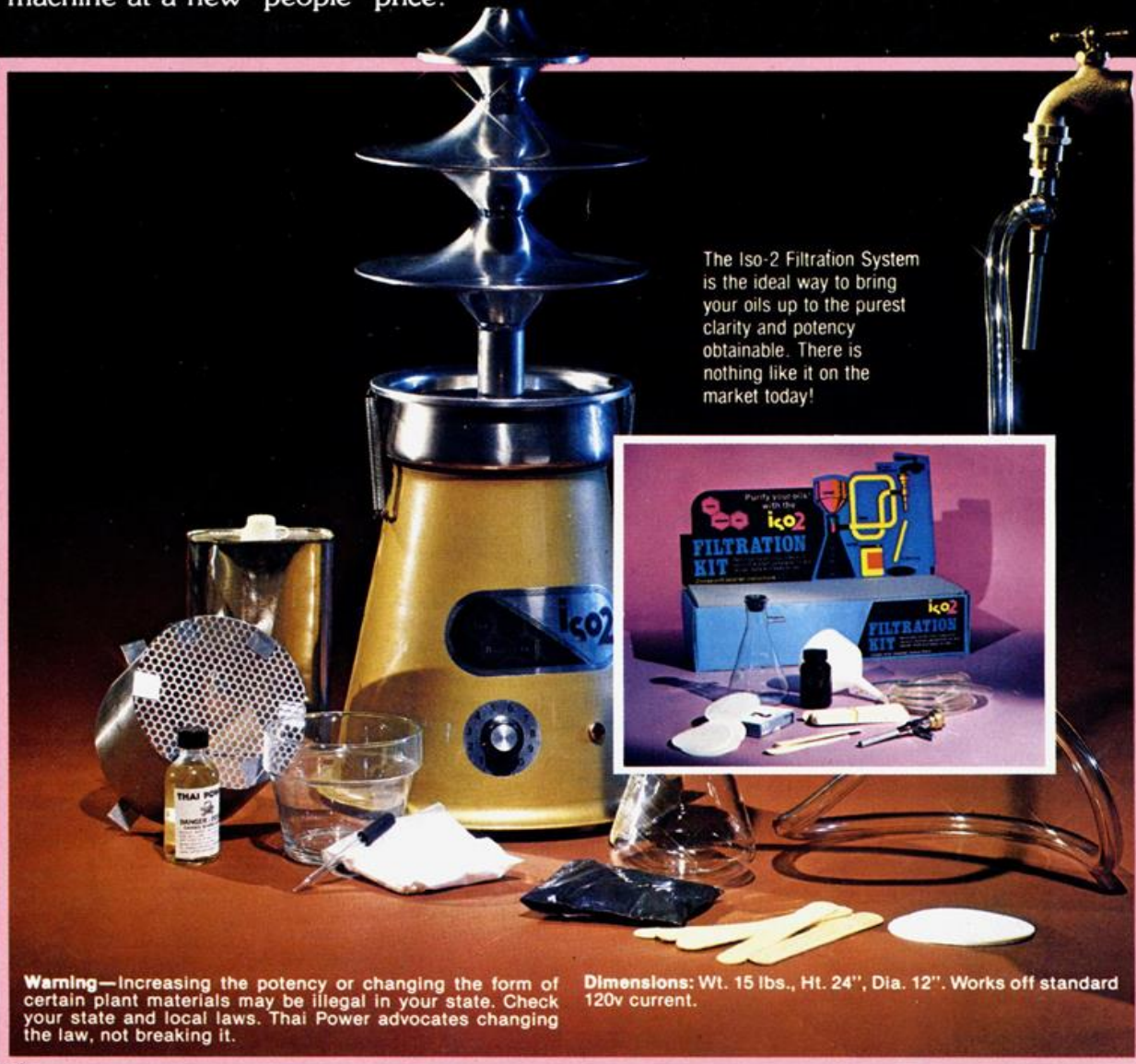
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"The DEA has turned completely to the use of informants. Most of the traffickers arrested become informants for the DEA, get out and go back on the street."

Bario: Yes, he talked about Jaime Herrera and how important it was for Jaime Herrera to be arrested.

High Times: What do you think about Jaime Herrera turning himself in? Is that a public-relations gimmick?

Bario: Jaime Herrera will never stay in jail. He is too powerful in Mexico to spend any time in any prison in Mexico.

High Times: In your professional opinion, why do you think he turned himself in?

Bario: Several of the most wanted traffickers in Mexico were being killed by the police.

High Times: He wanted to hide for a while?

Bario: Yes, and when you control the prison that is a safe place. Bensinger was after Herrera for political reasons. Bensinger had to show some kind of results to Congress. So Herrera hides out in jail . . . everybody's happy.

High Times: Did you find a great instance of campesinos who were growing pot and selling it to visiting Americans?

Bario: I'd like to say something about the campesinos of Mexico. I always felt rather sorry for the Mexican campesinos. They were the people who always got the wrong return on what was going on. When the agents went after these people, especially in the northern areas, they arrested fathers, sons, wives, kids, dogs; everyone was arrested, and they had no other means to survive. If a campesino had one acre of land and planted beans, he would only get maybe a few dollars out of it; but if he could plant marijuana or poppy, there would maybe be a chance to better support himself and his family. When that possibility was destroyed, the campesino family practically died, the family starved; the government never really paid attention to the destiny of those campesinos.

High Times: Were these campesinos working for themselves or were they sharecropping for larger people?

Bario: Okay, based on a specific investigation that I developed and concluded in Mexico, I observed something that reflected an organization of small people, of people who were only looking for survival based on a pot economy. Several campesino villages were giving their kilos to a local broker who fronted himself on their behalf to sell the pot to the buyers.

High Times: We give Mexico well over \$15 million a year to eradicate pot and opium. Do you think the money is well spent?

Bario: No.

High Times: Has the money been misused?

Bario: I know of no specific evidence, but although the DEA always denied such accusations Mexico was greatly tainted by the misuse of U.S. money. The DEA accepted the corruption, the State Department accepted the corruption, the CIA reported the corrupt officials all the time. But no one acted.

High Times: Were you privy to any discussions that Bensinger had with the Mexicans concerning marijuana eradication?

Bario: The Mexican government once told Bensinger officially that it didn't want any DEA agent to participate in the campaign. Bensinger was told by the attorney general of Mexico that the reason was the Mexican government did not want to be watched by foreign agents. And for that reason they were to stop allowing DEA agents to participate in the eradication campaign.

High Times: What was Bensinger's response to this?

Bario: Bensinger accepted the fact but told our office in Mexico that the enforcement activity would proceed.

High Times: When was this?

Bario: It was early 1978. Information came to me from different sources that U.S. money given to the Mexican government to be used in a narcotics program was not used for that program. That money was either spent on other programs or was being illegally taken by some officials of the Mexican government who were handling the funds. There was an order from the State Department to audit the expenditure of the funds, but I don't know what happened. There were several meetings that I remember where misappropriation had been discussed, and the general consensus was that of course once the money is given to the Mexican government you have to take for granted the fact that it is spent for the proper program. But, in effect, you cannot really control all that.

High Times: Were any DEA agents taking money illegally?

Bario: Not that I know of anyway.

High Times: Were you surprised when Peter Bensinger was made director of the DEA?

Bario: The DEA was ready for someone to assume leadership. But Bensinger didn't know anything about the enforcement of narcotics. He was from an area entirely foreign to the activity of the DEA. He had political ties; he always made a big deal about his ability to obtain the support from Congress necessary to maintain a big agency. The agency's only concern was for someone to become director and

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
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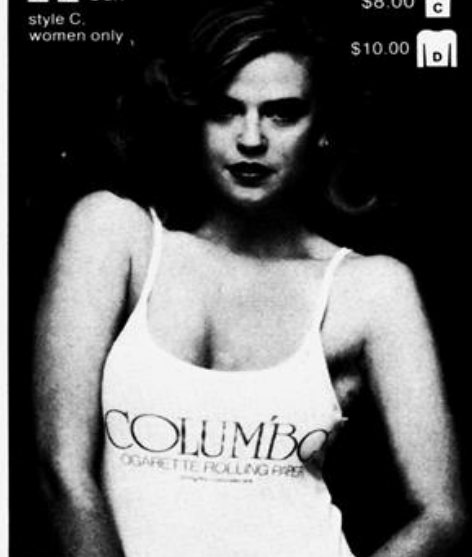
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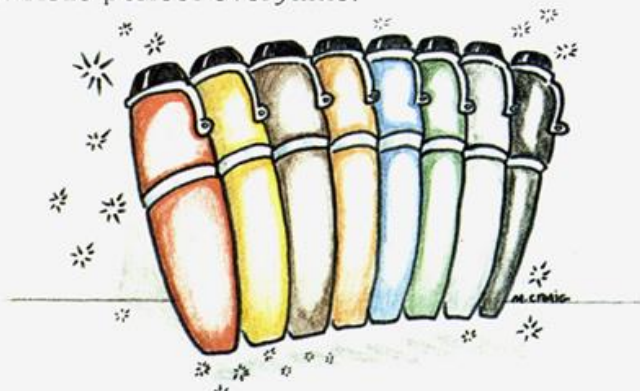
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assume a stable leadership position.

High Times: Did Bensinger make any surprising changes or any new directives in the agency?

Bario: Directors he assigned were later removed based on their lack of knowledge and their inability to operate.

High Times: How did the agents in the field feel about Bensinger?

Bario: Agents in the field are really unable to make any judgment of Bensinger. Bensinger gives some great speeches, but agents really were not so impressed with him.

High Times: How did most of your colleagues feel about the marijuana laws and the use of marijuana here in the United States by 40 million people?

Bario: Marijuana has been the drug that came to the rescue of an agency totally incapable of obtaining effectiveness in the area of interdiction of heroin. When the DEA office sees that for some time it has not made a case, marijuana becomes the drug they go after to make a case, to show statistics.

High Times: Did you ever take a personal interest in or attempt to help any Americans out of Mexico, unknown to the agency?

Bario: Sometimes I gave money out of my own pocket to U.S. citizens who were arrested. My wife sometimes understood and at other times didn't like the fact that I was always giving money. Sometimes I gave clothes.

High Times: Did the DEA know that you were doing this?

Bario: No. I always did it on my own. I felt that I was doing it just to help someone who had been arrested.

High Times: Why did you decide to become a DEA agent, a narcotics agent? Certainly a dangerous life.

Bario: I grew up in a family where law enforcement was the primary activity. My father was a chief of police, and he was very serious about his profession. My brother became a high official of the Italian police. Another brother went into law enforcement. I grew up in an atmosphere where that was the thing to do. I once quit for a little while, but I couldn't stand it.

High Times: Given your strong background in law enforcement, why has the agency left you out in the cold?

Bario: Bensinger feels that he has to have a show. This is all a big show for Congress. That's his whole thing, what he can tell Congress when he goes to testify for appropriation. What did he do? What did he accomplish? There's this continuing interest on the part of Bensinger in publicity, in putting the DEA on the map.

High Times: You're just part of Bensinger's ongoing PR campaign?

Bario: I feel that's what Bensinger is doing, especially when he has to do something to justify his very existence to the agency.

High Times: Do you think that the DEA is

a necessary agency in its present form?
Bario: The DEA never really proved anything to the United States taxpayers. The job the DEA is giving the U.S. is not acceptable. The major traffickers are still around, and they will be around for a long time.

High Times: How difficult is it for an agent to permeate a drug ring?

Bario: The best way is a traditional method, never used by the DEA. The traditional way is to get in and neutralize a criminal organization by penetrating it with an agent. The DEA has abandoned that idea because there is no talent in the agency to do that. It takes ingenuity, it takes knowledge. The DEA does not have any.

The DEA has some good agents who could very well be doing that kind of job, but the agency doesn't have the direction, the supervision or the leadership to pull off a sophisticated penetration.

The DEA has turned completely to the use of informants, people who have been arrested and given a chance. They are flipped. They are told they will not go to jail if they become informants.

Deals like this are made every day in the life of the DEA. I wish you could make a study of this. Most of the traffickers arrested become informants for the DEA, get out and go back on the street.

High Times: How would you describe or characterize the relationship between drug enforcement and the Central Intelligence Agency?

Bario: In the DEA headquarters a large number of analysts assigned in the intelligence division are still agents of the CIA. Overseas the relationship is different from one country to another. In some countries the CIA supplies more assistance to the DEA than in others.

High Times: What about Mexico?

Bario: The relationship is very well set. The CIA has a department, assigned only to support the narcotics program, and what they do is acquire information one way or the other and supply that information to the DEA.

High Times: Does the CIA ever do any favors for the DEA?

Bario: For anything we knew we couldn't get ourselves we went to the CIA.

High Times: Is the DEA-CIA relationship just administrative?

Bario: Absolutely not. It's tactical. They assist.

High Times: What do you think is the bottom-line battle between drug enforcement and the State Department?

Bario: The State Department feels that the DEA disgraces the U.S. abroad and that the DEA is unprofessional; they feel the DEA causes problems, that it wants to assume a primary role in the foreign country, telling the host government how to run its business and how to run its laws. The State Department feels that the DEA takes credit unnecessarily for work

(continued on page 80)

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A Short History of the **Devil**





Shedding a little light on the Prince of Darkness

The Devil as he is known today comes out of the Judeo-Christian tradition. Not that he's a Jew or a Christian, or even their "opposites." But that's where he was first spotted. He was developed and marketed by Judeo-Christians in much the same way that they first handled today's God. Before Judeo-Christianity covered the globe, the divinity market was rife with small-time operators, gods who specialized, doing a great job in a modest sphere.

Though they were gods, they weren't strictly "good" or "bad." They were generally a mixture of both. That made them interesting. When they were good, they were very, very good. But when they were bad, head for the caves. At any rate, heaven was not exclusive turf, not virgin either. There was still room for expansion and profit. It was still possible for a new operator to move in and carve out a piece of the action.

Polytheism was everywhere. But that doesn't mean that there was no idea of

One God. Almost everywhere the gods were, there was the idea of One God, an ultimate deity. But this God was regarded as so abstract, unknowable and even irrelevant to our petty learning problems as to require some divine intermediaries who themselves had to answer to some higher logic.

Anyway, as time went by and planets got more crowded and civs bumped into and often destroyed one another, heaven tended to get mixed up a lot. Gods got into deadly competition. There was war in heaven.

Chaos. It was the perfect opportunity for someone to move in and organize things. Basically, what Judeo-Christianity did was organize heaven as a conglomerate. One by one the old deities' individual territories were taken over by the One God Syndicate. Sometimes the old gods were allowed to stay on and run their old territory, but they were demoted to sainthood and honored only in the measure of their devotion to the Boss. As long as they were good.

by Glenn O'Brien

If they were bad, of course, they would become devils. For as soon as there was only one God there had to be a Devil to blame all the mistakes on.

But the odd thing is that the Devil really doesn't have much of a history. He seems almost a conglomerate invention.

The Jews are not really into the Devil, unless he's personified.

And by checking our biblical sources we find that the Devil isn't really the horror we think of until sometime after Christ.

The greatness of the true form of the Jewish religion was that its One God delivered man from the confusion of the gods. This form of religion probably occurs naturally when men have forgotten that, as Blake put it, "all deities reside within the human breast."

Old-Time Jewish Prophets, at their best, and later Jesus & Company, humanized the heavens. But at worst their organizations reinstalled a reign of terror. Often with the help of the opposition. When God took over the gods, room was made for some old-timers in the new organization. But the others were put in the pits. Their old ways didn't fit. Some were worked in. Norse gods got Santa Claus jobs celebrating Jesus' birthday. But others were pegged as devils and had to hide for their lives.

It wasn't always that way. You're hard pressed to find a real Devil in the Old Testament. Usually the villains are men, and sometimes God himself seems less than nice.

The only Old Testament passage dealing with Satan as a personality occurs in the highly theatrical Book of Job. The Sons of God go to see the Lord, and who shows up but Satan. The Lord is surprised to see Satan and says, "Whence comest thou?" or, "Where did you come from?" Satan says, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it" or, "I've been around." So they've never seen each other before, right?

The first thing God says is: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth Evil?" A great opening line, no? God is tempting Satan, showing off,

"Around."

"Did you check out Job? There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil. He's still in my corner, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without

Check it out: It wasn't Satan who hit Job. It was his pal God! Just because Satan dared him. But Satan remains cool.

but not only that, he's doing it with someone who is on his side as bait, someone who loves him. A pretty mean trick for a pal!

Satan picks up on this and says, "Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hath blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." Or: "You set the guy up and now he's doing great. He hasn't got a problem in the world. But a couple of setbacks and he'll want out."

God is miffed and winds up ranting that Job is in his power and Satan had better keep hands off. If this was a sincere statement, God must have been pretty naive—sounds more like a little reverse psychology.

So anyway, Job is sitting around one day, partying and feasting and drinking wine, when all of a sudden it's Hell-zapoppin. First the Sabeans fall on the oxen and asses, rip them off, and slay the servants. Then the Fire of God falls from heaven, barbecuing the sheep and shepherds. Then the Chaldeans fall upon the camels and, yea, carry them away, knifing the camel drivers. And then Job's sons and daughters are partying at the home of the eldest when—zap—it gets hit with a twister and Job is deprogenated.

Now all this time we don't know who's doing this shit. Then Satan shows up at God's place again.

"Where you been?"

cause."

Check it out: It wasn't Satan who hit Job. It was his pal God! Just because Satan dared him. But Satan remains cool.

"Skin for skin, yeah. But a man'll give up anything for his life. Mess up his face and he'll curse yours."

God has got to get in a hip last word. He says, "Okay, do anything you want with him. Just don't kill him."

Satan gives Job a real case of boils. That's all. But Job's wife has just about had it and says, "Whatdya think of God now?" Job calls her a dimbulb and snaps, "Whatdya expect? Something for nothing?"

Job's friends soon catch wind of what's gone down. They drop in and hang out for seven days and nights trying to cheer him up. "Hey Job, don't make it bad." "Hey, Job, did you hear the one about the wandering herdsman..."

Nothing works. Job gets more and more pissed. And on the seventh day he starts to curse, and he curses all and everything, but he's careful not to mention Mr. G directly. It is a great curse, yet Job's friends don't buy it.

Eliphaz the Temanite really socks it to him, saying, "Everything's been rosy, and you were great. You helped everybody with their troubles and always talked things up, pushed courage. Now look at you, you wretch. Your personal shit hits the fan and you go pussy. You don't hit the shit for nothing, Jack. You must have done something to deserve all this. I was going through the same

thing. I was out of it one night, I had a real paranoia attack, and this thing came at me, made my hair stand up. I heard this voice sayin' 'Who do you think you are? God? Bigger than the big guy? He don't need anybody. He even fires angels. But these human slime, they are destroyed from morning to evening: they perish forever without regarding it.'"

But Job has had enough advice and begs God to off him. He tells off his friends for chapters on end and gets hotter and hotter on death's case. Finally he says that he ain't worried 'cause he knows he'll see God in the flesh. Still he doesn't stop kvetching, and loudly regrets that he got involved in all this in the first place.

Finally God gets sick of all the talk and shows up in a whirlwind. He tells Job to put his pants on because he's going to ask him a few questions. God doesn't really expect any answers—He's asking the all-time great rhetorical questions, like: "Where were you when I made the sea, stars, earth, etc?" In other words, He makes Job feel pretty small, by taking credit for absolutely everything and listing hundreds of his immense accomplishments.

Then He says, "So what have you got to say?" Job says the right thing, which is nothing. Again the Lord tells Job to put on his pants, He's going to ask him some more questions, which turn out to be more unanswerable kickers; and then God winds up the whole spiel by comparing himself with the elephant and the whale in terms of vulnerability. This really gets to Job, who finally admits that God is everything and he is nothing.

God agrees but by this point is a bit pissed at Job's pals. He orders them to deliver seven head of beef and seven head of sheep for a divine din-din, which they do.

After that, Job gets twice as rich as he was before and lives happily to the age of 140.

Satan, however, seems to have completely lost interest in the case after having given

Job boils.

This is really Satan's only character appearance in the Old Testament. His name is tossed around, but mainly as a tempter, a deceiver, the opposition.

(The Serpent who gets Eve to bite the forbidden fruit of the knowledge of Good and Evil in Genesis is identified as the subtlest of the beasts of the field, invented by, that's right, God. The Serpent is not identified with Satan until the Apocalypse, written hundreds of years after Christ.)

In the New Testament, Satan is seen as more of an independent. He is "the prince of demons" (Matthew), "the wicked being" (John), "the tempter" (Matthew) and "the prince or ruler of the world" (John).

But even in the New Testament, Satan makes only one appearance, that being his temptation of Christ (Matthew, Luke). But his character here is developed very little. Satan, especially in Luke, is the voice or spirit of temptation.

In Matthew, Satan is described as having angels in his power. But the identity of Satan's followers remains shrouded. Sometimes it would seem that they were the rulers of the world, or even greater beings; sometimes they are the illnesses that afflict the most insignificant persons. Jesus heals the sick by casting out evil spirits with his word. But

the real evil in the Bible, the real opposition to Jesus, is made up of men.

The New Testament was written and rewritten during the several hundred years of religious revolution. Satan, as he ap-

was bad.

Before Mani the ancient religion of the Persians worshiped dual gods of light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, and each ruled every extension of their principle. But the real religious practice concerned the in-

God is a bit pissed at Job's pals. He orders them to deliver seven head of beef and seven head of sheep for a divine din-din.

pears in the New Testament, particularly in his most glamorous moments in the last written book of the Christian canon, Revelations, probably owes much less to the Jews or the original followers of Jesus than to the influence of Mani, the Babylonian prophet of Manichaeism, who lived about two hundred years after Christ.

Mani incorporated many of the principles of Judaism and Christianity into the Zoroastrian dualism of Persia, founding a religion that resembled Christianity, but with an extremist extension of the concept of Good and Evil. Mani and his followers did not believe in a spiritual and a physical distinction between good and evil. All existence was seen as a struggle between Light, or good, and Darkness, or evil. The soul was good. The body

termediary between these absolute and necessary dual gods—Mithras, the god of Intelligence. He ain't been seen in a while.

With the growing evil, or confusion, in the days when Christianity was competing head to head with Rome's state paganism and with Manichaeism, it seems that a stronger bogeyman was required. So the New Testament Satan's part was beefed up to compete with Mani's Ahrimanic Satan and the other divine heavies who were doing a fair job of explaining the idiocy that was pandemic.

Somehow, Christianity beefed up with a more powerful and horrifying devil was more appealing to Europeans. Zoroastrianism is a roots Aryan religion, so who knows. If you're gonna have to explain fire worship, a prince of darkness comes

in handy. Anyway, the Christianity that won over the entire white race, and then a lot of others at sword point, was a militant organization at war with the Devil.

So, okay. Maybe it's true. Maybe God is all stars and the Devil is all black holes. (More on this later.) But the whole point is, this kind of thinking often leads to inhuman extremes in deities both good and bad.

Which is why D.H. Lawrence thought Revelations was the lousiest book in the Bible.

In Revelations, the Devil, Satan, is identified with the old Serpent who first tempted Eve; and history is portrayed as a war in heaven between the angel Michael, and his forces of good, and Satan, and his forces of evil. Satan's m.o. is deception. And his powers of deception make him a mighty force on earth; and he builds up this organization called Babylon, which takes over almost the whole earth. (More on that later, too.)

But then this angel comes and announces the fall of Babylon, and "the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more."

Satan starts a war against God, gets a thousand years in the Pit, is let out for a bit, and then gets sent up permanently to Lake Brimstone. Wherever that is. Probably Akron.

Devil Worship

Historically, most incidents of devil worship have been cases of mistaken identity resulting from Christianity's assumption that any unfamiliar god must be demonic. Witchcraft originally had little to do with Satan—it was a revival of the original nature religion of Europe. But Pan and friends were taken for Satan, and witches were burned.

The same assumptions also led to the persecution of many Christian heretics—most notably the Knights Templar, the Crusader guardians of Jerusalem who

were suppressed and burned after they were accused of worshipping a horned god called Baphomet. This accusation may have been true, but in fact the Templars were guilty of nothing stronger than dualism and making money.

In modern times the Catholic church has leveled the same devil-worship charges against the Masons. Masonry is distantly related to paganism and sun worship, but in its modern form those influences are barely recognizable, and pretty silly.

Most true devil worshipers have come from the ranks of the Catholic church, and it is the inverted ritual of the Catholic church that con-

stitutes the satanic ceremonial. The black mass itself requires a host consecrated in a Catholic Mass, which wafer Catholics believe to be the body and blood of Christ; and the best black masses are those conducted by defrocked priests. (Defrocked popes, of course, are the ultimate.)

Without the absolutism of the Roman Catholic church, Satanism would have always been a drab affair. And it must be so today, what with the black mass in English accompanied by folk music. Afterward they probably play Bingo. But at the height of the Inquisition, you can bet that the black mass must have been a kick.

Diabolism in the Arts

The Devil has always been a big star in literature. It has been duly noted that Milton's *Paradise Lost* makes *Paradise Regained* look like shit; and the same goes for Dante. Even his Purgatory is better than Heaven. The fact is that evil is much better subject matter for literature than good. This is perhaps because good is totally predictable, whereas evil possesses infinite plot variations.

Or you could say that the best art exists in opposition to the status quo, and is therefore satanic in the eyes of orthodoxy. But extreme



diabolism is a fairly recent invention, coming into preponderance with the Romantic movement. Byron and company staked out the turf, and the French perfected it over the years from Baudelaire to Nerval to Rimbaud to Lautremont to Huysmans to Cocteau to Artaud. It was made decorative and chic by Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley. DeSade and Leopold von Sacher-Masoch were influential in their subject matter.

These Black Romantics raised a standard of literature that is still being furiously borne by the avant-garde, most recently in New York rock 'n' roll, particularly by French Symbolist readers Patti Smith, Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell. But let's not skip the hundred years in between, because a lot happened.

The diabolist poets of Symbolism were probably not joiners. Rimbaud expressed interest in occult arts but probably had little experience in them, at least during his writing period. But the twentieth century would see an enormous interest in occult nightclubbing occupy the extreme Romantic contingent of the arts. The most prominent example is the case of the Golden Dawn society, a secret society in which numerous art notables raised hell. Most notable: W. B. Yeats, peerless Irish poet, and Aleister Crowley, self-proclaimed antichrist. The founder of the Golden Dawn, MacGregor Mathers, is also a VIP in literature, but mainly as the character Michael Robards in Yeats's poetry.

As an aggregation of egos, the Golden Dawn society may be unparalleled, and it is surprising it held together as

long as it did. Eventually the group was split between Mathers (and, for a while, Yeats) and Crowley, with each faction apparently taking a different magic path. Crowley, invoking the Antichrist, may be seen as the originator of modern satanism. Organizations descended from Crowley's lodges Ordo Templi Orientis and Silver Star include Anton LaVey's Church of Satan in Los Angeles and Kenneth Grant's New Isis Lodge, center of modern British witchcraft in London. L. Ron Hubbard, founder of Scientology, was also a Crowley initiate, as was Kenneth Anger, author of *Hollywood Babylon* and director of numerous underground film classics.

Another author who may have been a Crowleyite at one time is Adolph Hitler—*Mein Kampf* (Houghton Mifflin, 1933)—whom Crowley suggests might have been a pupil gotten out of hand in his book *Magick without Tears*.

The big problem has always been: Will the real Satan please stand up.

It's a problem of definition: Good and Evil. Some have called the question itself irrelevant. But it's always posing itself anyway.

The easiest formula for Satan is God's opposition. This of course, depends on knowing who God is. Only Gnostics can do that. They know. The rest are only believers.

For the Jews, and presumably for Christians, the idea of God was expressed: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

It is this idea that gives strength to the Jewish conception of the devil. The devil is the wrong word, the lie, the seducer, the tempter, and the deceiver.

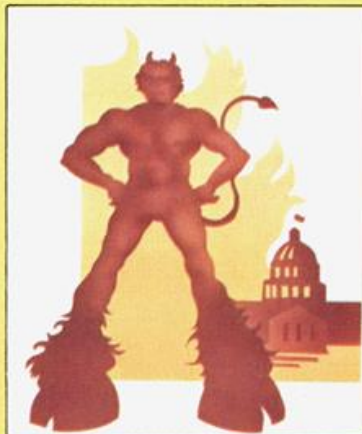
Finding the right word is, of course, the work of the poet. And this sacred differentiating task is prophesy. And it's a continuing task, as Good and Evil continually trade forms and appearances.

These ideas are found in the Gnostic sects that flourished in the first centuries of Christianity, but they

have continued to persist, and were perhaps best set down in literature by the English poet William Blake, especially in his prophetic book *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

Blake declares: "Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

"From these Contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy. Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell."



The Devil's Political Status

At least one independent sovereign state recognizes the Devil—the Vatican. The Devil is also unofficially recognized by Haiti, Spain and numerous Latin American states. The Catholic church has officially linked the Devil with Communism, not only through the Pope's infallible judgment on matters of faith and morals but by the direct intervention of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who at Fatima urged the Free World to pray the rosary for the conversion of Communism.

Protestant Christianity has not taken quite so hard a line, not in its more chic sects anyway, although full-tilt Baptists and the more militant sects are certainly in agreement with Papa on that point.

The United States government has no official relations with the Devil, the architecture of the Pentagon notwithstanding. Its official position in fact is "In God

Blake declares in the "voice of the devil" that bibles and sacred codes have led man into errors. He corrects these with the following three points.

"1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd Body is a portion of Soul discerned by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.

"2. Energy is the only life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.

"3. Energy is Eternal Delight."

We Trust," although this is not mandatory. Reverend Moon officially links Communism with the Devil; the Korean CIA refuses to comment. The Nation of Islam also recognizes the Devil, and until recently he was officially white. Some UFOlogists suspect satanic interstellar capability: Satan is a Klingon.

Several historians, whose work has created a cult but is considered apocryphal by most of the historical establishment, claim to have linked Nazism with Satanism. Since Nazism is conventionally linked with Wagner and Nietzsche's superiority complex, this should not seem an unreasonable explanation of Germany's excesses. It may well prove that the Nazi inner circle constituted a black lodge, an order that several sources claim invoked the Antichrist in a magic ceremony not unlike those practiced by the Crowley wing of the Golden Dawn.

Far out!? Sure, but why not? It explains everything. Hitler thought he had a hotline to the Beast, and that helped him immensely in his efforts to organize for world conquest. And no doubt when the connection broke down, Hitler thought the allies were jamming the astral airwaves. Hitler's racism was not a simple hatred, although it contained simple hatred. It was a vision. The Nazis believed in Aryan racial superiority, and they planned to rebuild the Aryan culture by returning to its roots, including old-

time religion.

The Aryan version of roots is a story of enormous migrations accompanied by plunder and rapine, a story of big guys kicking little guys' asses, a story about a religion that worships fire and accepts evil as well as good—in short, a success story. Despite their glorious conquests of India, Persia and Europe, the Aryans' culture was eventually mingled with swarthy Semites, etc. By reviving Aryanism in every possible way, the Nazis would connect with the power of the racial consciousness and

The Devil in the News

Because of the freedom of religion guaranteed by the Constitution, few publications deal directly with God or the Devil. Naturally, myriad special-interest publications deal with both, but the mainstream media generally avoid them, especially the Devil.

But the Devil is still big news in Enquirer-style tabloids where the unexplained is always news. Outside devil-conscious media, satanism generally makes news when it violates the law.

Charles Manson was the perfect mass-media satanist, a maniac with star quality, able to evoke almost limitless enmity. His negativity was strong enough to give the hippie scene an identity crisis, scandalize Hollywood and provide Nixon with the ultimate model for his anarchic opposition. He generated two best sellers, a great TV movie, an incredible assassination attempt and one of the rarest bootleg LPs around. Aside from Manson, few serious pretenders to the Throne of Darkness have appeared. Jim Jones is a small-timer.

Possession, of course, has been on a moderate upswing since *The Exorcist* and its sequels. But they are rarely big news. Still, Satan seems to be waiting in the wings. Revivalism is in the White House, and it may need something to renounce.

take over. Blond-on-blond marriages were encouraged and arranged, the SS maintained an ultrasecret genealogy branch, yodeling was encouraged, solar events replaced the Christian calendar as holidays.

Generally, history has not regarded Satan as Hitler's main squeeze, although public-opinion polls generally place him on top of the most hated top ten. But history changes all the time, so it seems worth considering. And if considering this makes you feel like you're getting too far out, you can always pick up some of the literature linking UFOs with a secret Fourth Reich in the Hollow Earth and feel relatively normal again.



Satan's Greatest Hits

Satan is undoubtedly a bigger superstar than Jesus Christ in the world of rock 'n' roll. One of the earliest outcries against the music with the big beat was that it was godless and satanic, the perfect vehicle for Satan to impress young minds with sex and loose behavior. Of course there were counter-movements engaged to belie the satanic side of rock. For every Elvis there was a Pat Boone. And it worked for a while. But eventually Satan got into the act openly.

Take such early songs as "Devil or Angel," by the Clovers (then Bobby Vee); "Devil in Disguise," by Elvis; or "Devil with the Blue Dress On," by Mitch Ryder. If the Devil were the top tempter, then rock would surely be his medium. But this could only



Satan in Paperback

England's legendary Golden Dawn society not only shaped the occult thought of the twentieth century and influenced its history, it also provided the world with some of its greatest manifestations of pop diabolism. Initiate Sax Rohmer created the inscrutably insidious Dr. Fu Manchu. Bram Stoker created the archetypical vampire, Dracula. And Ar-

thur Machen turned out occult thrillers. The genre has since flourished. They're still making Fu Manchu movies and new Draculas. Arthur Machen is one of Mick Jagger's fave writers. But in the main, films have taken over the pop-satanism market. Today, the best satanic pulp ends up on film, although often it's filmed and then novelized. But there are a few exceptions.

The incredibly prolific Waterbugger E. Howard Hunt has cranked out more than 50 potboilers, not a few of which involve some devilry. Under the pen name David St. John, Hunt created *The Sorcerers*, *Diabolus* and *The Coven*. *The Coven* is probably the most exciting, perhaps because the villain is the vain Senator Vane, an egomaniac liberal stud with enough charisma to put him in the Kennedy clan who also happens to be into nude devil worship, human sacrifices and voodoo.

have been accomplished because the time was right for the Devil to return to an almost benevolent Old Testament identity: the cool tempter of an uptight God (or Church or State). The Devil was again seen as "the opposition," but this time the establishment looked so bad that the opposition had the inside track. The Devil would come to be regarded as sympathetic: a necessary evil.

The theological roots of this move can be seen in the classic Shangri Las song "Leader of the Pack": "Is he bad?" "He's good bad, but not evil." Rock had sprung from black roots—and the blacks had never totally succumbed to monotheism. When Afrobros said, "That's baaad!" that was good, because in a corrupt, inverted world, bad is the best. So rock 'n' roll was in fact a bold attempt at achieving positive negativity.

To understand the earth-shattering impact of such a movement it is helpful to understand the Nietzschean Satan. Thus Spake Zarathustra is an attempt at restating Aryan theological precepts thousands of years old, precepts in total opposition to the Christian theory of passive goodness. Instead of seeing God after a life of passive devotion, the Nietzschean tries to become God, or at least superman. Religiously, it's the welfare state versus upward mobility. Instead of glorifying God and condemning Satan, Nietzsche views them in the Persian traditions, as necessarily opposing forces. The conflict between them makes it all happen, and things can be worked out. And perhaps the best means for doing this is nothing other than dancing.

The way Nietzsche tells it, Zarathustra is walking through the woods one day when he comes to this green meadow where a bunch of girls are really boogieing. When they see him they stop, but Zarathustra tells them to keep on gettin' it on. "I am God's advocate with the Devil," says Z. "He [the devil] however is the spirit of Gravity. How could I be enemy to divine dancing, you nimble creatures? Or to girls' feet with fair ankles?"

See, Nietzsche sees God as
(continued on page 79)

KENTUCKY PRIDE



Confessions Of a Viper

How Harlem got high in the old days

I can't help but smile now remembering the first time I got high on reefer. It was in the toilet of the Savoy Ballroom, at 141st and Lenox Avenue, in the heart of Harlem. I was an innocent 16 year old working in the garment center schlepping racks and living at home with my parents in Brooklyn. My buddies and I used to go up to Harlem to dig on the sounds of the latest Big Bands, two live jumping bands each Saturday night. We lived for that music, that beat, and for the dancing that went with it. My pal Sammy Bergman and I had just won a shag contest at the Loew's Oriental in Brooklyn and we wanted to go uptown to the Savoy, where the good dancers were, and show them our shit. It was the music that got me into grass. After all, there weren't that many people who knew what grass was in 1937.

I certainly didn't. So when a cat we knew from the neighborhood, a tenor player, came up and asked us if we wanted to get high and if we had a quarter, I flipped him a coin faster than Lester Young could do the scales. After all, we figured that reefer, whatever it was, had to be better than that King Kong homemade whiskey that was then the rage of Harlem. When he came back a few minutes later with two thin cigarettes we retreated to the bathroom and lit up.

I didn't think it was much, so I went back out onto the dance floor and walked in front of the bandstand to try to pick up some tips from the alto player. *Boom*. It hit me like a flash; suddenly I was swinging like I have never swung in my life. The music cut through me like a machete, and I felt like a tuning fork vibrating to the E chord of the universe. All that shit of being a shipping clerk in the garment center, all that drag, that pressure, that drudgery—it was gone, behind me, at least till I hit the IRT and made my way back to Brooklyn.

But grass was one bright spot in those bleak years of the Depression. I'm talking about a time when you went straight out of high school and made maybe eight

dollars a week on a job. Like it was drab, heavy—milk lines, relief lines. Daddy don't come home with no pay. Go out and grub, sell ice cream and sodas on the beach, newspapers on the street, deliver circulars door to door, whatever. I was pushing the racks in the garment center and that swing music was the only thing keeping my spirit alive.

And what music! Cats like Benny Goodman, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Count Basie, Jimmy Lunsford, Erskine Hawkins and, of course, Satch-



Viper mad: Bernie Brightman.

mo himself. I was fooling around on the alto myself, and the only place to dig the latest sounds was Harlem. And the hippest place in Harlem for a young Jewish kid like myself was the Savoy Ballroom, where you could get in for 20 cents on a Saturday night as long as you made the scene before 8:00 P.M.

And if you were hip, on your way to the Savoy, right on the corner were two cats named Mickey and Crappy who sold grass. That was their corner for years; eventually Crappy wound up buying the

candy store where the deals went down and running a profitable numbers racket from the storefront, and then a check-cashing place when the numbers scene got too weird. But in '37, you could score three reefers for a quarter from Crappy, and if the shit wasn't too good that week, he'd let you know up front so you could try to cop elsewhere.

By the time I started making the Savoy scene, the only places you could smoke grass were the bathrooms. It was a righteous scene on Saturday night; blacks really knew how to enjoy life after slaving all week long, schlepping around in freight elevators. Saturday night it was all gonna hang out and you'd have a ball. In the early '30s cats were smoking grass right out on the dance floor, but it soon got so bad they forced everyone into the toilets to smoke. Later, about 1940, toilets were off limits, because cats started shooting up and getting down with chicks on the thrones, and we had to retreat to the telephone booths and try to set new records just to get high.

One of the wildest nights I ever had in Harlem happened in the Savoy, New Year's Eve 1938. I was up there alone and I had just done a number in the bathroom and I was standing listening to the music when all of a sudden the whole floor shook. Everyone was on the floor, the joint was jumping, the cats were wailing, and I saw the whole goddamn floor shake. So I went over to the bar to try to take a little edge off the high and this beautiful black chick grabbed me and dragged me over to a table, and before I knew it she's reaching under and opening my zipper and she's got my joint. She's starting to play with it like it was a clarinet when suddenly she gets into a fight with another chick. The next thing I know a bottle gets broken and they start cutting at each other.

Right in the middle of this fantastic euphoria, the music, the dancing, my pecker getting stroked under the table, the tinkling of the broken glass, I see blood. I took off and ran for my fucking life and hid out in the cloakroom for half

The reefer hit me like a flash; suddenly I was swinging like I have never swung in my life. The music cut through me like a machete, and I felt like a tuning fork vibrating to the E chord of the universe.

by Bernie Brightman as told to Larry Sloman



In the '30s, the coolest heads wore Big Bill's wide-brimmed hats.

Back in the '30s the hippest place in Harlem for a young Jewish kid was the Savoy Ballroom, where you could get in for 20 cents on a Saturday night.

an hour. That was a wild scene.

But Harlem in the late '30s was a fairly mellow place. You could walk around Harlem six, seven o'clock in the morning, go to any side street without worrying about getting mugged. Entertainment was part of the depression industry in Harlem; prostitution, clubs, tea pads were all flourishing, and the fact that a white person was always safe in Harlem was one indication of the fact that things were so terrible economically. But there also just wasn't so much of that race thing then. Blacks always appreciated the unbigoted whites who made the scene, accepting people on the basis of being people. Also being Jewish, I could really identify with many aspects of black culture. Both cultures were rich, one with music and dance, the other with literature and other aspects of the arts. And both were loose—always willing to try something new. One of those new things was that golden leaf that was coming up the Mississippi from Mexico and points south.

Pop hit Harlem in the '20s, and even then it had been smoked several years earlier by carnival people, racetrack touts and the entertainment world. It was first picked up by people in the life, and it was natural that these night people would develop institutions where they could enjoy their new discovery. In the '20s, show-biz people, pimps, hookers used to get together in places called buffet flats. Anything went in these after-hours places, but it was mainly oriented around sex and drugs.

In the '30s, the emphasis shifted to music; a new institution sprang up to meet the needs of the night folk. They called the new places tea pads, and that's just what they were, for the most part, nice pads where you could partake of the finest tea and listen to the latest sides on big Victrolas or, if you were lucky, dig some live music around a piano. It was a mellow scene, with soft plush sofas, nice blue and red lights, wine, reefer, a Wurlitzer juke, some women if you felt like getting it on in one

of the back rooms, and some slow dancing to the sounds of Billie Holiday singing "Love Is Like a Faucet."

Actually, anyone could convert his pad into a tea pad, and some people did it to pay the rent, so the rent party was born. But some early entrepreneurs put magnificent tea pads together, and the Stork Club of that scene was Kaiser's. Kaiser was a big black cat who put together a scene that attracted the creme de la creme of Harlem after-hours society.

His pad was in a sub sub sub basement up around 133rd Street. You had to go through the cellars of several buildings before you reached it, but inside it was some trip. Of course, getting in was impossible unless you knew someone who took you in and introduced you around. It was harder to get into than Studio 54, but if they didn't let you in here, it wasn't wise to stand around the velvet ropes like they do today. At Kaiser's you even had to know the right ring when you hit the bell. And then, if they recognized you through the peephole, they'd let you in. If they didn't recognize you, they wouldn't say nothing, not even "We're closed" or anything.

But Kaiser ran a real high-class place. When I first started going there, the joints went for 50 cents each and wine that would have cost 15 cents at a bar went for 60 cents. But his reefer was the best, next to the Mighty Mezz, and we were sure that he had a direct Mexican connection. It was guaranteed great shit; two puffs and you're out of your brain. He also had some of the finest chicks around, but I never could afford them there. If I wanted to get my rocks off, I'd go up early Saturday night around 6:00 P.M. to 116th Street and find a chick in the street for a buck. If I was really in the bread, I'd go to the Theresa Hotel, where the chicks were two dollars and you got a room with a bath.

But not all the tea pads featured chicks as well as grass; some of them were just places to fall out after the clubs closed and smoke reefer and party all night and well into the morning.

After Kaiser's, the hippest spot was Mae's. Mae was a black gal from North Carolina who couldn't read or write but knew how much two and two was. She made a killing in the marijuana business. She used to have five chicks at once rolling joints all day long. They'd sit up there like machines turning out very thin, very well-tailored joints, and for their troubles they could light up all the grass they could smoke. Last I heard of Mae, she owned about half of 125th Street.

I really got into the whole Harlem scene through Crappy's sister. I had a hot and heavy thing going with her for a while, and after a short time on the scene, smoking shit, making the tea pads, I began to affect the mannerisms and mores of a new breed of cat that was

coming up behind all this stuff. I became a viper. A viper was simply a fellow who smoked marijuana. But a viper who was into the whole black thing was a cat who had a certain way of dressing, talking and relating to the square world.

My first dress trip was associated with the shag, a dance that all the white kids were into. We would wear black and white or brown and white shoes, and we'd wear rainbow-colored laces tied from the top to the bottom rather than the reverse. It was an antiauthority thing—whatever our parents did, we were going to do it the opposite way.

Once I started going to the Savoy, I got into some of the black things, which meant going to a place called Big Bill's for your hat. Big Bill made a wide-brim hat with a three-inch brim, sort of what Cab Calloway wore later on. A hip viper would also have pegged pants, with a graduated peg and a wide knee coming down to a 15- or 16-inch cuff. Then he wore a long jacket and a key chain. A high-necked shirt with a roll collar and a knit tie made into a wide knot—with the big hat, that was the look of the '30s, of the hip guy. And if you saw a guy togged down that way, you knew he was part of the fraternity and that he was hip to reefer.

Vipers had their own language too. Of course, Mezz talks about that in his book [*Really the Blues*, by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe], and it was really true. Take the word "solid," that was the word most often used. Everything was solid. It was more than just an affirmative. It probably had 20 different meanings, depending on the context in which it was used. Grass itself had many different names: pot, shit, mezz, gage, mary warner, stick. A lot of times a square must have thought he was from Mars after hearing two vipers talking about grass or music.

Of course another thing that went with the scene was a preoccupation with good food. Especially around 3:00 A.M., after smoking good weed and listening to mellow sounds, we vipers would repair to the Fat Man's for some fine ribs or to a Chinese place in midtown. At Fat Man's they'd give you a slab of ribs, potato salad, slaw or spaghetti and bread, all for 35 cents. Add 10 cents for a coke, and for 45 cents you ate like a Momzer.

After a few months of making the Savoy scene and copping from Crappy, I started getting into grass more heavily. Ninety-five percent of the people I hung out with were not smoking; in fact, most of the people who knew I smoked preached to me against it. They said it would hurt me; they asked, "What are you smoking that shit for?" Today they're the biggest vipers I know. But back then, it was really a minority, and we never proselytized. Maybe I felt I was doing something that still wasn't



A honky in Harlem: Benny Goodman swings at the Savoy Ballroom, 1938.

Kaiser's reefer was the best, and we were sure that he had a direct Mexican connection. Two puffs and you were out of your brain, guaranteed.

100 percent kosher, so I never tried to lay the trip on someone else.

Soon we started smoking every day while we worked in the garment center. We'd meet in little alleys on our lunch hour and we'd trade and see who had the best pot, who had copped the best shit that weekend. The good thing was that people were trying to lay good shit on each other. If you had good shit, you wanted to let it around. "Hey, dig the shit I got, man." You were always trying to outdo with the shit. I think that may have come off the music scene, 'cause jazz was always kind of competitive.

Getting high was a whole number during lunch hours. My friends would meet me, and I'd meet some cats from Coney Island who worked in my area. Conversationally, a lot of cutting went on between the two groups, but it was still a little secret society and the camaraderie was always there.

But we never pushed it on anybody, never used it to make chicks or shit like that. Either people wanted to get high or

they didn't. And most of the chicks I met up at the Savoy (I'd say nine out of ten) were into getting stoned. Because a chick was smoking didn't mean that she was fucking, either. Jewish chicks went for reefer no matter what, but in those days, believe me, it was very heavy to score on a Jewish chick. It was not easy to bring down a Jewish chick.

Well, after a while, we got hip to coping quantity. Since we were so poor, we chipped in, usually three of us. The first price I remember was about eight dollars an ounce. But nobody wanted to take it home—very few of us had privacy in a working-class house. You slept in the bed with your brother. You didn't have private chests. So where were you going to keep the shit? Hide it? What we had to do was to go to a cheap hotel for a buck and spend all night cleaning, rolling and dividing it up so we could fill a pack of cigarettes with each share of the joints we had.

We'd spread newspaper out on the bed and two guys would roll and clean

and one guy would tuck. The tuck was an important thing. There was a special kind of tuck done with a wooden match that Mezz Mezzrow popularized. After rolling, you bend the bottom and fill it on the top to the max, because you're giving yourself a good joint. You tuck around the bottom and fill to the top and then pass it to the guy who's tucking. The tucker would take that match and he would tuck around a particular kind of way so it would never open up on you.

The tuck was beautiful because it was delicate; you could open up a joint, ready to smoke, with just two fingers. All you'd do is hold the joint in your hand and just press it enough with the thumb and the top would open up. We'd get anywhere from 40-50 joints from a cleaned ounce. We'd keep half and take the other half to the neighborhood back in Brooklyn and deal it, trying to get back as much of our money as we could. It was a kind of distribution service. We copped, layed out the money, did the work of rolling and cleaning it, then brought it back to the neighborhood and dumped off enough to make our own shit clear.

As time went on, it got more and more difficult to indulge openly in the weed, and that was due to one of the all-time lack-love cats, Harry Anslinger. Anslinger was the head of the Bureau of Narcotics, a huge, bald bureaucrat who looked a little like the wrestler the Swedish Angel.

Anslinger came on the scene ranting and raving about the killer weed, ax murders and being zombies of the reefer, but we were always too hip for that shit. New York was the Apple. You could lay that stuff down in the Midwest or in Texas or Oklahoma, but who was gonna pay attention to that stuff in New York? It never played here. But it did play in the provinces, and after a while, by the '40s, the scene here got tighter regarding the law. We used to walk around Manhattan smoking reefer not ten feet away from cops early on, but by 1940 we had to be more careful. Even then, though, we knew that the stuff Anslinger was laying down was all jive.

We knew from our experiences that the high from reefer was a mellow, natural high. It didn't take a Nobel Prize-winning scientist to observe that when you smoked you were into a controlled high that kept your sensitivities and tuned you into what was happening. Looking at cats who drank, who were heavily into alcohol, it was easy to see they were out of control. They were slobs; there was nothing sensitive about them. People high on grass were always happy, having a ball. But then you'd go to the other side and see people drinking, be around them for two or three hours and they'd start getting evil with each other. You never got evil with grass.

So it was no surprise to us vipers when

Mayor LaGuardia released his study of grass in the early '40s. That report had a real influence not only on me but on all the other people who smoked. Here was this blue-ribbon panel of doctors, shrinks and social workers backing up what we had been claiming for years, that there was nothing wrong with reefer. My buddies and I felt very reassured that we had not misread our marijuana trips.

Things went along smoothly until Pearl Harbor. Next thing I knew I was working for Uncle Sam in this man's army. But even then I managed to always lay my hands on some righteous weed. I was stationed all around the

In Colorado, farmers used to come into the local jazz place, lay some potato sacks on the cats and let them pick all the wild reefer they wanted. For nothing. To them it was just a weed.

country, and in most of the places, I could cop. I copped in the Lowlands, I copped in Kansas—little Prince Albert tins. In Grand Junction, Colorado, farmers used to come into the local jazz place, lay some potato sacks on the cats and let them pick all the wild reefer they wanted. For nothing. To the farmers it was just a weed. In the few places that I couldn't cop, I had some pals mail me the shit, five or six joints in an envelope.

I got back on the scene around 1946 and was fortunate enough to have copped some fantastic light green hash from a Greek guy on a boat. I had gotten a ki for \$200, and it was dynamite. Nobody had even experienced shit like this before in New York. One-toke shit. All of a sudden, I found everybody in the world beating a path to my fucking door, and I was pushing out \$20 worth in an aspirin tin. They started selling pokes of it, one poke for 50 cents. Water pipes were set up in the old bungalows in Coney Island during the winter. I became the Man for a year. Everybody tried to break into my apartment, looking for the stash. But I was hip; I was keeping my hash in my old army duffle bag in my parents' house in Brooklyn.

As soon as I got back from the army I could see that the scene had really changed. First of all, the whole camaraderie was gone. It was no longer a good high that people shared in a small elite group. Grass had become a commodity capable of generating high profits. All the personal relationships changed as a re-

sult of that. It got absorbed by capitalism.

The second thing that disturbed me was that the music had brought in a lot of young chicks during the war, and the cats who had stayed used the music to fuck up these chicks in terms of getting sex and that kind of thing, seducing them with the music and grass. Especially the cats down in the Village. We had never forced anything on anybody or used it for those kinds of ends.

The other shocking thing when I came back from the army was how many people were involved in smack. These people had gone right into smack as their first choice; they hadn't even blown reefer. A lot of the guys idolized Charlie Parker, and he was the biggest junkie of all time. Then, there were also a lot of bennies around, benny strips. You could get benzedrine inhalers, open them up, take out the inhaler strip, put it in any kind of drink, and you'd do an all-night session of talking. Talk your head off. Screw up your stomach.

So by the late '40s the scene had soured for me. And as time goes on it seems to get worse and worse. The kids today don't know a good high from a bad one. You don't have to smoke 16 joints to get high. Good shit, half a joint of good shit, should get anybody in the world high for five or six hours. Today they smoke bad shit and rave about it. They push it on their friends and smoke one joint after another. A market has been created, which is a bullshit fucking number because they get away with it. They can sell poison and get away with it.

There was a natural high that came out of good natural grass that was the epitome and the focus of that whole trip. A person who really knew how to smoke marijuana would just smoke enough to get him to where he wanted to go. You didn't have to constantly smoke and smoke, because the more you smoked beyond a certain point the more was just wasted. The shit today is overpriced and it's lousy pot. Maui Wowie. Bullshit. I'm not a rich person. Can I afford \$200 an ounce? That's dumb. Do I have to get into that kind of trip? Is it that important in my life?

So I drink instead of smoke now. Mostly I don't waste my time with it because it's not the same thing. But the music, that's a different story. The reefer albums I put out, and the letters I get from people—that's the real turn-on. To be able to use a hook like the reefer albums to get people into the sound of music that to me can really change your whole head around. If I can get young people off some of the shit dribble they listen to because I hooked them in like a fisherman with *Pot Spoon, Pipe or Jug* or the other LPs, that's the ultimate. Then I'm really getting them into American culture as it should be heard. Because, after all, this whole scene started and ended with the music. ■

Marijuana around the World

Part 2, The Far East

photos by Laurence Cherniak

The cradle of history is also the cradle of cannabis. For although marijuana, like people, can be found throughout the habitable globe, it started someplace. And that seems to have been Asia. And from Asia it traveled the world. Even though marijuana seems to be indigenous to many areas of the globe, the most prized varieties are usually those that originated in Asia. The finest weed in the West, for example, the Kali ganja of Jamaica, takes its name from the varieties brought to the West Indies for smoking (and not commercial hemp) purposes by natives of India. Similarly, our best Yankee smoke seems to be Hawaiian and

Californian sinsemilla from Thai seeds.

The reason for the superiority of Far Eastern herb is not so much geography—for the finest can be grown on every continent; it is that Asia made great leaps and bounds in farming. In India, Nepal, Thailand and Burma, the sources of the smoke pictured here, cannabis has been carefully cultivated for its headiest properties since civilization began—or at least as far back as history can see. They used it for more than making ropes. And after sampling the wares of the ancient Eastern cannabis cultures, one can almost start to see a bit farther into history. Yes, Alexander the Great smoked here.

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Left: Thai female top embracing male flowers in bloom. Right: A flowering top in the high Himalayas overlooking Langtang Himal mountain.



Thailand tableau



Nepalese buds

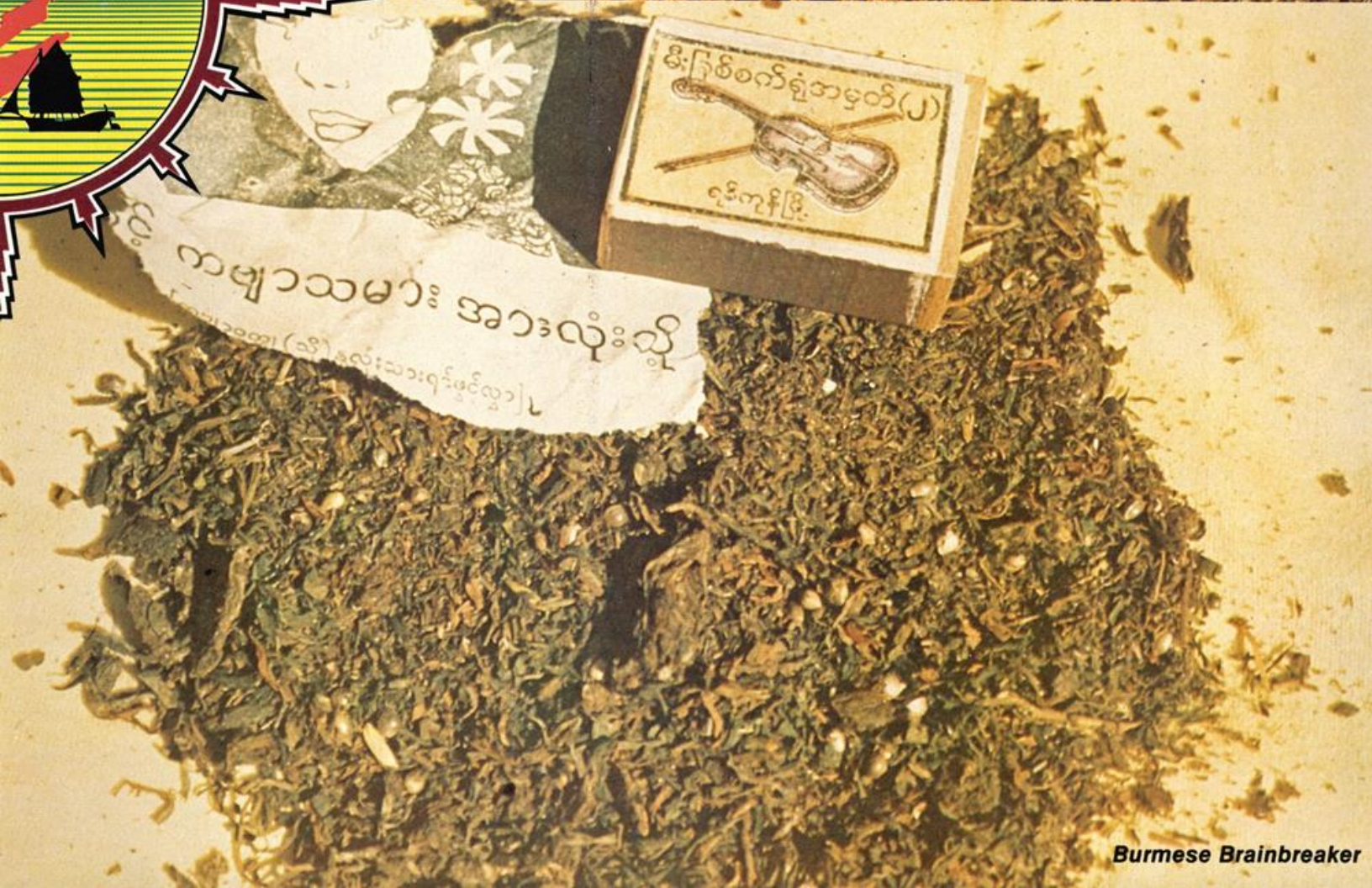




Hemp-tied Thai sticks



ကမ္ဘာ့သမား အားလုံးသို့
[... (ခရီး) လမ်းသားရင်းဖွင့်လှား]





Nepalese bud



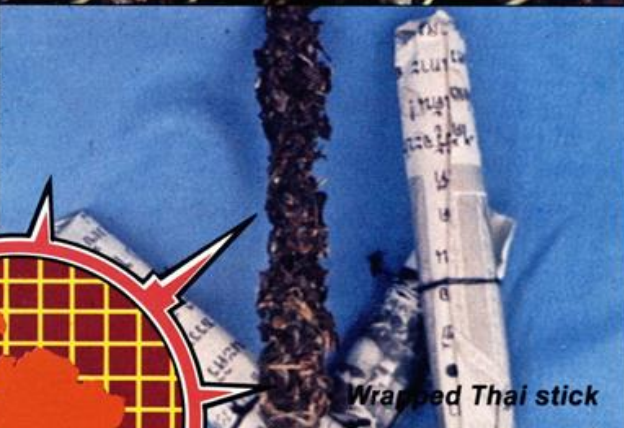
Manicured tops from India



Burmese bud



Freshly harvested Nepalese top



Wrapped Thai stick



Himalayan bud



Unwrapped Thai sticks



Thai close-up



Loose Thai



Wrapped Nepalese marijuana



Burmese finger

How to Buy an Island



John Donne said that no man is an island, but he didn't say that no man could own one. And today the idea of lording over a self-contained domain free of noxious neighbors, authorities, media and the word "clone" is the secret dream of millions of quietly desperate folks.

But, surprisingly, owning an island need not be a dream. Thousands of islands, ranging from tiny rock outcroppings off Nova Scotia to South Pacific nations complete with native populations, are in the hands of private individuals like you and me. Well, some of them are like you and me. A small, undeveloped island in a remote area can be bought for as little as \$5,000. Or you can spend millions. (Can you?) But, generally speaking, a modest-sized island within reach of civilization, perhaps with a building or two, can be purchased for less than the cost of a suburban shoebox in Levittown. Honest.

The sudden rush of interest in islands in the past couple of years seems to reflect a great psychic shift in this country. If the hippie commune symbolized the earnest social concern and selfless involvement of the '60s, then the private island is the perfect symbol for the "Me" generation of the '70s. It is a place where one can go to feel good while the rest of the world fucks itself. Somehow, we believe, demons and bogeymen cannot walk on water. On an island, we are safe from them.

Lots of people own islands. Rich folks like Christina Onassis (the island of Skorpaios, in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Greece), Marlon Brando (Tetiara, in Tahiti) and Raymond Burr (Naitaba, in the Lau Islands near Fiji). Merely well-to-do folks like Connecticut architect Bruce Falconer (a three-acre island home in Long Island Sound) and New Jerseyan Nils Rasmussen (a one-acre island in a small lake). And even an occasional just-getting-by fellow like Tim

Andrews, a humble lecturer at the University of Helsinki, who lives on a four-acre islet off the coast of Finland.

The freedom and seclusion of a private island are a delight, of course, but there are drawbacks. If you plan to build a house on your island, construction costs will be much higher than normal, perhaps double. Construction materials will have to be shipped in by boat or helicopter. You may have a hard time finding a contractor to build the house. And then there is the matter of water, heat and electricity.

An island in a clean freshwater lake presents no problem; just draw water from the lake. (If it's polluted, you may need some expensive purification equipment.) A saltwater island may present an expensive problem, however. There's a chance that fresh water lies below the surface, but how do you get a 20-ton drilling rig over from the mainland? A cistern to collect rainwater is a solution, if it rains a lot. If your island lacks both subterranean water and rainfall, a solar-powered desalinization mini plant might be the answer. As a last resort, you can have Perrier helicoptered in and send your laundry back to Mom every week.

Your heating-oil man probably won't deliver. Bottled gas is one alternative, but shuttling tanks to the mainland is such an inconvenience that it's best to have a totally self-sufficient heating system. Solar heating is one promising energy source. But if you have good old hardwood trees on your island, a wood-burning stove is a near ideal solution. Come to think of it, the ideal solution is to buy a tropical island where it doesn't get cold.

Some island owners run underwater cables to the mainland, but this is absurdly expensive and virtually impossible if the island is more than a few hundred yards offshore. A diesel



**Real estate for
smuggling, growing
or just getting
away from it all**

by Dave Noland

generator costs \$5-10,000, is noisy and smelly and requires large amounts of fuel to be brought in by boat. Best choice is a windmill. Solar cells may become efficient and cheap enough for practical use by island dwellers. A radical alternative is simply to do without.

Getting around by boat instead of car sounds romantic, but when the wind is blowing at 30 knots in January you may have second thoughts. Since your boat is your lifeline, you'll need a good one, preferably with an enclosed cabin or canvas top. Count on spending as much as you would on an automobile. But you still have to own a car to get around on the mainland. So in addition to outrageous car bills and icy roads, you'll have to suffer outrageous boat repair bills and high seas.

Of course if your island is large enough for a landing strip, the family Boston Whaler could be supplemented by the family Cessna Skyhawk. Then of course you'll have to worry about outrageous airplane repair bills, icy winds, etc.

We should point out that the private island has advantages for entrepreneurs in the controlled-substances game. A surprise bust may be rendered impossible unless the DEA agents use U-boats. U.S. and Gulf Coast islands make superb transfer points for incoming freighters or shrimp boats.

How does the aspiring buyer go about locating an insular Utopia? Islands are not at all difficult to locate. Just look at a map and find the big blue part. Look for a squiggly thing in the big blue part. That's an island. Best areas in the U.S. for salt-water islands are off the coast of Maine, the Florida Keys and the Seattle Puget Sound area. For freshwater islands, try the Great Lakes, upper New York State's Thousand Islands area and Minnesota. Canada has thousands of islands, both salt- and freshwater; other island-rich areas are the Caribbean, the South Pacific, the Mediterranean, Scandinavia—virtually anywhere there's water.

Once you've settled on a general area, real-estate brokers in that area should be able to help. Some real-estate firms specialize in island properties; Private Islands Unlimited in California lists more than 300 islands for sale right now.

Closing the deal on an island can be a bit trickier than it is for mainland properties. Loans and insurance may also be harder to obtain. But islands are usually good investments. Real-estate investors know islands usually appreciate faster than comparable mainland property; brokers like to relate shining examples like the unimproved island that was bought in 1972 for \$2,500 and recently went on the market at \$22,500. (That's better than 100 percent per year return on investment.) Future demand for islands is unlikely to slacken. Since islands are bought mostly for escape, it stands to

reason that more and more people will be looking for hideaways. As the Dow Jones falters, a blue-chip island will look better and better.

Here's a sampling of some of the islands available on the real-estate market right now:

- **Nawaci, Fiji.** A 27-acre gem in a lagoon of Vanua Levu, the second largest island in the Fiji chain. Privately held land in the Fijis is very scarce; most island

**A modest-sized island
within reach of
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properties are held by the Native Lands Trust Board and are not available to private buyers. Nawaci has two beaches, a coconut plantation; the rest is uninhabited jungle. Sheltered water for floatplanes, and room enough for a short landing strip on the island itself. Price: an eminently reasonable \$150,000. Middle-echelon insurance executives pay that much for suburban split-levels every day.

- **Pelican Island, Antigua, West Indies.** A 36-acre high-rollers' haven. We'll announce the price right here so that the unwealthy may continue reading elsewhere: \$350,000. For the street value of a Cessna 210 full of Colombian, you get island, luxurious villa, caretaker's cottage, a 100-foot-long concrete dock and an inboard speedboat.

- **Bahamas, Little Exuma area:** an unnamed 20-acre island with a freshwater well. Price: \$25,000. The island was formerly used for farming, and the brochure published by the real-estate agency claims that it has "excellent fishing and diving." There are no property taxes on unimproved land in the Bahamas, by the way, and if you decide to build a place on this island, only the value of the house is taxed—and the first \$20,000 is tax-free as long as you occupy the property permanently. Maximum tax rate on any improvement is 1.5 percent per year.

- **Betty Cay, Bahamas.** Another low-priced Bahamas special, at \$20,000. This is only one acre, but it has a 50-foot mini beach for easy boat landings and lounging around.

- **Conflict Islands, Papua, New Guinea.** This group of 26 islands totaling 946 acres lies 300 miles southeast of Port Moresby, New Guinea. The main island (197 acres) has an airstrip and a radio transmitter; all

the islands have white sandy beaches, with wild-growing coconuts, bananas and papayas. The property also contains 20 people, but they aren't part of the deal. (Quite frankly, we're not sure what the hell the new owner is supposed to do with them.) Maybe that's the conflict. Price is \$2.7 million. That sounds high, but if you get 26 friends together, that's one island each for about \$100,000.

- **Ljungdalen, Sweden.** Seven acres in the Gulf of Bothnia between Sweden and Finland. A hideaway sportslover's paradise, 111 miles from the nearest commercial airport, and overrun with elk and surrounded by fish. Price: 55,000 deutsche marks, or about \$30,000.

- **Inishkeen, Ireland.** A 30-acre island in a large freshwater lake, Lough Melvin. Revolutionaries might be interested to know that Inishkeen is strategically located only a few miles from Northern Ireland—in fact, the eastern shore of Lough Melvin is the border. The island is mostly wooded, with several piers, a boathouse and a house that needs work.

- **Champagne-sur-Oise, France.** A six-acre gem in the Oise River just 18 miles north of Paris. Included in the price of 600,000 French francs (about \$125,000) are a partly furnished villa with phone, water and electricity. Just imagine canoeing from your front door to the Notre Dame Cathedral.

- **Nab Island, Maine.** Three-plus wooded acres in the Bagaduce River. No house or utilities, but a natural clearing is a fine site for a vacation home. Strategically located near Maine's prime resort area and Acadia National Park. Price: \$17,500, about the same as an economy model Mercedes.

- **Ambergris Cay, Belize.** A huge, virtually unexplored island off the coast of Belize (formerly British Honduras). For just \$5.75 million you get the whole island except for the village of San Pedro (population 170), a total of 35,000 acres. Thirty miles of beach frontage, countless lagoons and mangroves. It is perfectly located for dope smuggling, only a couple of miles from a finger of the Yucatan Peninsula, three hours by lightplane from Jamaica, and about halfway between the Guajira and southern California.

- **An unnamed 20-acre island off the coast of Nova Scotia,** heavily forested, with five acres of open meadows. Open beaches and protected bays. Rowing distance from the mainland, one hour from Halifax, the largest city in Nova Scotia. Price: \$50,000, but the owner is flexible.

Islands aren't for everybody. It's hard to run out for a quick beer when you live on an island, and the repair person won't come to fix your dryer. Island dwellers get wet on the way home, and there's nobody to talk to once they get there.

But the inconvenience of island living is part of the attraction, of course; if island living were easy and convenient, it wouldn't be any fun at all. ■

NBC would love to turn you off

Reading, Writing & Reefer Madness

One evening last December I happened to be visiting a friend who leaves the TV on all the time. I looked over and there was a High Times cover with my name on it on NBC.

I turned up the sound and heard the voice of Edwin Newman, who is usually out covering an assassination attempt or the fall of some regime or something hard news. So I thought: trouble. President Carter has seized High Times? What's he saying? Warm up the copter.

"Many youngsters told us they got most of their news about marijuana from High Times. And from such a source they are not likely to get much adverse information about the drug."

As any regular reader of High Times knows, this is nonsense. Each issue of High Times is crammed with adverse information about America's number-one drug problem: marijuana prohibition. We keep you informed about the busts, the government poisoning programs, about trumped-up scientific research and phony experts.

Cut to 15-year-old Lisa, who says, "Like, a friend of mine, they have a kid and he gets high—even one night we got him high. He is about two or three..." A High Times reader no doubt. Almost old enough for a coke nipple.

In case you didn't catch it, this prime-time NBC news

by Glenn O'Brien



report, entitled "Reading, Writing and Reefer," filled in millions of American TV addicts on the "unknown" pot crisis. Not occasional pot use by consenting adults, but teenagers with pot habits.

Newman reveals to a nation that watches more than a billion hours of television per day that hundreds of thousands of American teenagers are "not experimenters, not occasional users, but chronic smokers—in their own words, 'Potheads.'"

To prove just how much marijuana a pesky adolescent can inhale, Newman produces a 15-year-old reformed pot smoker who admits to firing up to ten herbal stogies a day.

And what effect does this have on one's scholarship, Newman wonders out loud?

"Not too good of an effect," says one student, "because when you smoke marijuana you just don't feel like doing work right then. You don't feel like even getting into it at all, listening or nothing. It just makes it seem like a drag."

The thing that struck me about the teens that the NBC newsmen featured in the roles of real-life stoned teenagers was that they were all nice, white, cracker kids from the Deep South. Even their non-stoned peers spoke at a rate of approximately ten words per minute. They're from drawl country! If one's only experience with "pot" were this TV show, one would think that it was a drug similar to morphine in its depressing effect on the personality or on one's interest in and interaction with the outside world.

The kids presented as evidence on this show were not morons. They were just nice, normal, slowpoke kids. I can imagine many parents watching the show fearing that marijuana smoking might give their children one of those dreadful southern drawls.

Take the case of 12-year-old Brian, who started smoking at the age of eight and a half. Brian got stoned almost every day. It made him feel good. "You know, I just like to sit there and watch TV or something." Brian still tokes up, although mostly after school and on weekends.

Newman prates on, "Brian is not deprived. He is not a delinquent. He does not like alcohol, tobacco or PCP. Smoking marijuana—'toking' they call it—is what he and his friends prefer. And their entire lives have come to revolve around what they call 'copping a buzz.' Unfortunately, the buzz doesn't last, and Brian admits, 'I just feel good getting high in the morning at first, but then after a while I just get real tired and fall asleep in class and stuff.'"

Ah ha, marijuana, not boredom, causes nodding in class.

Brian's mom is worried too.

"I feel it has made him sort of forgetful and just not really caring like he used to. But now that I realize he smoked some before school, now I can really see why his grades have gone down."

Newswoman Rhonda Schwartz asks Brian what happens when he's high in class.

"I just sit there. I listen, but I don't remember it after she said it. She says something and then she'll call on me to answer the question and I'll say, 'What, what?'"

For shame. When I was his age we could do that without drugs.

Most moms aren't as lucky as Brian's mom. They don't know that their children are secret marijuana tokers. Newman produces former director of the National Institute for Drug Abuse, Dr. Robert DuPont, who thinks it's "a very sad fact" that many of today's adults are not aware of the extent of their children's smoking.

Dr. Cohen says that 5 jays do the same lung damage as 115 cigarettes. I smoke 5-15 jays a day; if I smoked 5-15 packs of cigs a day, I would have stopped breathing in 1967.

"Over the age of 25," says the doc, "the levels of marijuana use fall very dramatically, and over 30 they fall to practically zero in the total population. So that people who are adults don't see very much marijuana use and are utterly unaware of both the extent of it and the rapid increases that are going on in marijuana use."

DuPont, previously one of Washington's more fashionable Jimmy Carter liberal intellectuals, "resigned" his NIDA post shortly after his pal Peter Bourne made out a highly embarrassing 'ludes script for a pretty secretary. Ever since then, DuPont has clocked many hours of TV time, ardently apologizing for ever suggesting that marijuana might be any less poisonous than iodine.

One of the revelations made about marijuana that will shock most "heads" is that, according to NBC News, the marijuana available in our streets and schoolyards has become more than ten times stronger in the last four years. If Newman hadn't mentioned it, we would've surely been too stoned to notice. This agricultural feat, unequaled in the history of plants, has been made possible thanks to "selective cultivation."

This new super pot, according to Newman, is what we chronic users call "good material." It's got a lot of THC in it, and that's what gets teenagers high. Newman follows the THC particles from lung to brain, where, "as with alcohol, the human thought process is chemically

altered." Then we follow the pesky THC molecule to the heart, where the beat is dramatically increased. "This is why," Newman declares, "many scientists believe that no one with a heart condition should use marijuana." They might get a marijuana heart attack.

Actually, the only doctors who have bothered to link up grass with cardiac problems are the usual slew of quacks who make a profession from knocking marijuana in the ever receptive media. Less politically inclined doctors, however, have looked further and found exactly how this "tachycardia" is brought about: THC, it seems, uniformly lowers one's blood pressure by expanding one's veins, and the heart rate smoothly accelerates to compensate for this.

No one would expect Edwin Newman to distinguish between pot-induced "tachycardia"—which is about as hazardous as walking briskly up a flight of stairs—and "cardiac arrhythmia," which is what heart attacks are made of. But you'd think NBC researchers could have caught the ignorant insinuation that grass causes heart attacks, and preserved at least one shred of Newman's labored professorial dignity. As a reducer of blood pressure, grass could actually be great for a lot of heart conditions, like angina pectoris; and drunks everywhere have always known how great it is for alleviating the morning-after hangover.

But the THC doesn't stop there. As Newman points out, THC likes to hang out in your body. "Up to three days after you've smoked a joint, half the THC is still in your body, where it tends to accumulate in the reproductive system, the brain and other vital organs. Just how long the last traces of THC remain in the body, no one knows."

Or if they do, they ain't telling. Nor does NBC bother to tell you what this lingering THC does, if anything, and why it shouldn't hang around. This, Newman explains, is because they don't know. It is known that none of these residual THC metabolites harm body tissues in any way, but probably that was too boring and disappointing for NBC to include in its thrill-packed script.

As has been amply demonstrated in many contexts, it is possible to dig up "scientific" information to make almost any side of any issue seem reasonable. On "Reading, Writing and Reefer," NBC aired those scientific studies endorsed by the DEA. There were once legions of scientific authorities who assured us that marijuana had no medical uses; now they are making exceptions.

But most of the changing "facts" in the marijuana arguments NBC presented rest on an attitude concisely summed up by Edwin Newman in a question to UCLA dope researcher Dr. Sidney Cohen: "Would it be fair to say, Dr. Cohen, that

the young people who are now using marijuana regularly are in effect the guinea pigs in an experiment on a national scale?"

It is as if marijuana were some recent diabolical invention, such as paraquat or 2,4-D or nuclear waste, with results that cannot be anticipated. This is obviously false. Marijuana has been widely used by many cultures for thousands of years. It is only our prejudiced scientific establishment that doesn't acknowledge the real facts of marijuana use. And in fact there exists an enormous amount of scientific research to completely contradict this "guinea pig" argument.

After an intensive study of lifelong ganja smokers in Jamaica, Dr. Vera Rubin demonstrated clearly [see *High Times* "Interview," June '78] that dope-taking islanders are just as healthy as their non-taking neighbors. But you don't hear much about that, or about subsequent anthropological-medical studies of "chronic" cultural tokers in Costa Rica, Greece and Egypt, which in fact show the people involved to be really extraordinarily healthy, long-lived, sexually vital and undauntedly good-natured. But if just one little bad thing had turned up about grass in these places, you would have heard about nothing else for months on end from the national media.

On "Reading, Writing and Reefer" Newman admits that pot might have some effect on glaucoma; he says its use is okay if you're terminally ill with cancer and are having chemotherapy. Then he gives us the bad news, that our kids actually believe that pot is good for you. Holy smoke, they think it's medicine for asthma, cataracts, even cancer, "and that marijuana is not merely harmless but beneficial, like vitamin pills."

A 12 year old comes on and says that he heard it was good for your lungs.

Then we talk to Dr. Sidney Cohen again, who's been seriously studying just how bad pot is for you, and he announces that grass has the same irritant effect on lung tissue as tobacco, and that smoking five jays is equivalent to doing 115 cigarettes. This has got to be taken out of context, because I, for one, regularly smoke 5-15 joints a day; if I were to do 5-15 packs of cigarettes every day, I would have stopped breathing in 1967.

In fact, Dr. Cohen later told *High Times* over the phone that he was referring to a UCLA study that showed an average 20 percent reduction in lung air flow observed in a group of people who had been smoking five joints a day, average, which correlated precisely with a matched group of people who had been averaging 115 tobacco cigarettes per week. So it looks to me, and Dr. Cohen didn't deny it, that this uniform 20 percent air-flow reduction represents some defense the body normally puts up against any air contamination it regularly encounters, be it pot, tobacco or Los

Angeles smog.

Then Keith Stroup, who does God knows what else to himself, comes on and says that he gave up cigarettes ten years ago and has smoked pot every day since and now has bronchitis. Mr. Stroup, the pot advocate, then admits that he believes that pot smoking can cause some lung complications. This is rather like saying that hanging out at exclusive Washington parties can give you a runny nose.

According to NBC, one long-term effect of marijuana use "is being discovered by young people themselves."

"They call it," Newman intones, "being 'burned out.' The first symptoms are a drastic change in the way marijuana

Marijuana isn't dangerous to minds or bodies. It is dangerous to the media. Youth culture might not be new, but in the television age it's all we've got between us and ignorance.

makes you feel."

Okay, after this we have a few pathetic little case histories of terrified teens who had a pot bummer after a couple of successful taking sessions with "good material." Some complained of being mellowed out. Of needing more joints for the same effect.

Cut to 16-year-old Keith just a-sittin' in his room.

Newman voice-over: "The young man we're talking to spends a lot of time just sitting and listening to music. Keith is 16. He's been a daily marijuana user for more than a year. Now his friends call him 'burned out.'"

Keith explains: "Being burned out, that's just, you don't get high when you smoke it or you are just acting kind of really dumb, you know. Somebody will talk to you and you don't hear them or you don't pay attention to them. That's when people start calling you burned out."

Dr. Cohen beams in on this remark. "I have seen this too, and it is entirely possible that youngsters who smoke lots of good pot over long periods of time sustain some mental impairment which is not completely reversible."

This is perhaps the most outrageous lie in a series of statements in which one would be hard pressed to detect a single truth. Scientists have tried and failed to show that grass causes brain damage; the fact that it doesn't has now been proven by default. Dr. Cohen would be bet-

ter off prescribing some lecithin for young Keith, or helping him score some higher-THC "good material" that would be more uplifting. If teen smokers are feeling burned out, it's not necessarily some pernicious burn-out syndrome. Marijuana smoking heightens one's physical awareness.

If Dr. Cohen did a little follow-up footwork, he might find more of a correlation between burning out and eating cafeteria food. If these burned-out cases keep taking, and if the networks and government don't manage to wipe good material from the face of the earth, it might be realized that "burn out" comes from junk food and a rat-race lifestyle. It should be obvious to any casual observer of "youth culture" that marijuana smokers as a whole are healthy eaters, a vital and energetic lot, when compared with the boozing, pill-popping, type-A exec that American society is legally structured to produce with the help of coffee, alcohol, cigs and the occasional mood elevator or Valium.

If marijuana poses any real danger to young people, it is only the threat of arrest, abuse at the hands of police, and imprisonment. And in this case, is it marijuana or the law which is posing the danger? All of the scientific data in existence, and even the "scientific data" presented on this show, supports the claim that marijuana use is, at the very least, less dangerous to users of any age than tobacco or alcohol and infinitely less harmful to their health than jail.

Marijuana use, like most other victimless crimes, is not about morality. It is about culture. There is a marijuana culture in this country, and the government and the TV networks don't want it to exist. Marijuana isn't dangerous for minds or bodies. It is dangerous to middlebrowbeating media. Youth culture might be something new, or it might not. But in the television age it's all we've got between us and ignorance. If children win the right to their own culture, if they win the right to smoke pot, they might start thinking about other rights. They might start realizing that they are the last great unliberated segment of the human race.

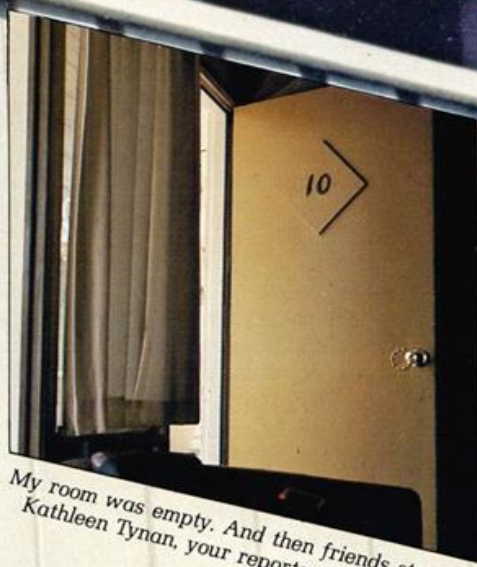
As we noted earlier, nearly all of the young people shown in the NBC reefer report were clean-cut, slow of speech, lower-middle-class southern whites. The only black teens on the show didn't get to talk. They just walked through a schoolyard full of white kids while Newman rolled on. "That debate over legalization has been going on for a long time. While it has, many American schoolyards have become retail outlets for the marijuana industry. In a recent Gallup poll, 81 percent of American high school students said that marijuana was easy or fairly easy to obtain. And some children are not just buying reefer, they're selling it."

(continued on page 81)

Scoring in LOS ANGELES

TROPICANA

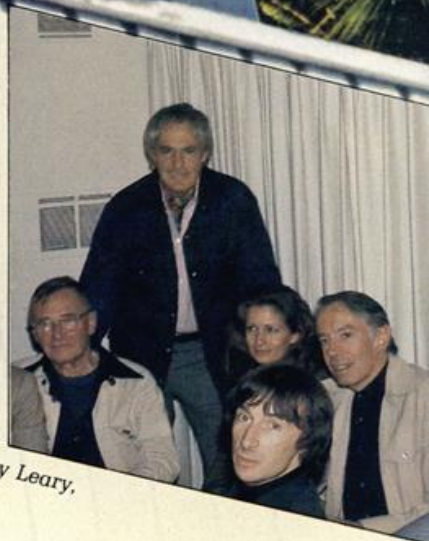
A futuristic guide to life in the fast lane • by Victor



Chris Stein



Chris Stein



My room was empty. And then friends started to drop by. Left to right: Christopher Isherwood, Timothy Leary, Kathleen Tynan, your reporter, Ken Tynan and William Burroughs were all there late one night.

I like to get what I need in the place I'm visiting, because scoring adds another dimension to the trip. I presumed it would be easy in L.A., but the first thing "Clarissa" said when I arrived at the airport was, "I hope you brought some of that good New York coke."

"No, as a matter of fact..."

"Oh shit! It's really expensive out here, and it's usually been stepped on so much. Luckily I happen to have the best connection, but the cheapest is \$125 a gram."

"Yeah. I'd like to get some grass too."

"There's a shortage. I haven't seen any in weeks."

It took four days to find an ounce. During the search, I asked the dealers why. There are a lot of very rich people who use drugs, and the movie and record companies often write off "drug budgets" as part of their expenses. I heard things like: "They spent \$200,000 for coke on such and such a movie," and "So and so walked off the set of his latest because they wouldn't include a coke budget." Therefore the dealers who have good drugs have no reason to be interested in the buyer who wants one gram when they can be making big sales on a regular basis. If you were a drug dealer and you moved to Hollywood, you would gradually phase out your smaller customers, because you could be making more money dealing with fewer people in a safer situation.

"Michelle" told me: "Los Angeles is based upon prestige. Here prestige comes from money. Money is a language." If California were a country on its own, it would

be the eighth richest country in the world. Angelenos are naturally attracted to money. In the supermarket the cashier gives you a little card with your change. You scrape it with your fingernail and a number appears. If you hit the jackpot, you win \$777.77. I never saw anybody win, but we stood around scraping those cards just as soon as we got them.

The third day I was there someone asked me to participate in a golden chain letter. "If you'll invest \$100 in cash

**In Los Angeles
you are
surrounded by so
much luxury,
whether you
possess it or
not becomes
irrelevant. In
L.A., you are rich.**

right now, you are guaranteed to make \$300,000 in six months." She was a nice girl, and quite serious about it. I tried to point out the fallacy, but I couldn't help liking her let's-make-some-money attitude. After a week, I was saying "Let's make a deal" regularly. In Los Angeles you are surrounded by so much luxury, whether you possess it or not becomes almost irrelevant. In Los Angeles, you are rich.

I stayed at the Tropicana Motor Hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, ten minutes from Beverly Hills. The Hollywood-Beverly Hills area is where a majority of the most interesting Angelenos live and play. The Tropicana is located in the middle of it. It is run by a friendly young staff. The rooms are comfortable, cheap—my large suite cost \$33 a night—and the other guests are not unpleasant to look at. Duke's, its coffee shop, is a fabulous place to eat.

The "Trop" also has its legends, which lend a distilled elegance to its slightly faded facade. This is where Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey filmed *Heat*, with Joe Dalle-

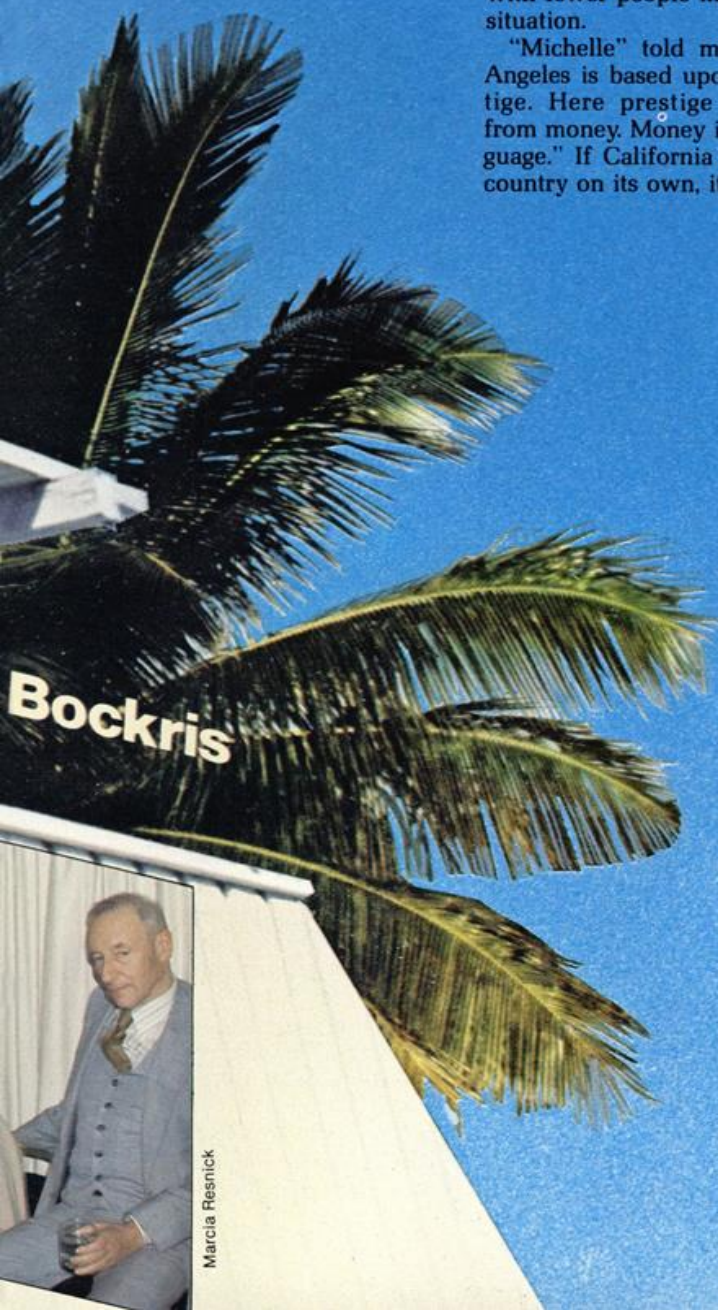
sandro and Sylvia Miles. Tom Waits lives in one of the cottages out back. Providing a scenario for traveling musicians, photographers, writers and hustlers, it is often referred to as the "Chelsea West." In an unpretentious way, the Trop lives up to its promise. Its atmosphere will facilitate your necessary adjustment to the extremely pleasant rhythm of daily life in Los Angeles.

Which it is only natural to initially fight. By the fifth day I caught myself thinking: "Er... take it easy, Vic. Why not lie out by the pool for a few hours? I mean, this is California, man; you're missing out on the experience cooped up in your room all day writing about why you hate people." But I couldn't see how to make the transition without losing the majority of my energy.

I needn't have worried. The pace of L.A.'s perpetual-spring climate makes life's intricate days much simpler. After a while, gnawing concern about getting everything done evaporates, because everything, from going shopping and parking the car to getting your laundry done in an hour while talking on the telephone, is so easy.

There is little friction between people. Even the exchanges with shopkeepers, gas-station attendants and waiters are so charmingly handled that, just as one's skin gradually changes from a pale sickly green to beige, one's nerves straighten from a mangle of barbed wires to make a series of smooth connections. The soothing sunshine complements the pretty space. Undisturbed, the Los Angeles environment treats its organisms remarkably well. As Reyner Banham affirms in his superb book *Los Angeles: The Architecture of Four Ecologies*: "Los Angeles remains one of the ecological wonders of the habitable world."

Ecology is that science which studies the relationship between an organism and its environment: in order to understand this city, which, ironically, attracts so much scorn, I became an organism in the Los Angeles environment and spent a



Marcia Resnick

month learning the city's language.

To mention one amusing result that anyone can understand right away, sex is notoriously better in L.A. I started to pick up on this the evening of the fifth day. A friend invited me to the Mater Dei High School football championship finals in Santa Ana. "Don" has a Lotus Europa, and after turning on and tuning up at a Taco Hut, I found myself gazing up at the electrographic architecture of uninterrupted neon from where I lay in the passenger racing seat as the car rocketed down the freeway in the balmy night and thinking, "California is exactly what you imagine it will be."



Jim and Pam: L.A. fashion punks.

We walked into the arena during the intermission. Here were three or four thousand well-fed, well-dressed, relatively smart and uniformly beautiful "perfect Aryan" teenagers excitedly sitting in this glaringly lit, oval stadium with nothing to do. The score was zero-zero.

I looked down onto the brilliant green field and saw six blond girls. They were wearing yellow knee socks, brown skirts and yellow sweaters and were running through their routine, bursting with sex. The combination of the swift drive in the Lotus, excellent grass acquired from a student and my first sight of live cheerleaders, sweat glistening on their supple flesh in the giant spotlights, got me so hot that within seconds of entering this magic arena of teenagers I was jumping up and down, clapping and pointing out the

cutest to Don, ignoring the fact that I was making a spectacle of myself before these pediatricians, executives and detectives of the future. A few hundred of them turned their attention on me, and as the teams ran back onto the field I was dragged down into the stands and found myself surrounded by grinning kids.

Two minutes into the second half Mater Dei scored a touchdown: it was as if my unexpected, unexplainable and unrepeatable presence had been a signal from some messenger in a Cocteau scenario. Pandemonium ensued. They started to push me onto the field to jump with the cheerleaders, who were also

focusing their attention on me, pointing and cracking up as they performed their frenzied victory dance. The energy being directed toward my image was phenomenal. I was actually about to make my way onto the field and grab the microphone from the deejay, who was trying to maintain contact with an audience he was clearly losing, when a stab of intuition held me back. Seconds later I sensed the hysteria was about to drown us in a tidal wave of rejection for being too strange. I was dressed in some variation on a New York punk outfit. "Let's get the fuck outa here!" Don suddenly yelled. I saw fear in his eyes. We ran out of that arena fast, sprinting away into the night like the spirits we had somehow become for those magic 15 minutes.

Driving home, drenched in sweat and exhausted, we talked about it, although

there was little to say except "What the fuck was that about?" It did seem magic at the time. What it was about more than anything else was the eternal delight of electric energy. This visit to Mater Dei gave me an enormous boost. And by the end of my first week in L.A., I found that I had begun swimming every day, friends were beginning to swarm by and I was eager to see more and more people. I was drying off in the sun one morning when the pool-side phone rang and it was "Valerie" inviting me to drive out to Cal Arts, where "I am a film instructor," that afternoon. She said she would pick me up at one.

During this very beautiful drive she explained that in the '50s Walt Disney went to Europe and everyone asked him to speak, so he got the idea people thought of him as an intellectual. He concluded that he should endow an institute devoted to film making, so he put up the money for the Cal Arts Film School. His idea was that there



Paul Krassner and friend.

should be ramps from which the public could watch the students learning. He wanted to create an environment in which the students and teachers could live in harmony. Herbert Marcuse was going to be the first president, but then he and Angela Davis were discovered swimming nude in the pool at midnight. (That could be a rumor.) The problem is Walt died before the place was perfected. They call Cal Arts "Disney's Last Dream."

After Valerie had rattled off this info, simultaneously driving and rolling a slim joint, she directed my attention, which had been darting between her and the breathtaking desert landscapes on

I looked down onto the saw six blond girls. They socks, brown skirts and running through their ro

the outskirts of L.A., to the driving conditions. Except on the freeways, everyone drives gracefully and slowly. "Los Angeles is the only city in the world where the architecture was created to be viewed at 15 miles an hour," says David Hockney in *British Vogue*. The danger is that



James Grauerholz and William Burroughs.

you get hypnotized by the montage of forever-lush brightly colored visuals, think you're in a movie, and space out. But you have to concentrate, because the L.A. traffic cops are mean. In the late '60s a new breed of California police officer—often Vietnam veterans—spread throughout California. Now, the highest rates of alcoholism, divorce and suicide exist in the L.A. police force, with its inbred sense of minority paranoia. Driving drunk or stoned, I was warned by everyone, will get you treated extremely harshly.

Freeway driving is a satisfying, physical experience. It creates an uplifting feeling of vastness and relaxation. Angelenos have the most advanced car culture in the world. Drivers on the freeways have worked out a system of communication with each other. You get between two cars that are speeding; if either car slows down, it has spotted a police car. As long as you're in the middle you'll always be warned in time. This convoy driving is done consciously, with drivers voluntarily taking the point positions. Some

brilliant green field and were wearing yellow knee yellow sweaters and were utine, bursting with sex.

people apparently develop these intense intercar relationships, overtaking each other with frosty glares, leap-frogging back and forth around each other and generally using the machine to harass. Whenever I drove, I reflected on how sharp my vision was, how alive and "in" the present I felt. Again, the environment has provided a superior situation for its organisms.

I felt like I was in the future, walking down the wide, empty, shining corridors at Cal Arts with "Juliette," who was conducting the guided tour. There were very few people around. She told me that no one ever goes to classes and nothing happens. I spent a couple of hours in the empty building full of expensive unused equipment.

FILM MAKING IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR ME reads a sign someone painted on the wall in the basement. Further down the hall there is a GOOD



Ulli Lommel.

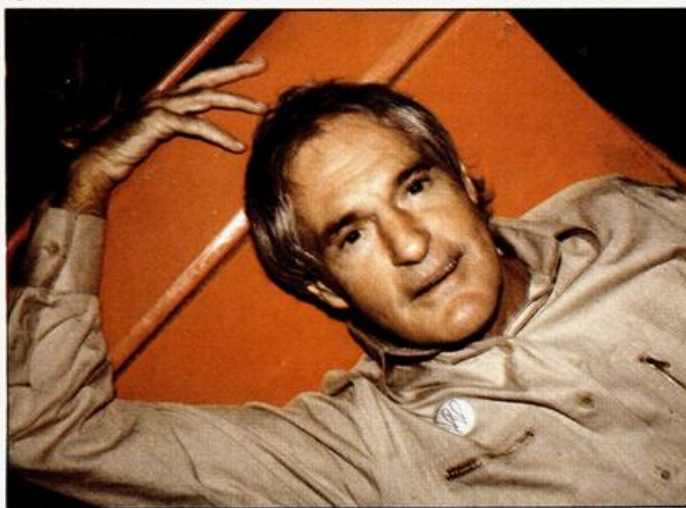
FUCK door, on which a list of names is drawn. After a while I asked Juliette where the people were; I had seen someone waft around a corner, but he seemed to be doing little more than wafting. "They're over by the pool," she said.

Most of the students over by the pool were naked. Someone was playing a flute in an upstairs room, and the music wandered over the idyllic scene, from which there was nothing lacking ex-

cept a bar. Juliette said, "We don't need a bar because we all take drugs." On cue, a security guard ran by saying he had just repelled a raid by a group of ten year olds.

"I guess they wanted to see the cocks and tits," someone said. But, "No," the guard replied, catching his breath, "they're after the marijuana." The students grow their own.

Los Angeles is a misunderstood, unique city that deserves a much better reputation than it has. As an inhabitant of Manhattan, I am often accosted around the States with extremely negative remarks about the place I live in, and I find them to be exclusively based upon ignorance. As a recent champion of Los Angeles, I have found an equally high and caustic level of response to that place, also



Timothy Leary.

based on boring, useless ignorance. There is no sense in comparing Los Angeles to any other city in the world, because the factors that combined to create it are extremely unusual. In fact, nothing remotely like it could ever occur again.

An almost perfect climate, which reigns over a large area of extremely fertile earth, provided the initial inhabitants (1781) with a solid basis of wealth in land and field produce. Around the turn of this century, vast quantities of oil were discovered, and oil quickly became an important primary industry. When the first movie was made in 1910, Los Angeles was well on its way to becoming a

wealthy town with a population of 800,000 who had come from the Midwest, Mexico and Europe. It was the end of a geographical frontier but the beginning of a mental one.

By 1930, Hollywood had attracted its unconventional and truly unrepeatable population of genius, neurosis, skill, charlatanry, beauty, vice, talent and eccentricity. While other cities have had to invest centuries in accumulating their cultured and leisure classes, Los Angeles has witnessed the greatest concentration of imaginative produce in the history of man in less than a hundred years. No city has ever been produced by such a perfect mixture of space, wealth, talent and natural resources.

Los Angeles has continued to develop and so remains our most modern city in many vital ways. If there are

Mater Dei and Cal Arts, I called Professor Timothy Leary. He is an outspoken champion of Los Angeles, and I wanted to hear what he had to say about it. I also wanted to alert him to the



Paul Getty.

fact that William Burroughs was flying out and would be staying at the Tropicana for a week.

Leary, 62, who currently lives in a West Hollywood studio apartment from which he issues books and sorties out on lecture tours, was initially hard to reach because he is always rushing off somewhere. Our phone calls continually missed each other's until, one night, walking into a petite, tasteful restaurant called Oscar's Wine Bar, I bumped into him sitting with *High Times* writer Michael Hollingshead and three young women. Exclaiming, "Aha! We meet at last!" Leary leapt up. I grabbed his tennis racket. But, as if that were the gist of it, I found him initially difficult to interface with. His sense of himself as a public figure seemed defensive.

A few days later I met him under more relaxed circumstances in the apartment of a mutual friend over after-dinner drinks and was able to get a better picture: he's energetic and enthusiastic about whatever he is discussing. Tim doesn't really talk, he sings.

His theory about Los Angeles is that it is in the process of becoming the next center of intelligence. He says the power has moved out of Washington, is moving west, and the intelligence is moving from New York to Los Angeles. "Swarming," he emphasised, "is the key concept."

By the time William Burroughs and his secretary, James Grauerholz, moved into the Tropicana, I had all but become an Angeleno my-

After graduating from

self. Apart from living and working in Hollywood, I was in love with Venice (the boardwalk on Sunday), Malibu (where the sea is your backyard) and Griffith Park (a monument to the genius of D.W. Griffith). I was in love with the city, and a few of its inhabitants, and had completely adjusted to the environment's rhythm while gaining, rather than losing, energy. There is no question at all that a large part of being happy in Los Angeles has to do with the connection between your body and the atmosphere: one is simply healthier in L.A. on a daily basis than one could possibly be in a similarly large metropolis. It is a complete myth that the inhabitants laze around the pool all day in a stupor of relaxation. I found all kinds of creative people and enormous amounts of energy in Los Angeles. They work very hard out there, because there's so much money. Don't forget, this is where some of the greatest works of art of the twentieth century were made.

I gave a party to welcome William to L.A. Leary was at the top of my guest list. I also invited Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy. Ken Tynan moved to L.A. quite recently and seems to have assumed a social responsibility for the British intellectual community out there. He'd given a party for Princess Margaret the previous week and mixed Hockney and Isherwood with the likes of Paul Newman, Ryan O'Neal and Swifty Lazar. Tynan came with his wonderful wife Kathleen. David Blue, whom I'd continually met at Dantana's (a good late-night hangout), came, along with Paul Getty, Ron Kovic, Randall Kaiser, Hiram Keller, Paul Jabara, Ulli Lommel, Frank and Laura Cavestani, Paul Krassner, Jack (Jimmy Olson) Larson, Jim Bridges, John Rechy, Julian Burroughs (who thinks he's William Burroughs's son)...

I threw the party in New York-cheapo style, and I think that's why it was successful; in L.A. they do tend to give fairly lavish entertainments, and this was refreshing; also, because the

people all came from different fields there was no power imbalance and everybody could just enjoy talking to each other. All I'd been able to do was buy a gallon of vodka, six bottles of wine and mixers. I rolled up 20 joints. "God, I'm having such a wonderful time. L.A. is incredible!" I said. "I know,"

restaurant on Melrose. We had called ahead for a reservation, but when we arrived, "No reservation, Señor." Slipping past the maitre d' one by one, we commandeered an empty table for six. It is hard to move six hungry people. The waiters looked worried but hastily served us, and we gave little thought to

said. Then, pointing to the table we had just vacated, he said that he'd been waiting for them to get this table ready and graciously invited us to dine with him. We declined, hurried to our cars laughing and drove off to look at some dildos in the Pleasure Chest, a great sex shop down the block from the Tropicana.

Considering I was there for a month, had a fabulous time meeting people every day and can only remember one really bad night with dumb people, there must be some truth in Leary's theory about intelligence swarming toward L.A. Most of the people I met there were super bright and active. I did go to one cult religious service "just for the experience," but they were geeks. When somebody does freak out in L.A., they tend to go the whole way, but I don't suppose religious cults can do you any harm if you have absolutely nothing to do with them. Anyway, the majority of negative things you could dig up on L.A. would tend to involve the residents. Los Angeles is a charming place to visit. In my opinion, you couldn't put a foot wrong taking a vacation there.

But charm is a power that is hard to pinpoint, I was thinking as I stood on the veranda outside my room the evening before I flew back to New York. I gazed past the palm trees and the humming birds hovering in the orange light of the setting sun, down at the pool and the now-empty chairs and tables set aside for sunbathers. I noticed for the first time how cream the stucco coloring of the two-story L-shaped motel building is. I was thinking about my gold Chevrolet Caprice parked in the back and how Los Angeles had changed my mind and body during the month I'd spent there, when a spectral form glided up, a vodka and tonic (no ice) in its right hand. My eyes traveled to the spectacles of William Burroughs as he looked out over the city and said, "I will tell you about it. The sky is thin as paper. The whole place could go up in ten minutes. That's the charm of Los Angeles." ☐

There is no sense in comparing L.A. to any other city in the world. Nothing like it could ever occur again.

said a guest. "Don't tell anyone. We're trying to keep it quiet." The party spilled out of the suite onto the terrace and around the pool. Marcia's accompanying pictures tell the story.

The following morning, William, James, Paul Getty and I drove in a convoy of three cars out to Isherwood's house by the sea in Santa Monica, where he lives with artist Don Bachardy, who wanted to draw William's portrait. Isherwood has lived in Los Angeles since he left England in 1939. He presents a good example of an older person whose career has been stimulated by the L.A. environment. His relationship with the city has been extremely productive. At 73, he is agile, alert, working on three books.

Noticing that time was slipping by and our appointment at the Getty Museum was drawing precariously close, I went into Bachardy's studio to warn him we'd have to leave soon, but he was working so intently I couldn't speak; so I gave William a note: "Christopher is psychic. We have to go in ten minutes."

Ten minutes later, we dashed along the majestic Pacific Coast Highway to the majestic Getty Museum, which you may only visit by appointment because they have adequate underground parking space for just 100 cars. We were very lucky to be escorted through the collection by young Paul.

That evening, we decided to dine at Lucy's El Adobe Cafe, an excellent Mexican

whose table we had stolen.

After the meal we got stuck running into a bunch of guys in the congested corridor that leads to the exit. Shuffling along, I found myself face to face with Jerry Brown. He looked a little tired and spaced out, as if he were waiting for a bodyguard to tell him what to do, his jacket slung over his shoulder.

Metaphorically, I see Los Angeles as a series of opening doors. Inside each room people come and go dispensing information. You walk in and meet someone, and then someone else comes in and you are introduced. Days later, in a different configuration in another room, the same people appear escorting new people. Many impromptu meetings of this nature occurred, as if on cue. It was quite extraordinary how many people I met by chance in such a short time.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown," I said, touching his arm, "I'd like to take the opportunity to introduce you to William Burroughs."

Brown stuck out a hand and said, "Not the William Burroughs, the novelist, author of *Naked Lunch*?"

"The very same," replied Bill. Brown studied Burroughs intently. William seemed shy at first. Then he said, "Well, we came out here to fight Proposition 6 [the California antigay bill]."

Brown replied, "You'll win. The establishment is against it. Have you been in touch with Henry Miller recently?"

"No, I haven't seen him in years."

Brown looked embarrassed. "I somehow always associate you with him," he

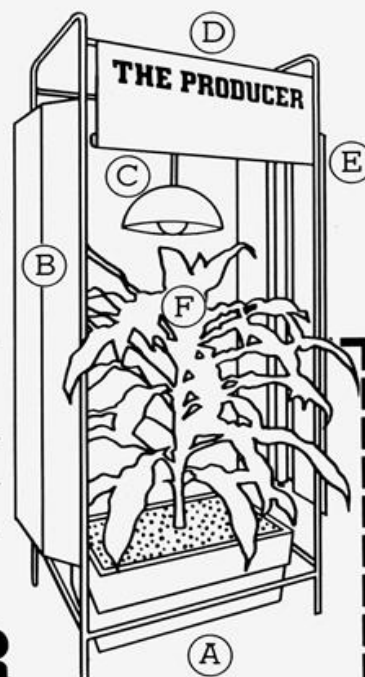
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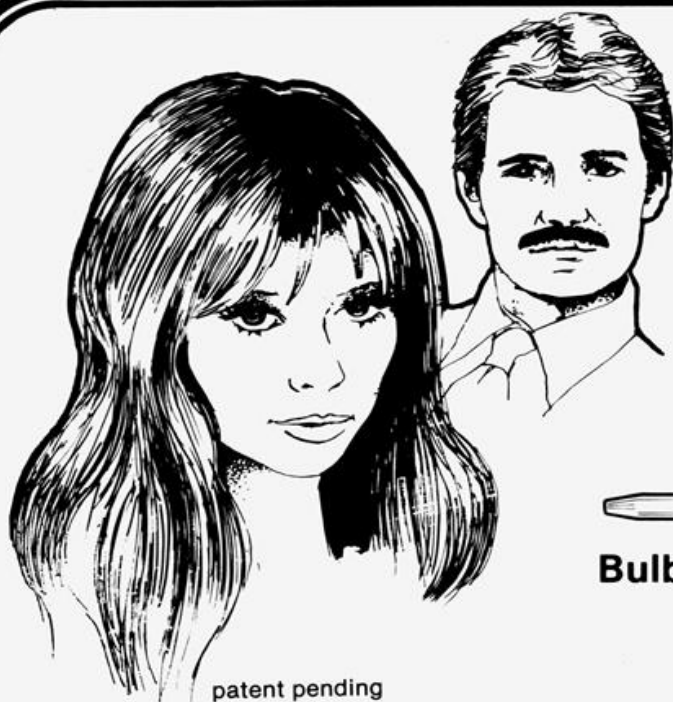
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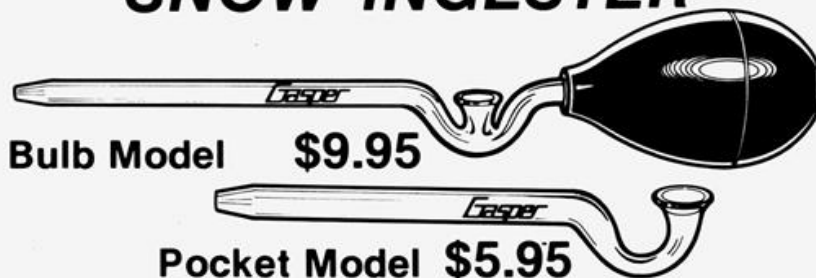


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TRUE FACTS, VOL. 8:

DRUG USE

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NOTE: DON'T LISTEN TO BLEEDING HEARTS ABOUT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS! THE RATS LOVED IT!
 - Reverend Bruce

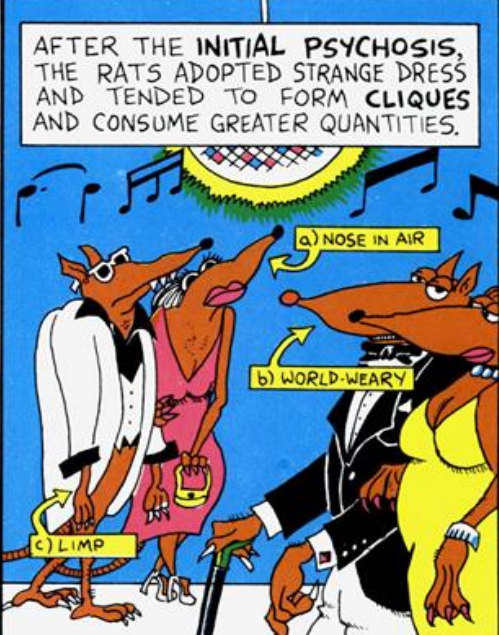
WHEN ALLOWED TO **CONTINUE** THEIR BINGE, THE RATS DISPLAYED A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN BEHAVIOR, EXHIBITING **STRANGE** TWITCHING MOVEMENTS.



SOON, LARGE NUMBERS OF RATS WERE GATHERED IN **FRENZIED GROUPS**.



AFTER THE INITIAL PSYCHOSIS, THE RATS ADOPTED STRANGE DRESS AND TENDED TO FORM **CLIQUE**S AND CONSUME GREATER QUANTITIES.

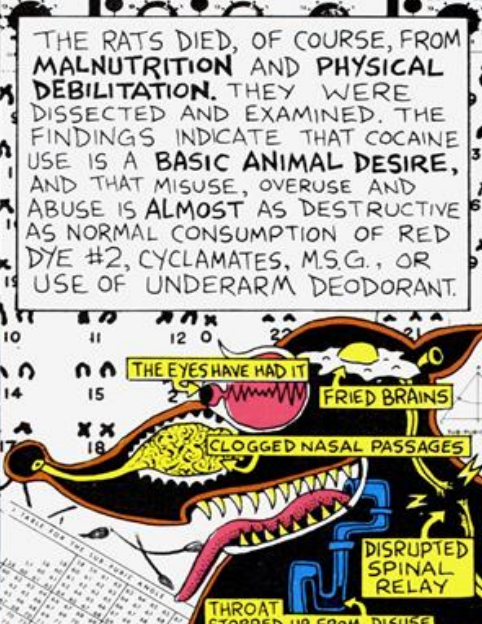


a) NOSE IN AIR
 b) WORLD-WEARY
 c) LIMP


FINALLY THE DRUG TOOK ITS **TOLL**. THE RODENTS LOST CONTROL OF THEIR MOTOR REFLEXES, BECOMING WHAT SCIENTISTS TERM "ZOMBOID."



THE RATS DIED, OF COURSE, FROM **MALNUTRITION** AND **PHYSICAL DEBILITATION**. THEY WERE DISSECTED AND EXAMINED. THE FINDINGS INDICATE THAT COCAINE USE IS A **BASIC ANIMAL DESIRE**, AND THAT MISUSE, OVERUSE AND ABUSE IS **ALMOST** AS DESTRUCTIVE AS NORMAL CONSUMPTION OF RED DYE #2, CYCLAMATES, M.S.G., OR USE OF UNDERARM DEODORANT.



BUT WHAT OF THE **OTHER 27.7%**? THE STUDY SHOWED THAT RATS CHOOSING FOOD OVER COCAINE WEREN'T FUN AT PARTIES AND LIKED TO STAY AT HOME TO WATCH THEIR FAVORITE T.V. SHOWS



THE **COMMERCIALS** ARE BETTER THAN THE **SHOWS!**

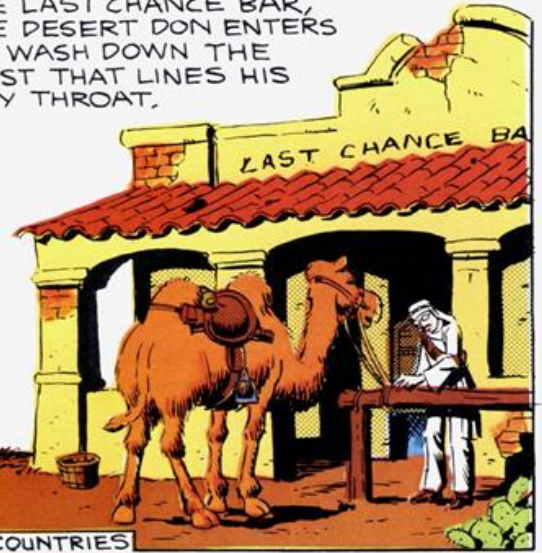
MINE FEELS THE WAY IT SMELLS!

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LAWRENCE OF COLOMBIA IN "HASHABLANCA"



TYING GLASSY OUTSIDE THE LAST CHANCE BAR, THE DESERT DON ENTERS TO WASH DOWN THE DUST THAT LINES HIS DRY THROAT.

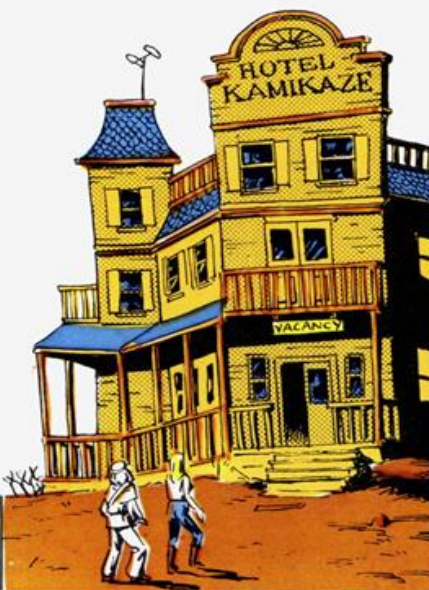


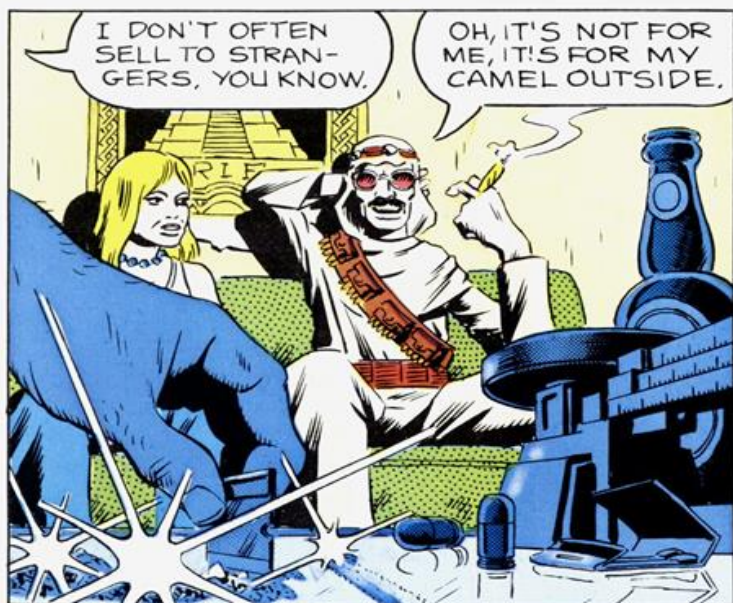
DRINKING HIS FAVORITE "OLD TURTLE" TEQUILA, HE SURVEYS THE GATHERING OF OFF-DUTY DOPERS AND LOCAL SMUGGLERS...



THIS WAS CERTAINLY A BREAK FOR THE HASH-SHEIK, WHO HAD BEEN BRIEFED AT ODEC HEADQUARTERS THAT GANJA DIN AND HIS "HOLE IN THE BONG" GANG WERE PRIME SUSPECTS IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING MARIJUANA CARAVAN.

CROSSING THE STREET, THE PAIR ENTERS THE RUNDOWN KAMIKAZE HOTEL.





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STORY: SHAY ADDAMS ©1979. ART: P. KIRCHNER

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History of the Devil

(continued from page 51)

the spirit of light and the Devil as the spirit of gravity. They are physical principles whose division allows creation. And dancing is the ultimate interaction of light and gravity, the way to attune the two principles. As Nietzsche says, "I should believe only in a God who understood how to dance." The prophet is the boogie man.

The satanic side of rock really began to appear when things got heavy, when opposition to see the establishment created a counter-culture. Since establishment culture had sprung from 2,000 years of Christianity, satanism provided a perfect tradition and cultural context for this seeming rebellion.

Rock 'n' roll became a self-conscious movement with the British Invasion of '64-'65, and almost im-

mediately the rivalry of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones developed into a classic model of Aryan dualist symbolism. While pursuing roughly the same course, the Beatles used "sweetness and light" while the Stones used "blues and heaviness." As the Beatles developed flower power, the Stones would always seem to answer with something similar, yet heavier, more doubtful, even cynical.

The Beatles' hit Aquarian chant "All You Need Is Love" was followed by the Stones' "We Love You," which opened with the sound of a man in shackles and a cell door slamming, followed by a driving piano intro, wailing feedback and a sinister chorus of "We love you's punctuated by Mick's lines like "We hope we do," all working up to a chaotic pipes-of-Pan frenzy.

And when the Beatles made their definitive psychedelic statement with *Sergeant Pepper*, the Stones returned with a manifesto, *Their Satanic Majesties Re-*

quest. The Stones probably didn't originate their satanic reputation; more likely they picked up on their press, knowing a good bad thing when they saw it. If those assholes think we're great forces of evil, we must be great. So the idea stuck and provided an instant adversary angle.

The Stones have been a great model of Blakean satanism, even writing anthems about it like "Sympathy for the Devil" (also a major motion picture by Jean-Luc Godard) and "Dancing with Mr. D." etc. And Altamont had Rolling Stone magazine thinkin' the model was maybe even true. But boys'll be boys. Anyway, I don't think Peter Tosh would cut a record with the Devil.

Plenty of satanic types have come along to make the

Stones seem mild. Lou Reed is more Beelzebubian for sure, and Iggy probably more Luciferian; and Lawd knows P-Funk has the original uncut hoodoo message.

Then Johnny Rotten comes right out singing that Antichrist song just as Eldridge Cleaver's being born again. Oh, well, remember Jesus said he came to divide, right?

Anyway, let's give the Rastas the almost last word on the subject. Jah is a living man and He is God. Jah can't dead, and neither can any man in Jah.

As for the Devil, here's what Peter Tosh says: "Remember Satan . . . That guy no ded . . . De guy a trod eath still . . . Fulfilling his pledge to deceive the world."

So if you're looking for the genuine article, start with the words. That's where the trouble starts.



Satan on Screen

Satan may be the number-one screen attraction of today. Ever since *The Exorcist*, demons have possessed almost everything, including a car and a Boeing 747. Not only has this made for some thrilling screen moments, it has also directly prompted a few possessions and indirectly induced a real possession fad.

One of the most interesting recent Satan flicks was not about possession but about the satanic legion itself. The

Gargoyles, a made-for-TV movie, postulated a race of lizardlike flying demons that awaken from hibernation every thousand years to contest with man for control of the Earth. Their leader consistently reincarnates as Lucifer, and he would have won this time around had he not begun to lust after one of our women, which caused him to neglect the battle.

The greatest devil portrayals have been by Ray Walston in *Damn Yankees*, Peter Cook in *Bedazzled*, Vincent Price in *The Story of Mankind*, Alan Mowbray in *The Devil with Hitler*, Claude Rains in *Angel on My Shoulder*, Stanley Holloway in *Meet Mr. Lucifer* and Pierre Clementi in Bunuel's *The Milky Way*. Best supporting role goes to Mr. Anton LaVey of the Church of Satan for his diabolical performance in *Rosemary's Baby*.

Hell has been featured in many films, but perhaps the best was *Dante's Inferno*, Rita Hayworth's first film, which stars Spencer Tracy as the unscrupulous owner of an infernal theme park.

A Devil for Today's Needs

Physics has given us the "black hole" as the new Satan superstar-of-the-universe twist needed for a Darth Vader evocation of the Nietzschean Satan, Lord G. But we all know that this Devil is more an opposing principle than evil. The physical concept of evil is not the black hole, but universal entropy. Which is exactly halfway between that ole-time God and that ole-time Debbil.

The entropic Devil is a strict bore. The worst thing he can do is put you to sleep. Then while you're snoozing, perchance to dream, you wake up and the lights are out. The entropic Devil works through mistakes. You find him in places where nobody is paying attention.

His history is traced in the works of Ishmael Reed, particularly in *Mumbo Jumbo* and *The Last Days of Louisiana Red*. He is also closely associated with Sir Nose D'voidoffunk, in the teachings of P-Funk.

And he looks a lot more like Nixon than Mick Jagger.

The Devil takes tranquilizers, falls asleep at the wheel and works at a nuclear facility.

"It is obvious that a person living at the limit of pain requires a different form of religion from a person who lives securely."—William James, *Alpha 60*

"The Devil is a ballhead. Clean shave. Jah Jah is a Natty Dread."—Max Romeo



Satan in Advertising

Satan's principal advertising clients are Red Devil Paint, Drake's Devil Dogs, Underwood Deviled Ham et al., Gulden's Diablo Mustard, etc.; although the evil principle is apparent in many commercials, often personified in demons, e.g. Mr. Tooth Decay, insects in Raid commercials, Mr. Whipple, engine defects in Bardol commercials, etc. ☐

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Interview: Sante Barrio

(continued from page 45)

that the host government is doing, by making itself look necessary to that country.

High Times: Did the Mexican officials receiving payoffs for letting heroin out of the country make marijuana a priority because there was more money to be made in heroin as opposed to marijuana?

Barrio: The Mexican government doesn't pay too much attention. If you can get hold of that report recently written by the CIA for the U.S. ambassador to Mexico, you will find information contained in it on the attorney general of Mexico, on his involvement in the traffic, and also on other officials in Mexico, and then you will have an answer.

High Times: Have you read that report?

Barrio: No. Kiere read it.

High Times: Did he talk to you about it?

Barrio: He told me he was going to make an arrangement for me to go to the CIA office and read the report.

High Times: If you could speak to Peter Bensinger right now, what would you say to him or ask him?

Barrio: I don't think I would like to speak with Peter Bensinger right now.

High Times: You are an expert on the flow of heroin from Europe to the U.S. DEA press releases say that the so-called French Connection has dried up.

Barrio: I don't believe so. All the traffickers are still there.

High Times: So there is still heroin coming into the U.S. from France?

Barrio: Maybe through France or Asia. The so-called French Connection is still operational.

High Times: Is there still a lucrative traffic in Turkish heroin?

Barrio: Sure.

High Times: How would you characterize the Turkish heroin scene?

Barrio: Based on DEA findings, there is very little Turkish heroin coming into the United States, but I don't know how they came up with that.

High Times: Did you ever find so-called Mafia types setting up young freebooters to take the heat off of a larger operation?

Barrio: Oh yes. That's a technique that is used by the mob all the time. And the DEA continues to take bait. That accounts for a large percentage of the young people who went to prison.

High Times: Is your life in jeopardy right now?

Barrio: If there is an opportunity for anyone to retaliate against me for what I did to them, I will be a target.

High Times: Do you feel the DEA is out to get you?

Barrio: I never trusted the motives of the DEA. I trusted some people in the DEA. I surely trust the DEA less now than I did before I was arrested. ☐

Reefer Madness

(continued from page 67)

High Times would like to point out the following facts:

1) No direct connection has been demonstrated between former NORML head Keith Stroup's possible bronchitis and his alleged ten-year marijuana use.

2) Smoking marijuana has not been shown to be a significant cause of motor vehicle accidents.

3) Smoking marijuana has not been shown to be a health hazard.

4) Marijuana may be shown to contain chemicals that might be carcinogenic under some conditions, but no evidence exists that would connect marijuana smoking and cancer, even in parts of the world where both heavy marijuana and tobacco smoking can be observed.

5) Boring teachers are more likely to cause inattention in the classroom than a marijuana high.

The most impartial observer couldn't help but notice that NBC's style of journalism—interview someone for six hours and then take the most sensational five sentences and intercut them with street scenes—can make anyone take any position. I don't know what Keith Stroup thought of what he said to the NBC cameras, but I'll bet he wasn't pleased when he saw the outcome. Dr. Cohen also may have winced a few times. DuPont, on the other hand, probably fretted that he didn't put quite enough emphasis on the word "horrendous" when he talked about the possible effects of deep-lunging grass smoke. Stroup, America's top marijuana advocate until recently, was edited down to a man conceding yes, well maybe it's dangerous, maybe it's killing me, but don't I have the right? I don't think they captured the essence of the man's position. But NBC did show the dangers of taking too liberal an attitude on marijuana.

You can't fight the barbaric marijuana laws of the world by guessing that marijuana isn't too bad. This kind of monstrous propaganda, designed to deceive young and old, wouldn't be necessary unless marijuana posed a positive threat to a degenerate system.

Marijuana smoking is a cultural right. It is part of the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness for millions of Americans of all ages. For many of these people, it is, in fact, a religious sacrament. NBC's "Reading, Writing and Reefer" is cultural warfare.

Then again, it's easy to see why NBC is pissed. They're out of touch. They cancelled their entire '78 fall lineup. So what else is new? Who told the government to give them the airways anyway? If you love marijuana and/or the Constitution, boycott NBC until they give us an hour of equal time. We'll try to get Peter Tosh to host. Jump back, Edwin. ☐

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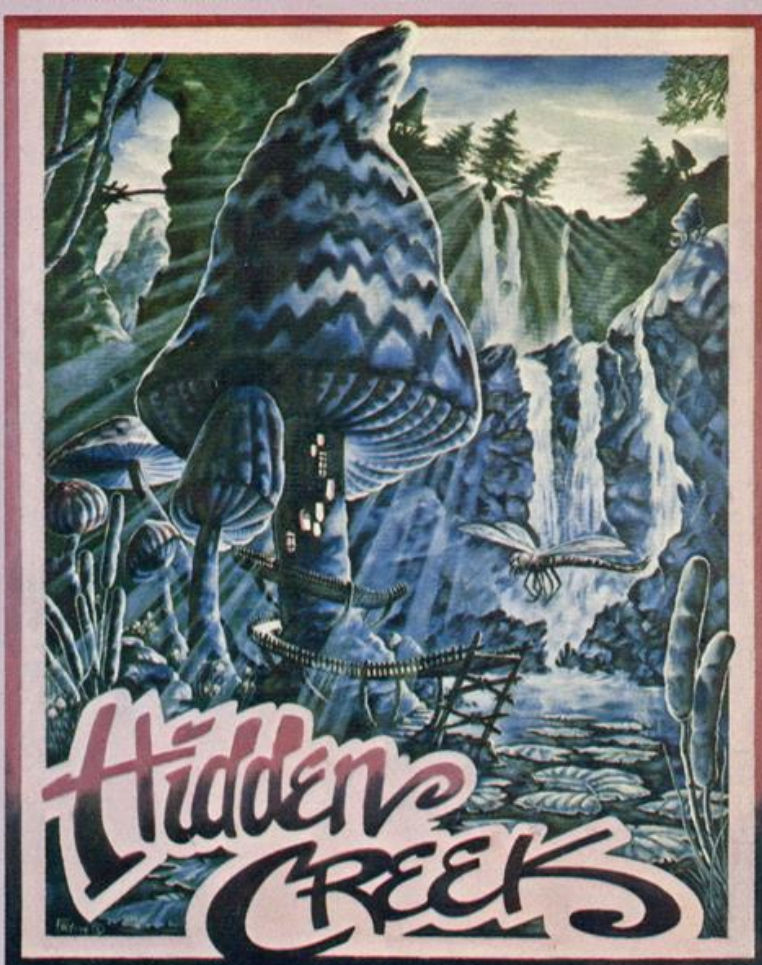


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Freedom from Religion Foundation Swells

Movement Mounts to Fight Religion's Take-Over of Media

MADISON, WISCONSIN—The Freedom from Religion Foundation (FFRF) is a quickly growing, nationwide movement of people (agnostics, atheists and even true believers) who perceive the colossal political and economic power wielded by religious outfits in this country as a very real threat to democratic freedoms.

According to the Association of Religious Broadcasters, one new radio station devoted entirely to religious broadcasting opens somewhere in the U.S. every week, and religious television stations open at the rate of one per month. "These are frightening statistics," says FFRF national president Anne Gaylor, of Madison. "We must wake up and recognize what is happening to our airwaves. These stations stifle free speech; they are little religious empires that offer no opportunity for opposing views to be heard."

Under federal law, Gaylor points out, the airwaves in the U.S. are regarded as public property and are supposedly leased by the Federal Communications Commission only to groups responsible and responsive to the public. Yet none of the religions operating TV or radio stations allows views opposed to their own dogmas to be aired, she charges; and most of them draw in huge profits from their preachers' supposedly special abilities to save people's souls from "sin," "death," "hell" or whatnot—advertising claims that cannot be verified. "Give me a million dollars and I will save a million souls," many media evangelists have actually guaranteed. The Federal Trade Commission, Gaylor suggests, should police this sort of nonsense just as it bans overinflated ads for soap and kitchen appliances.

"Isn't it time to insist on truth in television?" Gaylor insists. "Certainly, at the very least, disclaimers should precede and follow all religious broadcasts."

Media ministers who claim to possess and display "faith-healing" powers are particularly harmful, according to the FFRF. In the '30s and '40s, during the heyday of radio, evangelist Oral Roberts would offer small pieces of magic "healing" cloth from his Oklahoma station. "I remember my aunts," says a friend of Gaylor's. "They had these little pieces of cloth that they got through the

mail from Oral Roberts, and they would put them on their radios while he spoke. Then they'd apply the pieces of cloth to whatever afflicted parts were bothering them."



FFRF president Anne Gaylor: fighting the "religious empires" inundating the airwaves.

Today's healers are far more sophisticated in huckstering their supposed special abilities, and more and more people are seriously harmed by such neo-spiritualist quacks. Gaylor points out that people with real physical illnesses often forego treatment by real physicians in favor of some religious demagogue, and their illnesses get worse.

Also many handicapped persons who believe they're going to be "cured" by these quacks often develop serious emotional problems when the cures don't happen.

Handicapped children are particularly vulnerable to this trauma, a handicapped woman told Gaylor. "They blame themselves. The TV tells them, 'Have faith and you will be healed,' and they think when nothing happens the fault is theirs. The children think they must be being punished, that they are too sinful."

Neither the government nor national medical societies shows any interest in stemming such harmful frauds, the FFRF observes. "It is time for the public to take back the airwaves," demands Gaylor. The local Madison CBS affiliate, WISC-TV, has lately been running FFRF ad spots denouncing the antiwoman and antiabortion aspects of many powerful and highly organized religions—but the station charges FFRF for the airtime, whereas it devotes hours every week to religions for free.

Last year's religious holocaust in Georgetown, Guyana, was greatly instrumental in getting new support for the Freedom from Religion Foundation, especially in the Midwest, where Jim Jones had been a notorious faith-healing evangelist for years. Jones, it's known, regularly and purposefully deluded his audiences by pretending to perform "miracle cancer cures"—magicking gory handfuls of chicken guts from the bodies of suppliants, using traditional medicine-show sleight of hand. He'd been doing this openly in Indianapolis for years, Gaylor points out, before he was ordained a full minister in the mainstream, respectable Disciples of Christ church.

Big Brother Haunts Louisiana

MORGAN CITY, LOUISIANA—Nineteen-eighty-four has come five years early to residents of St. Mary's Parish, where henceforth no one may get or change jobs without submitting an official identity card to his or her new employer. To get a card, an applicant's fingerprints must be filed with the St. Mary's sheriff, who checks them routinely with the

FBI; employers who fail to comply with this process will be heavily fined. Supposedly the new parish ID law—Ordinance 837—was passed to combat the local crime rate. But though crime just keeps going up, St. Mary's sheriff Chester Baudin affirms the new system is "certainly a help in identifying people."

Moonie Church Threatens to Take Over U.S. Fishing

by David Osborne, Pacific News Service



Sea Rich indeed. Although aides say Sun Myung Moon is "just very interested in the ocean," the tax-exempt, drone-staffed Moonie organization is moving to monopolize U.S. fishing from the bayous to the Yukon.

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—Two short years after shutting out foreign competition within the 200-mile limit, the American fishing industry has a new menace: Reverend Sun Myung Moon's controversial Unification church.

From the day Reverend Moon's advertising agent announced, in the summer of 1976, that Moon would "make fish a staple" in this country, the church has poured millions into the business.

Under the corporate aegis of International Oceanic Enterprises, the church now has operations on virtually every American coast: processing plants in Virginia, California and soon Alaska, tuna fishing and lobster dealing in Massachusetts, and boat building

in Alabama.

"Reverend Moon is just very interested in the ocean," says Aidan Barry, head of the church in New England. "He feels it's the last frontier on this earth and one which is extremely necessary to put this earth back in orbit."

"We're pretty realistic in that we can't fund raise forever. Right now fund raising is our financial lifeline," said Sullivan. "We eventually want to shift the emphasis out of fund raising and put the emphasis on business."

But the Moonies' arrival in fishing communities has been greeted with open hostility. They have unanimously been declared unwelcome by the Bayou La Batre, Alabama, city council; and the mayor of Gloucester, Massachusetts, told Moonies they would

have "strap marks on [their] asses before [they] get a permit out of me." They have been the subject of an industry-wide alert sent out by a rival fish dealer in Norfolk, Virginia, as well.

Inevitably, local residents get wind of the accusations made by ex-Moonies and parents against the church: It lures recruits in under false pretenses, subtly brainwashes them, then sends them out on the streets for long hours and little pay to build Reverend Moon's fortune and political clout. But the real uproar starts when local businesspeople find themselves in competition with the Moonies, who use church members for most of their labor and have access to ready cash from the church's various corporate branches.

"Every dealer in the city is afraid of them," explains one Gloucester lobster dealer. "They've got personnel you can't match, they've got money you can't match, they don't pay taxes like you. There's just no way you can compete with them."

While the Moon fishing enterprises are U.S.-registered corporations, some critics believe they are violating the spirit, if not the letter, of the 200-mile law because the church has been found to have clear connections with the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. Many U.S. fish dealers also charge that the Moonie businesses are using the church's tax-exempt status and deep-pocket capital to gain unfair—if not illegal—advantages.

The House Subcommittee on International Organizations, which recently issued a report on the Unification church, did not specifically investigate the fishing operations. But it did charge the entire "Moon organization"—church and businesses—with systematically violating U.S. tax, immigration, banking, currency and Foreign Agents Registration Act laws.

U.S. Dooms Mexican Student Leader

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Self-exiled Mexican student leader Hector Marroquin has been ordered to return to the custody of the Mexican police, who will undoubtedly torture and probably murder him after his arrival. U.S. immigration authorities nixed Marroquin's bid for political asylum last winter after he'd spent five years here, and ordered his extradition to face political charges in his own country—charges including several "terrorist" incidents that were supposedly committed well after Marroquin fled to the States in 1973.

The State Department dismissed Marroquin's fears of torture and murder as groundless. However, after a long investigation, a U.N. human-rights group called the Commission of Inquiry into Mexico has determined that Marroquin will inevitably become one of the 3,500 inmates who are routinely tortured by Mexican cops every year. He has also been targeted by the Mexican vigilante squad El Brigada Blanca—a rightist group of cops—for summary execution.



Q: How many heads are in this picture? A: They're all heads. Last year's Fifth Avenue Pot Parade ran more than six New York City blocks. This year's fete is scheduled to start at high noon, May 5th, in Washington Square Park.



The Kickapoos: enigmatic wanderers across the U.S.-Mexican border, apparently doomed by an astronomical infant mortality rate.

Museum of the American Indian, Hiye Foundation

The Kickapoos—Nomads of the Modern World

by Emil Zubryn, Pacific News Service
CUERNAVACA, MEXICO—Homelessness underscored by periodic ritualized rape and epidemic alcoholism are the cultural highlights of an exotic tribe of Americans best known through Al Capp's comic-strip world, Dogpatch. The people are the Kickapoos. But they are not imaginary.

Kickapoos are a disappearing tribe of some 70 families whose land is scattered over four states—Texas, Oklahoma, Utah and Nevada—and across some 17,500 acres in Coahuila, Mexico, deeded to them by the revolutionary patriot Benito Juarez.

The Kickapoo chieftain is called Chaketakurita. He is about 70 years old. The certainty of his encroaching death is a reflection of the quiet desperation of his people.

"We know we're going to die out," he says,

shrugging. "Our infant mortality rate is very high, and we know that we are doomed. Only one of six survives today, and so one day, soon, we will just disappear. The god of thunder wants it so, so be it!"

Chaketakurita rules the senior citizens mostly in communal matters. The younger Kickapoos acknowledge a 22 year old, Medzuza, as their leader.

This dual chieftainship is a unique Kickapoo trait, with the youthful heir to the nomad throne having as his badge of office a rather ancient saddle.

"We don't have much ceremonial or political life," Chief Chaketakurita said. "The older chief is selected by an informal assembly of the tribe. When a youth passes 30, his leadership is transferred to a teenager, again on a very informal basis. There is no fighting or

vying for office, and there is no material gain to it—it is just tradition."

Otherwise, there is very little formal tradition among the tribe. They do not know their origins or their history. "All we know, vaguely," Chaketakurita said, "is that we came from somewhere to the north, but we can't pinpoint it exactly."

The Kickapoos don't bother with many laws, rules or regulations. "We respect each other," Chaketakurita explained, "and the only standard we do have is an agreement between two families when two youngsters decide to live together and have kids. The two who want to form a life together ask the respective parents, and permission is granted."

The Kickapoo chief omitted volunteering the fact that prior to forming a pair, the young man usually rapes the lady of his choice. It's a tribal custom and the Kickapoos are touchy about it, and about their heavy drinking, which they deny with passion to outsiders.

Actually, the Kickapoos are hard drinkers, but they are also hard workers. In Mexico they raise goats and cattle, and along the margins of the Sabinas River they plant corn, beans, wheat, pumpkins and melons. They trek more than five hours through inhospitable country to market crops and livestock, but only at irregular intervals.

The Kickapoos live a completely segregated life in Mexico, and authorities have long given up troubling themselves about them since overtures many years ago were always met with distrust. Their land rights were confirmed during the regime of Lazaro Cardenas, and that is why the names of Juarez and Cardenas stick as that of champions of the tribe.

In the summer the Kickapoos cross the border—at least those not too sick, or infirm, or poor—and trek to lands they have in Texas, Utah, Oklahoma and Nevada, those deeds being ratified during the time of President Franklin Roosevelt's administration.

"Our lands both here in Mexico as well as in the United States were left to us by white men and half-breeds because they are valueless," chief Chaketakurita said. "Nobody covets them, and that's why we can keep them."

NYC Suburb Forced to Adopt Ecology

HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK—This Long Island community has been forced by sheer weight of garbage to initiate a program of gathering energy from it. This spring the town installed a civic waste-to-energy conversion system (over the strenuous objections of entrenched area power suppliers) and began turning gunk into electricity at the rate of two million kilowatts per 4,000 pounds of garbage. Starting with nearby Bridgeport, similar systems will be built in other Eastern cities.

Opposition to this economical and ecologically beneficial system delayed its implementation until the last possible minute. "We just had nowhere to go," said the town sanitation commissioner. "We're wall-to-wall people and we were filling landfills unconscionably high." Ultimately the only way to get rid of the crap was to convert it into enough electricity to run the converter itself—with enough extra power inadvertently supplied to run half the town.

Pilot Program to Save Kiddie Hookers

NEW YORK CITY—The rage over the sexual exploitation of children has become a cause celebre of the '70s. And now the federal government has stepped in by funding a treatment center for child prostitutes and children involved in pornography aged 6 to 16.

Designed as a pilot project, the program will be operated by the drug-rehabilitation group Odyssey House, located here in the blighted Lower East Side. The beginning goal is to treat 40 children on an outpatient basis, out of an estimated 1,200 child prostitutes now on the streets. Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, founder and president of Odyssey House, says, "We cannot possibly clean up the problem, but we can set up a

modality for when society wants to act."

"Hollywood," one of the first children admitted to the program, has a story to tell indicative of the milieu she comes from: "When I was 9, I had incest with my stepfather. I became a prostitute when I was 11. My pimp, 'Love,' hit me with a baseball bat, burned my hand with a cigarette and once threatened to cut my vagina if I didn't deliver \$5,000 in six hours. Still I stayed because he showed some affection."

"Children are the best slaves we have in this country," Dr. Densen-Gerber says. The government is spending \$340,000 over the next three years "to figure out how to free some of them."

Rio Courts Face Collapse

Judges May Ban Courthouse Flunkies

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL—The flimsy judicial system in this nation's capital may shortly break down entirely, but the head of the labor court, Judge Mauro Fichtner Pereira, insists the country will be better for it in the long run. As it now stands, the system is appallingly inefficient, with thousands of criminal

and civil cases waiting for years on end just to get on a docket. Only the hundreds of nonprofessional courthouse loungers called *bagrinhos*—"little catfish"—hold it together at all, and now they face removal by statute from the courtrooms.

Bagrinhos subsist mainly on unofficial, un-

taxed tips from judges, lawyers, prosecutors, bailiffs and guards. By distributing briefs around the various courthouses, handling writs and petitions and doing various odd jobs, a *bagrinho* can earn up to \$100 a week in Rio, whereas a minimum-wage worker makes only \$80 a month. A long and deeply entrenched tradition, *bagrinho* services have become essential to such petty but indispensable functions as making certain that legal documents are properly stamped and filed, and they're even used to transcribe some pretrial testimony and take routine correspondence dictation from judges and attorneys. Many *bagrinhos*, in fact, have established through the years a professional competence as legal clerks.

However, the fact is that none of them is registered on the tax rolls or with social security or labor unions. So, during last year's election campaign, Judge Jayme Henrique Alreau of the 17th District made a virtuous show of banning all *bagrinhos* from his courtroom and chambers, calling them "outsiders who have absolutely no legal ties to the government or the courts." A few other judges soon did the same. But not until Judge Pereira took up the anti-*bagrinho* campaign was the system seriously endangered.

As a powerful labor judge, Pereira's decision has considerable clout. As he explains it, though, the eventual effect of the *bagrinho* ban will undoubtedly be to provide highly improved court services. "What we must do is incorporate the *bagrinhos* into the court system and pay them decent salaries," he declares, "so they don't have to depend on tips and commissions for their livelihoods. If this means paralyzing our judicial system, then so be it, because the long-range result will be to bring dignity to the courts of Rio de Janeiro."

Cuban Cosmonaut to Visit Space in 1979

NEW YORK CITY—The United Nations' Cuban delegate recently announced to the U.N.'s Special Political Committee that a Cuban cosmonaut will be the first citizen from a Third World nation to travel in space. The Cuban cosmonaut is part of the USSR's "Guest Cosmonaut Program," which started last year with the flights of Czech, Polish and East German cosmonauts. Other space cadets from Hungary, Romania, Mongolia, Bulgaria and Cuba are currently being trained by senior Russian space experts.

The Soviet Union's program has been seen by many Western observers as mainly a political tool, allowing it to give an allied country a psychological boost by launching astronauts born in that nation. A Cuban cosmonaut, because of his Third World background, would have special significance in bridging the psychological space gap for underdeveloped nations. The U.S. is preparing a similar foreign-astronauts program with a group of western European nations in the joint NASA Shuttle/Spacelab venture.



Brazilian dictator General Joao Baptista Figuerido actually went on the stump in the last congressional election. Seen here pressing the flesh with some Xavante Indian chiefs, the campaign-trail tyrant pledged he'd be Brazil's last dictator.

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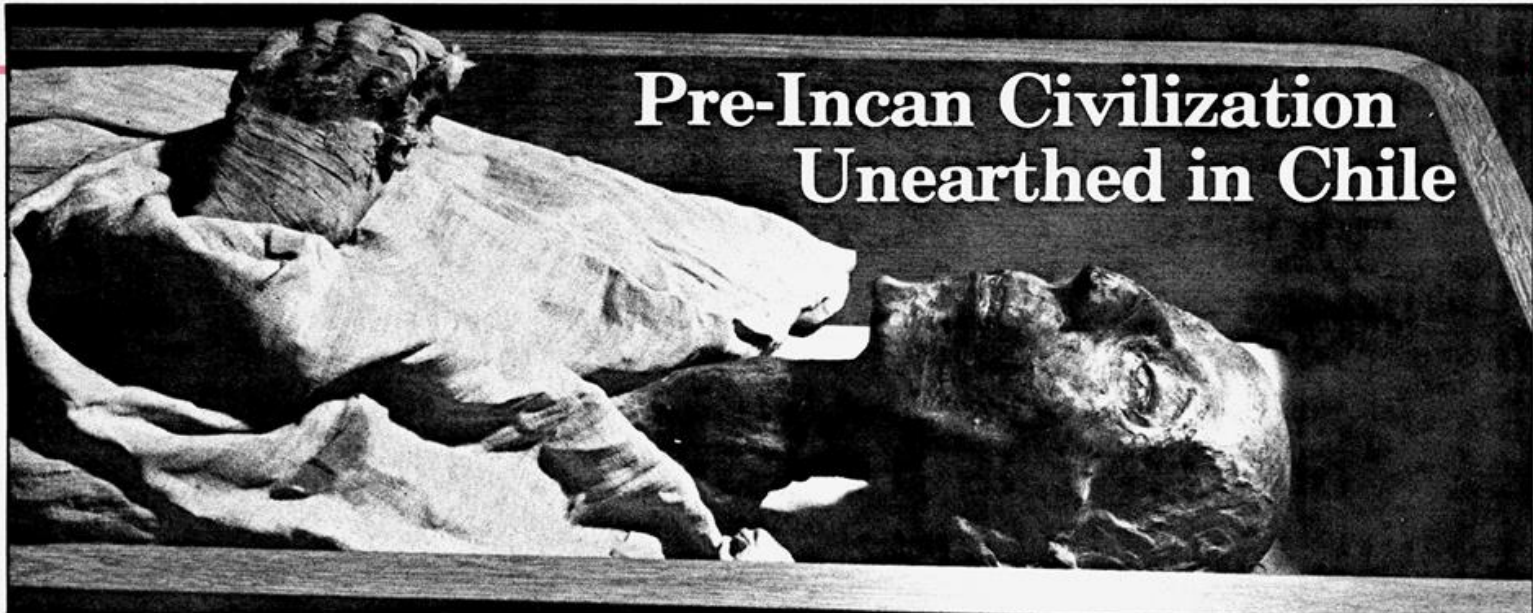
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Pre-Incan Civilization Unearthed in Chile

The Chinchorros of ancient Chile had mummification perfected 3,000 years before the birth of Christ.

IQUIQUE, CHILE—The ruins of a pre-Inca city, dating from before 250 B.C., have been discovered in the desert north of here and may well yield more solid information about the fabled "Tiahuanaco" civilization of prehistoric South America than had ever been hoped for. To date, enigmatic ruins like the "Gate of the Sun" on Lake Titicaca in Peru, or the weird diagrams on the plain of Nazca near the Pacific, have been the only indications of a civilization predating the Incas.

The paucity of solid archaeological information about these remains—and the odd coincidence that a civilization called the "Chinchorros," located here around 3-2000 B.C., invented mummification to inter their

dead—has led to wild speculations that prehistoric Andeans were linked to dynastic Egypt by a now sunken continent called Atlantis or by colonizing "UFO gods" from outer space.

The Acama Desert ruins were spotted in the department of Tarapaca last winter by retired air-force commander General Eduardo Iensen while flying a scout plane on an amateur archaeological expedition. After General Iensen copterped back in with Dr. Patricio Advis of the University of Chile, the site was sealed off to intruders and a commis-

sion entitled the Chilean Scientific Foundation was created to excavate the town.

It is believed that Tarapaca's ruins have been left mostly unspoiled since the blitzkrieg of coca-chewing Incas from Peru wiped out the old Tiahuanacan order around 200 A.D. and imposed their own empire, Tiahuanacinsuyo. Other local Tiahuanacan relics include a giant hieroglyph inscribed on Unita Hill near Arica on the Pacific coast and a series of large petroglyphs representing condors, foxes, llamas and humans, much like the Nazca designs.

U.S. Oil Company Builds Port in Guajira

RIOHACHA, COLOMBIA—Repairing and expanding the harbor here, something the Colombian bureaucracy has always been reluctant to do, will be financially undertaken by Texas Petroleum Company, an American corporation. Fifty years ago Riohacha, the capital of La Guajira, was a busy Atlantic port, but the passing of time and lack of repairs caused the closing of the port facilities, with a subsequent economic slump hitting the city. Guajirans agree that it was the lack of interest of the provincial and national governments that transformed this peninsula into a piracy haven, making pot the area's most profitable product by far.

Texas Petroleum Company is drilling at a site near the old port called "El Pajaro." The peninsula borders on the southwest the Gulf of Maracaibo, Venezuela's richest oil region; Venezuela supplies La Guajira with some of its most vital public services, such as water and energy. The Texas tycoons may have seen an advantage, then, to negotiate independently of Bogota with the Guajirans. This may explain why they contracted a million-dollar project with a local firm, instead of any government agency, to undertake a thorough repair and expansion of the Riohacha port facilities. The new harbor will not only boost life in Riohacha; if the golden Guajiran grass is ever legalized, local dope lords will have modern facilities from which to ship their merchandise.



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This 1940 photo of "Baby Face" Churchill hefting a tommy gun while checking England's defenses was used in Nazi propaganda to portray the English prime minister as a brute. Eight years later, Churchill forsook such piddling weapons and wanted to solve the Berlin blockade by incinerating Russia. (The face of the man at Churchill's elbow—a senior member of the British Secret Service—was obliterated by British censors.)

Churchill Wanted to Nuke Russia in '48

LONDON, ENGLAND—Sir Winston Churchill's proposal for ending the USSR's 1948 blockade of Berlin, it can now be revealed,

was to nuke Russia back into the Stone Age. Thanks to a British state-security law, Churchill's holocaust strategy was finally disclosed late last year, after 30 years of secrecy. While American records of this kind are kept under wraps for an even longer time, some sensitive British documents of the murky postwar political period are now being released. Churchill's suggestion may be only the first of many appalling records expected to be uncovered.

In 1948, Churchill was the powerful leader of the Conservative opposition in Parliament: his H-bomb proposal was rejected by Labor's Prime Minister Clement Attlee and President Harry Truman after Sir Winston had brought it up in a chat with Attlee.

Jet-Powered Venice Cops Nail Canal Smugglers

VENICE, ITALY—Speedboat police in this canal-riddled city could give lessons to cops anywhere in the aquatic interception of smugglers—although the main contraband that comes into Venice is untaxed tobacco cigarettes, not grass. The city is situated on a series of islands off the coast of northern Italy, affording smugglers nearly 500 miles of twisting narrow canals to work in, plus a broad inner lagoon between Venice and the mainland that is treacherous with ever-shifting mud reefs. Since the medieval streets of Venice are too narrow for squad cars, all police work is done from tiny, high-powered speedboats—a hundred of them divided among three law-enforcement agencies.

The most active agency, the federal Carabinieri, has been dealing with "mother ship" smuggling operations for over a generation. Typical smuggling procedure is for the contraband to be off-loaded from a freighter docked at the main shipping channel—as much as 20 tons of illicit smoke to a haul—onto large motorboats, which disburse them by night to small speedboats among the canals.

Cop chases through the Venetian canals can be frustrating and hazardous. "At low water, some of the canals are impassable," explains Colonel Andrea Castellano. "When the water is very high, some boats will not clear under the bridges. And then there is always the problem of fog."

Even more treacherous is the 215-square-mile lagoon, which looks like open water but is only inches deep in most places. Smugglers in the past have been able to get the edge on the cops by secretly buoying the most recently dredged channels, leading fuzzi full tilt into sandbars, while they scoot away through deep water. Venice cops, though, are introducing jet-stream speedboats that glide on the water's surface like spiders, giving them assured tactical superiority—until the smugglers start laying in their own jet-stream engines.

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Brit "Treatment" Grows Breasts on Male Sex Offenders

WORMWOOD SCRUBS, ENGLAND—In the special wing of the medium-security prison here that holds sex offenders, many male convicts have developed sizable feminine breasts through hormone treatments designed to reduce their sex drives. Ever since the 1940s, males convicted of sexual crimes—rape, child molestation, incest, and even exhibitionism and homosexual activity—have been administered large and regular doses of estrogen, the female sex hormone, to "diminish their libido," as prison shrinks put it. This is the same hormone used in most women's birth-control pills, and in long-term male prisoners its proven side effects—greater risk of blood clotting, thrombosis and embolism—are much graver than in women who take it voluntarily and may discontinue it at will.

Once in the nick on a sex rap, prisoners are encouraged to submit to estrogen treatment by prison authorities. Although early parole

is not specifically promised in return, many inmates undoubtedly agree to the treatment with hopes of early release, especially those who are up for long stretches. Only after "treatment" has begun do they learn that massive estrogen injections in men commonly cause nausea and pains in the chest, stomach and testicles. The development of breasts typically occurs within a year or less, and surgeons at most prisons flatly refuse to remove them. It is virtually impossible for a prisoner, having once accepted estrogen treatment, to obtain a discontinuance.

Most ironically, the fundamental "libido reducing" premise of estrogen "therapy" has been known to be utterly invalid for decades. The mode of expression of a man's sex drive may be altered by estrogen somewhat—from child molestation to active or passive homosexuality, for instance—but the drive itself in no wise "diminishes."

Used Nuclear Plants Pose Dismantling Problem

by Rasa Gustaitis, Pacific News Service

Amid worldwide controversy about nuclear waste disposal, an even tougher problem has arisen: how to get rid of a used-up nuclear power plant that will be too hot to dismantle for decades without exorbitant expenses and hazards.

The 100-megawatt reactor in Niederaichbach, Germany, was closed in 1974 because of defects. Since then it has been under 24-hour guard because, despite the removal of the uranium that fueled it, the entire installation is radioactive. Authorities plan to maintain it under guard at least 25 years, at a cost of \$75,000 annually. Similar radioactive ghost fortresses are likely to proliferate in Europe and North America as nuclear plants reach the end of their life span, estimated at 30 years.

In Western Europe, about 16 plants are expected to be permanently put out of action by 1990. In the United States, 60 to 70 small-scale installations, most of them experimental and prototype plants, have been decommissioned so far. But 71 commercial plants, mostly of 1,200 megawatts, are now in operation and eventually will have to be put away, posing unprecedented problems.

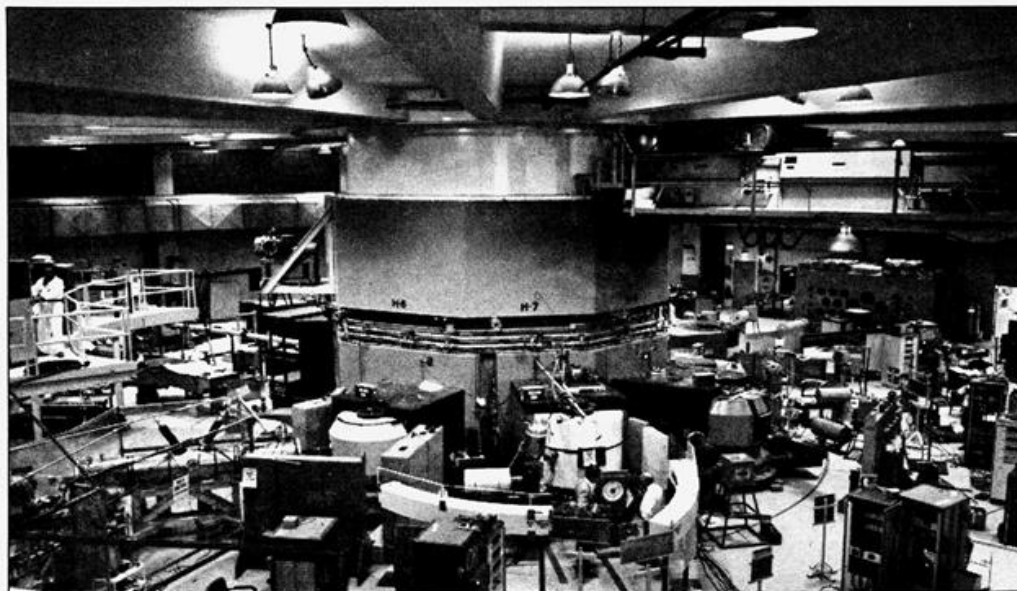
"Entombment" is one disposal method under consideration, according to Carl Goldstein, assistant vice-president of the Atomic Industrial Forum. It involves encasing the entire plant in cement for 100 years and rigging it with intrusion alarms. Or the plant could be guarded round-the-clock for a century, then dismantled, Goldstein said. The term for this alternative is "mothballing."

"Utility companies don't think this would be a terrific burden," Goldstein added. Some, he said, are planning to put money away for decommissioning costs. Goldstein estimated that such costs for a large single reactor would run \$30 to \$40 million, about 6 or 7 percent of the plant's cost. But entombment costs of one reactor, at Oyster Creek, New Jersey, have been estimated by industry sources at half the construction costs.

Ten Years of Porno Leaves Danes Healthy and Bored

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK—In the decade since virtually all restrictions on the publication and sale of smut have been lifted here, conspicuous changes have been apparent in the rate of many sorts of sex crimes. Child molestation, for instance, has plummeted 56 percent throughout Denmark. Indecent exposure has dropped by 58 percent, and 80 percent of all voyeurs have clearly given up the recreation as unnecessary.

The incidence of rape also declined, though not as dramatically, in the early '70s but seems nowadays to be rising back toward its former level. Interestingly, this coincides with a steady drop in local consumption of smut by Danes everywhere. According to the University of Copenhagen, the stuff today is produced mainly for export to England and the United States.



After 30 years of operation, nuclear plants "burn out," turning the entire installation into an expanse of radioactive garbage. The costs of dealing with the danger effectively are as enormous as building the plant in the first place.

Immediate dismantling, if possible without undue hazards to workers and people in the area, would run much higher. The only power plant to have been dismantled fully in the United States so far is at Elk River, Minnesota, and the cost exceeded construction. That 30-megawatt demonstration facility, only one-fourth the size of commercial reactors now coming into use, was passed to the Dairyland Power Cooperative by the Atomic Energy Commission. It was shut down by order of the state's pollution control agency because it leaked.

The AEC planned to entomb the installation, but the cooperative, armed with a con-

tract that promised the AEC would restore the site to original condition when the plant's usefulness was over, insisted on dismantling. To avoid contamination by radioactive dust, the facility was first encased in concrete, then flooded. From 1972 to 1973, divers with acetylene torches took apart the equipment underwater.

The cost of that job, \$6.5 million, suggests that dismantling a 1,200-megawatt plant would require \$260 million. But with inflation continuing, it could go much higher. The alternative would appear to leave the mammoth powerplant ruins standing, to be dealt with by future generations.

Dresden Dons Blue Jeans

DRESDEN, EAST GERMANY—American blue jeans are available on open sale at last in stores here and in East Berlin, though the supply is still limited to one pair to a customer. The U.S. "Flying Tigers" air-transport corporation, after extended negotiations with both the East and West German

governments and store proprietors, flew in over 100,000 pairs of the prized Western breeches in 1978. Dresdeners line up for blocks anytime a store offers a new shipment, even though the going rate here is \$75 a pair. Late this year, it's hoped that distribution will be extended to other cities.

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Boob Tube Shines Behind Bamboo Curtain

PEKING, CHINA—This country's nearly one billion people are rapidly becoming television addicts, even though they have only one million sets so far. Last year, President Hua kuo-Feng told a special assembly of the People's Congress that "maximum use can be made of this medium for both education and propaganda," and before long everyone in the country knew Abbott and Costello by sight. TV also popularized capitalist-style betting last fall, when the World Cup football competition was broadcast live from Argentina to over 100 million viewers. And less than a year after President Hua's historic TV pronouncement, people are already complaining of too many reruns and of the way children seem to become weirdly hypnotized for hours every Saturday morning by cartoons.

Of course, Chinese kiddie cartoons are nothing like "Pebbles and Bamm-Bamm," being more along the lines of "How You Can Be a Good Little Red Soldier," but the hypnotic effect on the kids seems to be the same. Of the four evening hours aired every week-night by the Central Broadcast Administration, at least two are taken up by bland lectures on Marxist-Leninist principles, but city people still flock by the dozens to cram themselves into the apartments of lucky TV owners, even to watch the propaganda. And on weekends, when eight nonstop hours of sports and old American slapstick are offered, country peasants trudge for miles to watch the nearest commune's single TV set.

The Hsinshua News Service boasts that more TVs were sold in the last six months of 1978 than in all six thousand years of Chinese history—though the country still imports far fewer sets per month than Taiwan does per week. Whenever a new shipment of Japanese Hitachis goes on sale downtown here, the sets are snapped up within hours, even at the stiff government-set price of \$1,600 for a 20-inch color model. Domestic TV manufacturers

have a six-month waiting list for their models at the same prices. Oddly, the Hungarian "Silver Star" black-and-white model, priced at only \$400, sells much more slowly: East European sets are notoriously defective in reception, and the Chinese have already become too sophisticated to buy them, it seems.

TV prices should start to drop sometime next year, when the first big Hitachi-Toshiba plant begins full production in central China's Sian Province. The Japanese would like to speed the process up considerably by opening an integrated-circuit factory in Kiangsu but must await NATO approval for it, since integrated circuits can be used in war technology.

The influx of TVs into Chinese cities—along with other unknown luxury items like Swiss watches and Japanese cameras—is seen as a ploy by the government to reduce inflation. City rents average \$2 per month, so that even householders averaging only \$50 a month have plenty of bread salted away in their bank accounts. The sudden appearance of seductive luxuries like TV is clearly the Teng regime's way of getting the money back into circulation.

Letters criticizing the quality of government programming have begun to appear regularly in the government press. "Carefully check your weekly schedule," a certain Chai Chang-lo recently admonished other Pekingese in the Peking Daily. "Apart from one or two new films of dubious artistic quality and a few very old movies resurrected from political oblivion, the audiences are left to

chew on the same old stuff, day after day."

In the meantime, the government is taking a decidedly cautious approach toward programming, which accounts for the "rerun" complaints. The Ministry of Culture has obtained an abundance of TV films from France and Britain but is still sitting on most of them. "The Sweeneys," a superb dramatic series about Scotland Yard detectives, was recently released—but only after nearly a year of prescreening, to see what effect it might have on proletarian moral values.

But city folk confidently await the inevitable rise in TV quality. They've been waiting for years just for television. "We could have afforded a TV set five or six years ago," admits one middle-aged civil servant, "but were afraid to buy one until last summer. While the Gang of Four was in power, anybody with a TV was criticized for having bourgeois tastes or being a capitalist roader. So why buy trouble?"

Jailbird No. 1 in Philippine Popularity Poll

MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES—President Ferdinand Marcos is far from the most respected political figure in this country, according to a recent poll of Philippine university students. In fact, the man who came out far and away the students' most cherished political hero was Benigno Aquino, 45, a moderate, non-communist opponent of Marcos who has been jailed since 1972, when Marcos declared a state of martial law specifically to put Aquino behind bars and keep him from running for election.

Coming in second on the poll was Jose Maria Sison, 58, chairman of the outlawed Philippine Communist party. Sison was a guerrilla chief in the jungle until his betrayal and capture last year.

The results of this highly embarrassing poll were to have been published in a popular Manila newsweekly last year, but its publication was abruptly suspended for that particular issue "because of printing difficulties."

Disabled Japanese Police Battle Crippled Criminals

TOKYO, JAPAN—The latest division of the Metropolitan Riot Police here consists exclusively of disabled ex-cops and ex-service-men, each of whom lacks either a limb or an eye. Explains a spokesperson: "This squad has been formed to deal with demonstrations by retired pensioners, women and other naturally handicapped persons."



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Japan's Women Shed Kimonos

TOKYO-YOKOHAMA, JAPAN—The kimono seems definitely on the way out these days, at least as an article of women's wear. Though kimono sales account for only 25 percent of the women's lines at big department-store chains like Takashimaya nowadays, the ratio of Japanese men who secretly wear them at home has risen to 13 percent. On the street, almost the only women to wear kimonos are those over 40, though Japanese householders still widely insist that their wives and daughters wear the traditional garments to special ceremonies, formal parties and religious occasions, and at home.

Younger Japanese women actively shun the kimono whenever they can, since in its traditional form the garment is possibly the most uncomfortable ever devised, and the most complicated. Nowadays, in fact, older women specialists are hired to dress girls for formal occasions, a process that usually takes at least 45 minutes, involving 15 different coordinated maneuvers. Three slips go into a kimono, along with a pillow, all held together around the wearer's body by an assortment of tightly bound and knotted cords and a 13-foot *obi* sash wound as constrictively as possible. Sitting is next to impossible in a kimono, while simple breathing and walking are severely inconvenienced.

There is, in fact, a distinctly fetishistic aspect of sexual bondage implicit in the kimono, many students of Oriental society have pointed out. "The height of seduction," notes a book on traditional Japanese eroticism, "is for a woman to mince as though her legs were tied together at the knees—which they are, in a kimono." Along with foot binding and similar practices, the kimono is viewed by many as a symbol of the sexual domination of men over women that has always been a feature of Oriental culture.

So, naturally, over the '70s women have been shedding the kimono like crazy. (The rising incidence of men secretly wearing kimonos, psychologists suggest, is a typical manifestation of sadomasochism: when a "victim" is unavailable, a sadist will typically adopt the masochist role for himself or herself.) However, no particular Western fashion style has so far been substituted for

the kimono, though pants suits seem to be the most common mode among young women currently. Skirts tend to make Japanese women feel self-conscious about showing their legs, while deep-neckline décolleté fashions are generally regarded as ridiculous by both sexes, since breasts have simply never been regarded in Japan as particularly arousing.

particularly arousing.

The back of the *neck*, however, drives both Japanese men and women crazy when displayed. Special geisha kimonos, indeed, feature breathtaking scoop necklines in the back. So far, though, no designer has managed to adapt Western fashions to accentuate the display of the nape of the neck.



Watergate's breed of "born again" repenters is echoed in these four of the "Thammasat 19," recently granted amnesty in Thailand for starting a riot that led to a military coup. The lads enter monkhood at a suburban Bangkok temple.

Buddhist Leader Dies in Jail

HO CHI MINH CITY, VIETNAM—Thich Thien Minh, 57, acting president of the United Buddhist church, has died after two years in prison here. Minh rose to prominence among Viet Buddhists in the 1960s, even after a hand grenade taped under his car in 1966, allegedly by a CIA agent, rendered him a

lifelong invalid. He was declared a "prisoner of conscience" by Amnesty International after being jailed in 1977 by the Le Duan government. A dozen priests and nuns have burned themselves to death since the 1975 NLF victory, to protest the continuing oppression of the Buddhist faith.

Israeli Admiral Charged with Rape

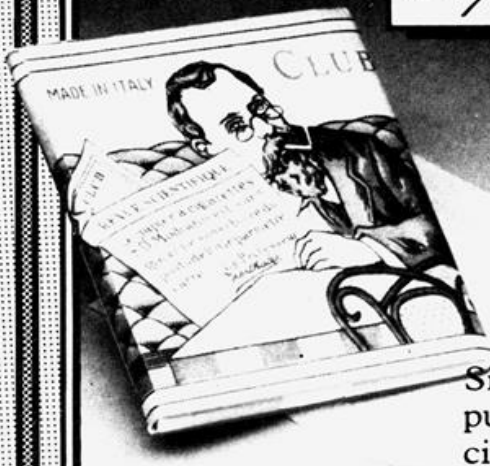
TEL AVIV, ISRAEL—The commander in chief of the Israeli Navy has been dismissed amid charges that he attempted to rape, intimidate and otherwise harass a woman subordinate. The complainant, an army major on liaison detail, took Admiral Michael Barkai, 43, before a military court, charging him with conduct unbecoming an officer.

Although the court met in private session, enough details leaked out to create a good-sized scandal. The basic charges of harassment and attempted rape were allegedly substantiated by the court, who nevertheless acquitted Barkai. The major had embellished her story with considerable elements of outright fantasy, it seems, and had also waited for nearly two years after the fact before pressing charges.

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Whites Leave South Africa, Taking Millions in Cash

CAPE TOWN, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—Authorities here are clamping down hard on the newest variety of smuggling: the shipment of currency and property out of the country by

panicked whites. Recently the president of the South African Association of Chambers of Commerce was busted in Switzerland for trying to deposit in his numbered account

there some \$2 million in traveler's checks that had been "stolen" from him in South Africa but somehow turned up again in his possession in Europe.

Other wealthy but desperate South Africans have been busted here for trying to smuggle out paintings, sculpture, jewels, rare stamps and even caches of gold *Krugerrands* hidden in false-bottomed luggage. By law, people wishing to leave South Africa are allowed to take with them just barely enough currency or negotiable goods to cover basic living expenses until their return. Otherwise, the government clearly fears, they'd be skipping by the thousands, draining tons of capital out of the South African economy—already on the skids thanks to the political unrest in Iran, the prime supplier of South Africa's oil.

The boat-making industry here in Cape Town has been particularly harassed by federal authorities of late. Too many rich South Africans have been pumping millions of dollars into the construction of ultra-luxurious private yachts and then sailing off forever, to cash in on the vessels in Europe and South America.



Immigrant miners from Mozambique line up for daily hyperventilation exercises—to prevent bends when they drop two miles straight down in the Carletonville gold mine near Pretoria. There they scuffle through three-foot-high tunnels to scrape out gold for rich whites to smuggle to Europe.

Disco Politics Convulse Kinshasa

KINSHASA, ZAIRE—President Mobutu Sese Seko has personally banned the number-one hit-parade single in Zaire and jailed TP OK, the disco group who put it out. The "A" side of the single, "Helena," was nixed because the French Christian name supposedly contravenes Mobutu's "African authenticity" guidelines for all Zairean cultural expressions; and the flip side, "Sous-alimentation Sexuelle" ("Sex-Starved"), was condemned as an affront to good morals.

Bandleader Luambo "Franco" Makiadi was given a six-month jail term, though Mobutu had to strip him of the country's highest decoration—the National Order of the Leopard—before he could be prosecuted in court. The other two TP OK musicians were merely pitched into the slam, and all local discos that had been playing the rave single were closed for between two and four months.

Franco Makiadi's jailing, Kinshasa disco buffs suspect, may have been due to motives rather less honorable than the preservation of African moral values. Franco's main top-ten competition, Tabu "Rocheru" Ley, has lately been seen chumming about with some of the president's trendier political henchmen.

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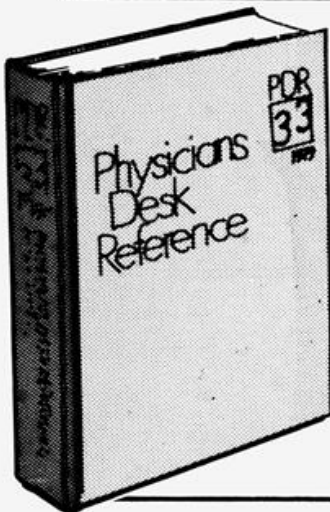
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Will Allah Save the President from Piles?

Devout Muslims up and down the Nile have been strenuously praying all year for the deliverance of the president of the United States from the curse of hemorrhoids. "May Allah cure you, Carter," read a paid-for ad in the Cairo daily *Al Akhbar* recently; the Islamic deity was asked "to rid you of hemorrhoids, because this illness should have been inflicted on an unjust leader rather than you, O Carter."

Similar Israeli supplications on the matter of the president's piles have not been recorded. The last top-rank political leader to have been so severely incapacitated by hemorrhoids was the emperor Napoleon Bonaparte of France, who conquered Egypt in 1798. Napoleon was often observed, on military campaign, weeping in the saddle.

Hard Corps

A judge in Genoa, Italy, dismissed all obscene-activity charges against a young woman caught sunbathing in the nude, saying that there was nothing obscene at all about her body. But the three men nailed with her in the same incident, all equally naked, were convicted and fined \$10 each.

While a nude female on a beach can hardly look more technically "obscene" than a photo in any openly circulated girlie magazine, the magistrate noted, every normal male body has the inherent potential of becoming "hard-core pornographic," even against its proprietor's better judgment or intention. "The male anatomical conformation," it was gravely noted, "can become obscene, even unconsciously."

Germany Hires Air Snorters

Some 80 inveterate stay-at-homes in Mannheim, Germany, have found civil-service employment as "air sniffers," testing for day-to-day changes in local air pollution. These sedentary folks, housewives and pensioners mainly, need only stick their noses out of the window thrice daily, snort the wind and call in what they smell to the city environmental agency. All pretested for their accuracy of smell, the stationary air sniffers will augment mobile air-testing stations and weather reports in the prediction of industrial pollution trends.

No. 8 with a Bullet

Jesus Berrera, an off-duty Mexico City patrolman competing in a jumbo disco marathon, shot his partner dead on the dance floor by accident. Berrera's .22-magnum pistol slipped out of his shoulder holster during a Bee Gees number and clattered to the floor, where it went off and shot the woman through the stomach.

Nothing "Happenings"

Olija Ivanjicki agrees with many observers that the tone of American pop culture has been distinctly on the skids since the '60s, "the best time of invention for all artists." Herself a noted producer of "happenings" in



Even with a faith healer in the family, the prez has to seek relief from Allah, peace be unto him.

Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in the mid '60s, Ivanjicki recently became a resident artist at the Rhode Island School of Design. "We expect in Europe always that something new is happening in the United States," she recently told a crowd at the Yugoslav cultural center in Manhattan. "This time I haven't found it."

At the time, Ivanjicki was displaying her latest collection of pen-and-ink fantasies inspired by turn-of-the-century Dadaist Marcel (*Nude Descending a Staircase*) Duchamp. They had titles like *Camel with the Smile of Mona Lisa* and *Metamorphoza Atomica*.

Biblical Sinspiration

Parishioners at the Church of St. Saviour in London have begun to get just a little uncomfortable at attending Sunday services lately. A year ago their pastor, the Reverend John Pelling, discovered that he possessed a rare gift for mural painting, and by now he has virtually wallpapered the sacristy with inspired Biblical designs from his own hand: designs primarily from the first chapter of Genesis, prominently depicting Eve in her primordial innocence—stark naked. The Reverend Pelling indignantly denies suggestions that his inspirations are "pornographic."

Mop-Top Mecca

The celebrated Tony Sheridan, who gave the Beatles their first big break at his Top Ten Club in Hamburg, West Germany, in 1960, appeared at the gala "reopening" of the Star Club there, where the Beatles first made the European top ten with "Kom Gib Mir Deine Hand." Sheridan was, technically, the only original Beatle to make the affair (when playing at the Top Ten, the Lennon-McCartney-Harrison-Best quartet had been billed as

"Tony Sheridan and the Beatles"). Ringo was supposedly in town, but he never showed up. The music in the still-under-construction Star Club (where 500 people each paid \$50 to dance amid the mess of scaffolds, dangling live wires, roaring buzz saws and bales of insulation) was provided by "Tony Sheridan and the Original Elvis Presley Band."

The Beatles opened at the Star Club—the official site of their rise to stardom—on August 17, 1960. The club closed December 31, 1969. The "reopening" was undertaken by one Horst Fascher and financed by some top Hamburg breweries; the new Star Club is located atop Fascher's Hamburg Disco Club.

Out on a Limb

In Clerimston, England, Daniel Thirsty and his handicapped wife were accosted at an isolated bus stop by one Robert Clear, who demanded all their money. "Telling him that my wife's purse was in her basket," Mr. Thirsty testified later, "I bent down, put my hands up under her skirt, detached her artificial leg and hit him over the head with it. It was not my intention to do anything more than frighten him off, but, unhappily for us all, he died."

Fun in the Sun

Bahrain is a sandy little island off the coast of Saudi Arabia in the Indian Ocean that just happens to have the highest per capita income in the world. Bahrainis all profit enormously from the miniscule country's colossal oil reserves but simply don't have much to do, considering that they do live in Bahrain, after all. "Dragging the main" is the prime daily recreation, commencing about four o'clock in the afternoon, when it gets cool enough to step outside. At this time every day, thousands of Bahraini families pile into their Toyotas and Datsuns and head for the local airport, where they drive round and round all afternoon until supper and then enjoy a massive, noisy traffic jam as they head for home. In the summer, when the daytime temperature rarely drops beneath 120 degrees F., they do this at the beach.

Life Discovered in Liverpool

Wild rye has lately been found flourishing in Liverpool, England's second most thoroughly polluted city (the first is Manchester). Scientists testing the new plants say they seem to have genetically adapted for survival in an atmosphere thick with sulphur dioxide, which normally kills all such species of flora. Rye taken from the countryside and grown or transplanted next to the new variety quickly perished, indicating that the new species has actually attained an evolutionary ascendance over the conventional variety. Besides holding out hope for genetically doctoring other food plants to survive in polluted conditions, the new Liverpool rye suggests that natural evolutionary changes in organisms may proceed much more quickly than was hitherto believed.

Dolphins Save Whales from Grisly End

WHANGAREI HARBOR, NEW ZEALAND—For reasons unknown, over 50 whales decided to congregate in the harbor here one morning recently, and 14 of them even stranded themselves on the shore near the Marsden Point oil refinery. "We tried to keep the rest away, but they kept turning toward the beach," recalls fisheries officer Don Young. "Probably they

were responding to distress calls from the stranded whales."

As the day drew on and the tide began to ebb, there was a real danger that the stranded whales and many others might die on the beach. Luckily, before all was lost a school of dolphins was spotted just offshore. "As a last resort we rounded them up with a jet boat

and sort of herded them toward the whales that were still afloat," says Young.

"Then the dolphins seemed to take over the whales' navigation and gradually led them down the channel toward the harbor entrance. That suited us. We were not having much success on our own. You could say the dolphins saved the whales," said Young.

Aussie Bigots Rap Britons

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—Queensland premier Johannes Bjelke-Petersen agrees with his ministers: unruly British immigrants, popularly called "Poms," are responsible for the ever-mounting labor troubles in Australia and the inflation they cause. Queensland minister for local government Russell Hinze was widely criticized for complaining, "Bloody Poms are nothing but troublemakers," in open parliament session, after industry minister Ian Sinclair had identified labor unrest as a "British disease." But Bjelke-Petersen put his official stamp of approval on anti-British calumny when he declared, "They are the ones who foment all the trouble."

Pro-Pot Report Squelched by Australian Health Minister

Australia's health minister has so far suppressed two versions of a government-sponsored report on cannabis because the research presented in them was overwhelmingly pro pot. The original report, titled "Cannabis—A Review," was printed up as a government health bulletin in 1977 and was about to be distributed publicly when health minister Ralph Hunt abruptly recalled all copies of it. After a quick session of state and federal health officials decided that the report be "revised," all copies were burned. Except for one, which somehow was leaked to the Australasian Times, Australia's under-

ground campus newspaper.

"After years of extensive inquiry," researchers admitted in the report, "the evidence of potential harm from cannabis is still far from conclusive." Moreover, grass has "shown promise" in treating asthma, glaucoma, nausea and so on. Of the 13 global studies cited in the report, more than half were decidedly positive about marijuana.

So Hunt had a new committee make "some suggested changes and alterations to it" and resubmitted the report to state and federal health experts. They, however, have refused to authorize the minister's rewrite.

Antarctica



The U.S. government, apparently incensed at recent High Times reports exposing the cocaine-smuggling activities of dolphins and swordfish, is conducting bizarre experiments in an effort to anticipate what other aquatic creatures are likely to be adapted to toot transport. Here, a scientist shows how a penguin can be outfitted with a pair of watertight "snow boots," each able to hold over a pound of coke. Drug-control experts fear that bored U.S. armed-service personnel stationed at the South Pole could easily arrange for a fleet of such snort-stuffed birds to be launched from the southern tip of Chile.

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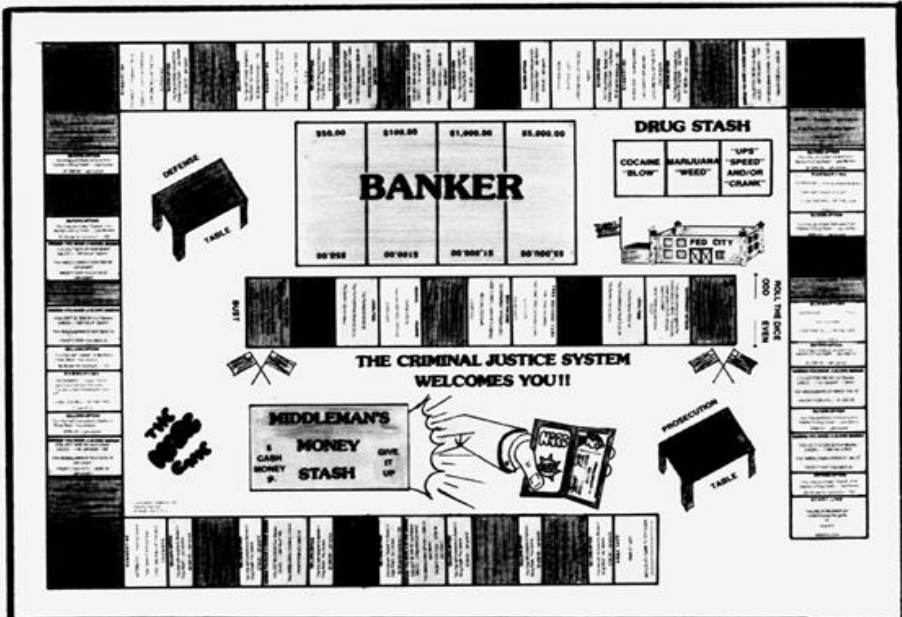
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Clever Chemical Found in Breast Milk

A compelling argument for breast-feeding newborn infants, for at least the first two weeks after birth, has emerged from the Harvard Medical School and Children's Medical Center in Boston, Massachusetts. Mothers' milk contains a unique form of protein—polypeptides—which evidently stimulates the stomach of the newborn infant to develop quickly an inner coat of protective mucus. These polypeptides are formed in mothers' milk immediately after birth and diminish gradually for two months afterward.

"There is something in mothers' milk—a protein—that stimulates the growth of cells, but we don't know which specific cells yet, or how important they might be," reports Dr. Michael Klagsbrun. "It seems that the baby might need it more at the beginning, and then perhaps its body takes over the function on its own. We know this happens in the case of some antibodies."

Similar polypeptides have been located in the milk of newly freshened cows and sheep. Mothers unable to nurse their own infants might ask their doctors if a suitable substitute might be available.

Docs Test Human Sperm on Hamsters

A 100-percent-accurate test for male fertility has been developed in Honolulu, Hawaii. The test takes 24 hours and costs less than \$50. A female hamster ovum is injected with sperm from the man who wants to find out his fertility status: if the ovum splits in mitosis, that indicates he's fertile; if it doesn't, he's not. The new test, which was developed by Dr. Jane Rogers of the University of Hawaii, is immeasurably cheaper and safer than checking women for fertility.

H₂O ODs Deadlier Than Boo

At last it has been revealed: you can overdose on water. As a drug of abuse, aqua doesn't get nearly as much press play as marijuana, but the latest issue of the Jour-

nal of the American Medical Association (JAMA) records two recent human deaths attributed to overindulgence in H₂O—which is two more people than grass ever snuffed, throughout history.

Both water ODs happened to literal dipsomaniacs—deranged people who "heard voices" telling them to drink water. In treating such cases, "drastic measures to limit access to water are warranted," counsels JAMA. "And it is important to deal with the patient's underlying thought disorder that causes the drinking."

Potholes Safer Than Drunk Drivers

Scientists have found that grass smokers make conspicuously better drivers than drunks. UCLA's Dr. Sally Caswell gave stoned people visual road-simulation driving tests and compared them with drunks on the same machine. She found



Stoned drivers: they're conscious of potholes.

that alcohol users typically thought they were doing great on the machine, speeding and taking unnecessary risks, even though their reaction times were dangerously protracted. Grass smokers also had slower reactions, but they were fully conscious of their impairment and compensated for it by driving more slowly and carefully.

Dogs Replace Docs in Psychotherapy

Dogs are better than couch confession and chemotherapy combined for bringing some deeply disturbed people out of themselves, shrinks in Cleveland, Ohio, report. Some 50 patients with long-term intractable personality disorders were given dogs, and all of them perked right up, "exhibiting a marked and sustained improvement," an Ohio University study reports. "All of these patients had failed to respond to other forms of therapy."

The simple fact seems to be that dogs love people and don't care if they're "crazy" or not. And people, evidently, can't help loving dogs either. ☐

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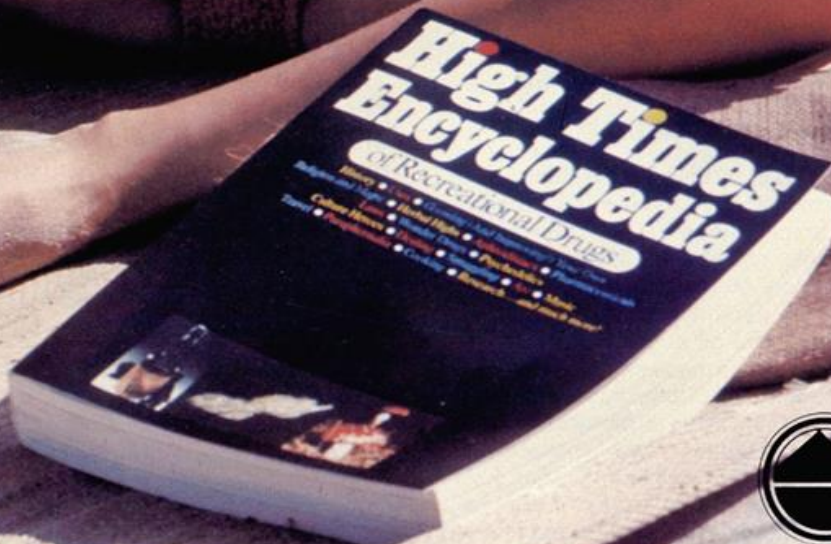
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Seabrook Busts Upheld in Court

The hundreds of people busted by state police at the Seabrook nuclear plant in Hartford, New Hampshire, in 1977 have lost their bid to have the busts thrown out in state supreme court. Thousands have allowed themselves to be busted at Seabrook over the last three years in "illegal" demonstrations, relying on a "lesser of evils" legal argument—that the clear and present danger posed by



It's jail for these antinuke activists.

Seabrook is infinitely graver than the petty-trespass infringements on private property that the demonstrators allegedly committed. However, the court responded that the demonstrators should have used conventional legal channels—writing their congressional representatives and so forth—rather than taking private-property laws into their own hands.

Court Clears Jail-Busting Dad

Dallas psychiatrist Sterling Davis, along with codefendant William Hill, was cleared in New Orleans, Louisiana, of

charges that they engineered a 1976 paramilitary raid on a Mexican jail to free Davis's son and 14 other Yank prisoners. A lower court had convicted the two of complicity in the raid on the Piedras Negras jail, across the border from Eagle Pass, Texas, on the grounds that a sawed-off shotgun had been used in the operation; in Texas, it is illegal for anyone to knowingly carry a sawed-off across the U.S.-Mexico border in either direction.

The New Orleans federal court tossed out the conviction, however, on the grounds that the lower-court judge had not screened jurors to determine if they'd been influenced by the massive pretrial publicity the affair had received locally. The federal judge also noted that there was no proof that defendant Davis had known of the sawed-off or had ever seen it.

Ex-Wife Gets Hubby's Lover, Loses Alimony

A St. Paul, Minnesota, couple were divorced in 1972 under terms that obliged the man to pay the woman \$130 alimony per month "until his wife remarried or died." Subsequently the two reconciled and continued living together without benefit of wedlock, until the man introduced his wife to a lady friend in 1976. The two women became extremely close; in fact they became lovers, and the man moved out, refusing to continue the alimony payments.

His refusal to do so has been upheld by Minnesota District Court judge Joseph Summers: "The plaintiff's lesbianism," ruled Summers, "is a material change in the circumstances which justifies terminating alimony."

CIA Victims May Make a Bundle

"Tens of thousands" of people whose mail has been opened by federal snoops may qualify for handsome lawsuit settlements, says American Civil Liberties Union attorney Melvin Wulf. The ACLU headed the defense for two of three plaintiffs who sued the Central Intelligence Agency after learning that letters they'd mailed to the Soviet Union had been intercepted in New York City by CIA spooks and opened and read. In a 42-page decision, federal judge Jack Weinstein decreed that the CIA charter gave it "no authority" to open mail in this country, and he awarded \$1,000 each to the plaintiffs for privacy infringements.

Attorney Wulf says he'll be seeking \$100 in damages for every person whose mail was molested by the CIA in its systematic snooping program over the last 15 years. The CIA intends to take the issue to the Supreme Court. ■

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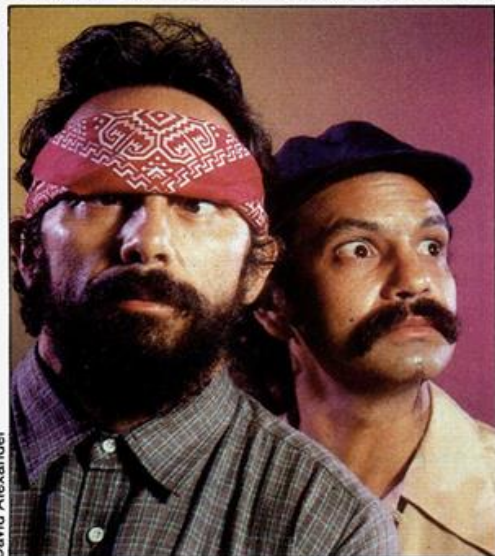


Up in Smoke

"Up in smoke, that's where my money goes / In my lungs and sometimes up my nose / When troubled times begin to bother me / I take a toke and all my cares go up in smoke." With these words sung in laid-back unison by the world's first Chicano-Chinese comedy team, Cheech and Chong, begins *Up in Smoke*, the bhang-sucking blockbuster that's bringing the droogies out in droves. The mind reels as Chong rolls a reefer the size of King Kong's dong. "Will this get me high, man?" asks Cheech. "Does Howdy Doodie have wooden balls?" replies Chong as he lights up. When Cheech gobbles down a multitude of tabs of LSD, Chong tells him: "You've just eaten more acid than I ever saw anybody eat in my life. I hope you got nothing to do for about a month."

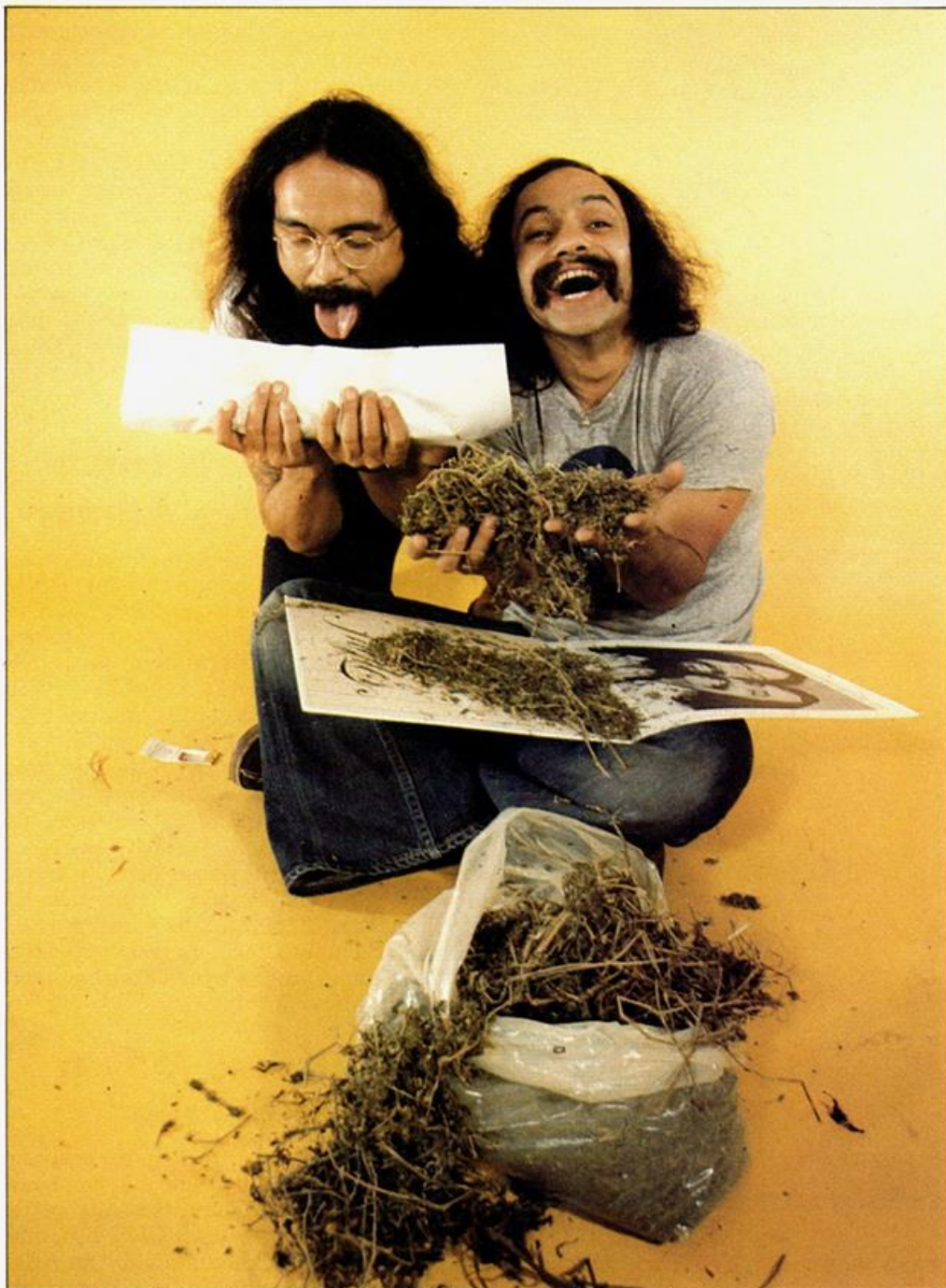
The soundtrack album *Up in Smoke* (Warner Bros. BSK 3249) shows that Cheech and Chong know their riffs as well as their spliffs. Since the whole movie has a California Chicano flavor, most of the music is appropriately Santanaesque, with plenty of horns and mucho guitar-and-drum breaks, as provided by Yesca, who sound like a West Coast version of the "Saturday Night Live" orchestra. Their instrumentals enrich all the movie's freewheelin' funny scenes. "Low Rider," by War, is also included on the LP—Cheech's souped-up leopard-upholstered car is a low-slung Chicano "low rider."

The rest of the songs are credibly sung by Cheech and Chong themselves.



David Alexander

The *Up in Smoke* soundtrack album is a sort of greatest-hits grab bag proving Cheech and Chong are the stoned-out idiots savants of the '80s.



Art Usherson

King Chong and the Cheech Wizard smokin' up the profits from their new movie.

Besides the title number, they do "Framed" ("I ain't done nothin' wrong, man, but I always get the blame / Hey, I been framed"), backed by Mancini-type sax and drums, reminiscent of the "Peter Gunn" theme; "Searchin'," a traditional reggae number; and "Rock Fight," about a battle of the bands ("At the rock fight / There might be a fist fight"). The tour de force is "Earache My Eye," performed by Alice Bowie, Cheech and Chong's punk-rock band, and filmed at Los Angeles's primo punk club, Mabuhay Gardens, using the actual cream of L.A. punkdom as extras. With Chong wearing a Rorer

T-shirt and Cheech in Mousketeer ears, a ballet tutu and tennis shoes, they play thunderous power chords and sing, "My basketball coach kicked me off the team / For wearing high-heel sneakers and acting like a queen / It don't bother me if people think I'm funny / Cuz I'm a big rock star and I make lots of money . . . money . . . money . . . moneeeeeeyyyy!"

The remainder of the album is filled with one-liners and situation gags from the movie, sort of a greatest-hits grab bag, proving Cheech and Chong are the stoned-out idiots savants of the '80s.

—Harry Wasserman

TNT Tanya

She was a C&W nymphet superstar for seven years with hits like "Delta Dawn" and "Blood Red and Goin' Down," but now that she's 20 years old Tanya Tucker has thrown aside her gingham dresses for skintight black-leather slacks and zippered red-vinyl jumpsuits. Rather than go the route of Dolly Parton, who crossed over from country and western to mainstream pop, Tanya has become a hard-rockin' red-hot sexpot a la Blondie's Debbie Harry, but with a voice as rich and mellifluous as Linda Ronstadt's.

TNT (MCA 3066) will drop your pants and knock your socks off. Tanya's rock numbers are mostly old standbys, but they're as rough and tough as the originals. She sounds as angry as Elvis on "Heartbreak Hotel," as jittery as Buddy Holly on "Not Fade Away," and as bluesy as Chuck Berry on "Brown-Eyed Handsome Man." And she can still sound sweet and passionate on torrid torch songs like John Prine's "Angel from Montgomery" (accompanied by Prine himself on backup vocals), "The River and the Wind," "It's Nice to Be with You" and the sure-to-be-classic "I'm the Singer, You're the Song," which she sang in her made-for-TV movie debut, *Amateur Night at the Dixie Bar & Grill*. The film is a wry pastiche of Nashville, "Fernwood 2-Nite" and "The Gong Show" in which Tanya plays an innocently sexy C&W starlet-to-be who beats stagefright.

Solid, steady bass man Jerry Scheff learned his licks while working with Elvis Presley. Powerful piano plunker John Hobbs is gargantuan in size as well as musical prowess. But the showstopper is



Raoul R. Gatchalian

Torrid Tanya teases Yankee rockers.

dynamic lead guitarist Jerry Swallow, who breathes electric vitality into the rock cuts while Tanya snarls into her mike; and on her slow love songs, Swallow's guitar gently weeps. Producer Jerry Goldstein, who paid his dues producing War, is slick enough to smooth together Tanya's eclectic collection of

country, rock and heartthrob winners.

On TNT, Tanya Tucker proves she can be as sweet as molasses on a hot summer day, as hard as ice on a cold winter night, and that she can shake, rattle and roll with the best of them. TNT will blow your mind and blast away your blues.

—Harry Wasserman

Tosh Testifies

Buy this album: *Bush Doctor* (Rolling Stones Records COC-39109). I mean, any man who goes on network TV (in this case, "Saturday Night Live") and sings, "Dem legalize marijuana / Right here in Jamaica / Dem say it cure glaucoma / I man a de Bush Doctor," deserves every royalty penny he gets. After all, Tosh is putting it on the line for your heads. While you sit home and fire up your bong, Peter recently spent a few nights in the Trenchtown clinker (and was beaten by the baldhead police) because of his outspoken views on the subject of *Cannabis sativa*. But marijuana aside, anyone who can write a song called "Bush Doctor" without one even indirect reference to a female has got to be the poet laureate of rock 'n' roll.

Tosh was always the politico of the Wailers (when Marley, Bunny Wailer and Tosh combined to be the Beatles of Jamaica a few years back), and this new album has its share of up-against-the-wall rockers like "Dem Ha Fe Get a Beaten"

that comment trenchantly on the current dismal world situation. But there's also the mellow side of Peter in evidence here on cuts like "Pick Myself Up" and "Creation," a six-minute-plus gorgeous hymn to Jah that sounds like it was produced by Cecil B. DeMille. And all this fire and brimstone and Rasta testifying is prefaced by the album's hit single, "(You Got to Walk and) Don't Look Back," an old Temptations song.

The production by Robbie Shakespeare (who's featured in the new reggae film *Rockers*) is superb, and the musical cast of characters provides a solid backing for Tosh's amazing phrasing and creative pronunciation. But the execs at Rolling Stones Records who hope to break Tosh big in the U.S. might not realize many sales in the Bible Belt, especially with lyrics in "Stand Firm" like: "The other one come tell I say / If you want to be in the light son / You got to love Jesus Crise son / Dat is fantasy, a whole pack of ignorancy, I say."

But then again, the Stones sold about a billion records to black girls who "just

want to get fucked all night," so you never can tell. And Tosh was certainly charismatic on his American TV debut, singing his hit single. But who was that skinny white English guy who joined in on the chorus? A crass attempt to ride Tosh's dreadlocks to fame, I say.

—Ratso Sloman

Ryder Returns

Mitch Ryder possesses one of the all-time great rock 'n' roll voices, and now he's back. Burning out of the Motor City in the mid '60s, 19-year-old Ryder and his Detroit Wheels quickly became the quintessential American rockers and for a red-hot minute were also the only serious competition this country gave to the British invasion of the airwaves. Ryder specialized in frenzied reworkings of rock and soul classics. Those who saw the Detroit Wheels live still speak in hushed tones of their passionate drive and near maddening intensity, which was the basis for the Detroit/Midwest rock supremacy

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The Detroit Wheels' passionate drive and near maddening intensity was the basis for the Motor City's rock supremacy.



Mitch Ryder: the Detroit Wheel rolls on.

now reigning.

Ryder had played several key benefits for Michigan music champion John Sinclair, who was incarcerated on a trumped-up one-joint bust. When John was pardoned, he became Ryder's manager. Then in the early '70s, Mitch disappeared from public view.

Suddenly last summer, however, there were rumblings of a crack new Ryder band in Wayne County, as well as some provocative and autobiographical new songs on a self-produced album. In fact, Ryder spent a couple of years in Colorado, isolated but writing songs. The album, *What I Did on My Vacation* (Seeds & Stems Records SS7801), is now out, and it bespeaks an artistic commitment that few, if any, singers today would risk (maybe Jim Morrison on *An American Prayer*, but he's dead). The voice is still ultra-refined sandpaper, and the screams are still bloodcurdling, but now Ryder assumes different personae in his songs. On "The Jon," he pulls off a Bessie Smith-style blues romp sung from a hooker's point of view. "Tough Kid" is undiluted Detroit bedrock, as hard as it comes.

Throughout this album, in fact, Ryder is making some harsh statements about the multi-level and systematic repression of the individual in the late '70s, here and now. These are statements that may be common to conceptual-art circles, but they rarely find their way to wax or, God forbid, radio. What makes it all work so well for Mitch Ryder is the voice, which now sings of very real experiences in a somewhat incredible life, from somewhere deep in the human heart, not from the assembly line.

—Crispin McCormick Cioe

Signals from Space

The diverse experience of English jazz-rockers Danny Wilding and Pete Bonus are drawn together on *Pleasure Signals* (Visa Records IMP7003) to create an album that ranges from rich, neo-psychedelic orchestral passages to pure funk riffs with Latin overtones, the whole work united by a finely honed musical intelligence.

Guitarist Pete Bonus is something of a mystery man, an associate of Traffic's Jim Capaldi and an original, though short-term, member of Genesis's offshoot, Brand X. Flutist Danny Wilding broke in



Danny Wilding: futuristic flutist.

with the seminal English fusion organizations African Band and Zocks and the Radar Boys, then went on to explore a true sound studio during an A&R gig with Island Records.

"Race for Space" is a good example of their eclectic method; its percussion—Genesis's Phil Collins on drums and Rebop Kwaku Baan on congas—is

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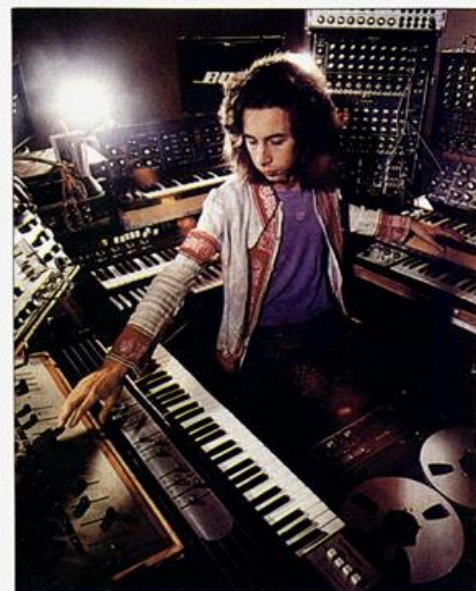
pure Latin. "Initiation into the Nagual," is a bit of space funk inspired by Carlos Castaneda's "Don Juan" books. The cut is noteworthy for Pete Bonus's mysterious bass lines and the extraterrestrial sound of John Goodsall's (of Brand X) work on guitar and "arklong," whatever that is.

—Steve Ellman

Northern Wasteland

Begotten of Philip Glass and Jean-Michel Jarre upon Steve Reich and Terry Riley by way of Tangerine Dream, Michael Hoenig's *Departure from the Northern Wasteland* (Warner Brothers BSK3152) joins a growing genre of work that creates transcendences from subtly twisting monotonies. It's often called space music, hypnosis music, accretionary music or, as Hoenig names it, "relax-music," but the sound precedes labels.

Complexity evolves simplicity. Mellifluously blended, warmly ionized atmospheres diffuse through expanding, pulsating time. Synchronous, reflected arabesques perfume the sparkling membrane. Outer orbits are crossed. Lavender frogs scurry through the



Michael Hoenig's electronic point of departure.

spheres, until the slowly accumulated tension is released into a bubbling void.

Hoenig is a self-proclaimed composer of music to escape by—escaping from, as he puts it, "the trivially designed process of everyday life." Years of growth with such Berlin experimenters as Klaus Schulze (of Tangerine Dream), the Scratch Orchestra and Agitation Free convinced Hoenig that electronic music need not be cold and uncommunicative. Then he set up his own studio to take his ideas from improvisation into composition.

After hearing this entirely synthesized debut album, you too will be happy he never learned keyboards. That particular ignorance enables him to play the knobs and dials of his Moogs as the new in-

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struments they really are, instead of just transferring triads to a weird piano. Leave on these departures soon, while they're still art. The style is so mesmerizing, it will soon be Muzak, and you'll be beatified into ecstatic consumption in the frozen-foods aisle. —Gary Stimeling

Cockney Japan

The members of Japan insist their band is not a ripoff of the New York Dolls, even though they look somewhat like the defunct glitter band. Japan explains that they dress like the glam-rock bands of years ago because they are antifashion. "If our audience one day came to one of our concerts dressed like us, we'd more than likely go home and change," says bassist Mick Karn.

On this English quintet's second album, *Obscure Alternatives*, produced by Ray Singer, (Ariola America SW 50047), they play cockney-flavored rock that isn't meant to roll. It has an arty touch that highlights some of the rawness and guts of today's newer bands, with sharp, cutting guitar and vocal melodies and counter melodies. "... Rhodesia" has a



Rob Dean, Japan's guitar kamikaze.

funky reggae base, but with a Patti Smith-type vocal delivery and floating synthesizer leads. "Love Is Infectious" has odd chord phrasing leading into slow, gut-kicking guitar runs. The other six tunes on the album have equally arresting arrangements.

Though Japan is a young two and one-half years old and the ages of the musicians are 18-23, the execution and composition of the tunes here display challenging imagination and an awareness that would baffle and impress rock's old-timers. Fortunately, the band has avoided all the clichés found in the most recent British invasion. *Obscure Alternatives* is a brilliantly adventurous collection that smacks of freshness.

—Everynight Charley Crespo

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Dope Farmer's Almanac

MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE, by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal (Berkeley: And/Or Press, \$8.95).

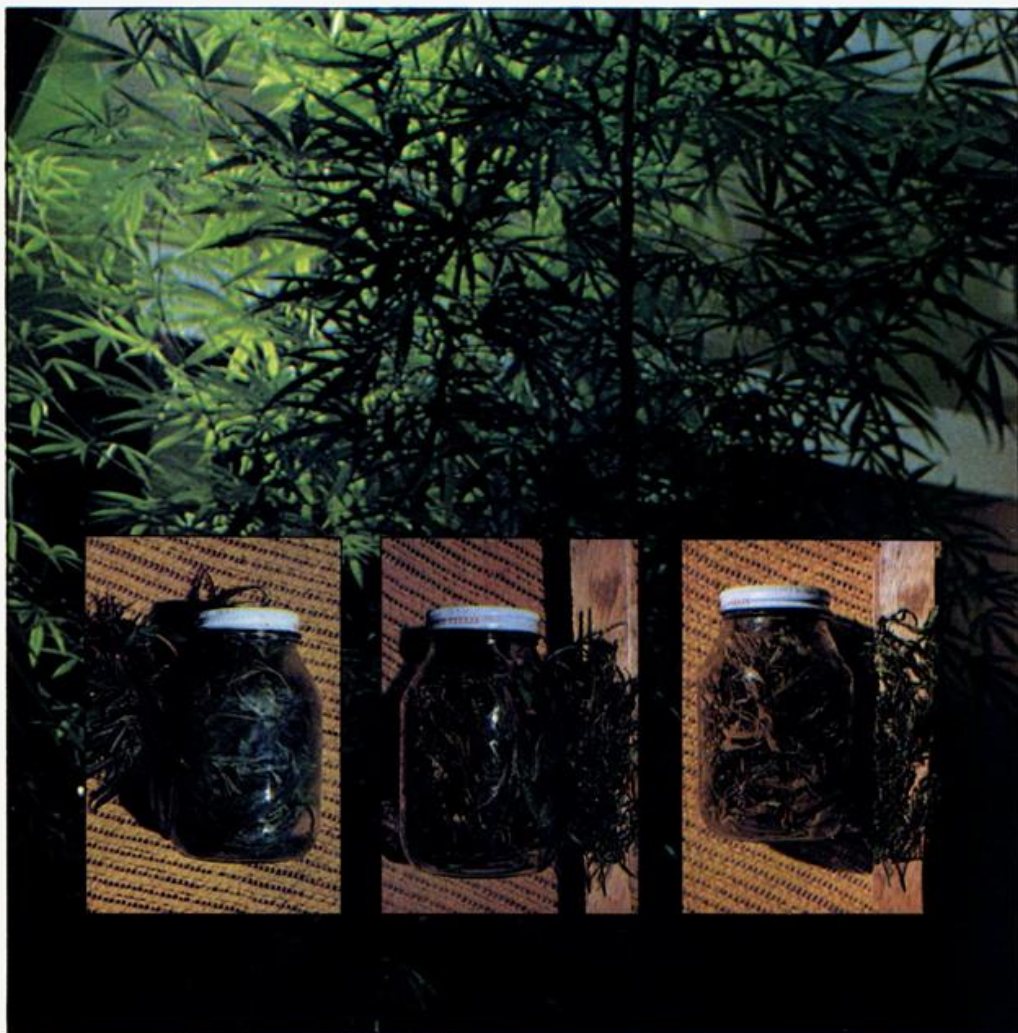
Author Ed Rosenthal swears up and down and very vividly that *High Times* has never reviewed his book, which is sort of hard to believe. Most of us dummies around here, everything we know about dope we picked up from this book. When people call up here to get arcane grass information, we go straight to Frank and Rosenthal and try to make it sound, over the phone, as though we'd known it all for years: "From the sound of it, you got no drainage in your pot-patch soil. You get a big buildup of anaerobic bacteria with lousy drainage, see . . ."

That's on page 98 in the *Grower's Guide*. Anyway, marijuana is about the most peculiar plant on earth, with 360-odd chemicals in it. It's got a perverted sex life, as plants go, and is so exquisitely sensitive to its environment that two plants growing on opposite sides of a hill can turn out to look like two entirely separate species of flora. The same plot will have plants that are cranky, plants that are cuddly, plants bossy and plants passive. Personally, if I'd known how infinitely complex the marijuana organism is before reading this book, I'd have been thoroughly intimidated from ever opening it.

But Frank and Rosenthal love their subject fiercely and tenderly. Every phase in the life of the pot plant, from its first frail germination, through its exuberant declaration of puberty, into its triumphant bloom and dignified senescence, is intimately described and accompanied with *mucho* photos so any fool can plainly see exactly what they're talking about. Outdoor and artificial growing, thinning, pruning, harvesting and curing: all those little things that would otherwise fuck up your own blundering attempts at marijuana husbandry are here explained beforehand for you.

If I were to write a publisher's blurb for this book, I'd most likely say: "After Frank and Rosenthal, there is no valid excuse for anyone to get stuck with lousy weed ever again." This should be good for a couple new-plucked buds of that piney green California sinse, eh, Ed?

—Dean Latimer



Mel Frank

Marijuana Grower's Guide explains marijuana husbandry so well that there is no valid excuse for anyone to get stuck with lousy weed ever again.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN: The Personal Account of a West German Urban Guerilla, by Bommi Baumann (Pulp Press, Box 48806, Station Bental, Vancouver, Canada, \$3.50). For Bommi Baumann, it



all began with "rock music and long hair."

Involvement with the West German counter-culture led Baumann to become an anarchist. His political development parallels in many ways that of Abbie Hoffman and other American cultural revolutionaries. Drugs played an important role in the radicalizing of Baumann and his cohorts. It would appear that hashish is their favorite drug. (Danny Cohn-Bendit, the German anarchist who played a prominent role in the 1968 French student-worker revolt, recently ran unsuccessfully for interior minister in the state of Hesse on a platform calling for the legalization of hashish.) In the late '60s, Baumann and a few other like-minded souls formed the Hash Rebels, a Yippie-like group in Berlin. The Hash Rebels held

smoke-ins and fought with the police on numerous occasions.

After a trip to the Middle East, attention of the German radicals shifted from Vietnam to Palestine. Urban guerrilla



Terrorist Bommi Baumann.

groups, like the Tupamaros, replaced the Yippies as role models. A series of bombings—judges' homes, American and Israeli offices—followed. But the freedom-loving Baumann found it hard to adjust to the rigid lifestyle of the terrorist. Long hair and colorful clothing made one stand out in the crowd. When the bombings became routine, Baumann's group

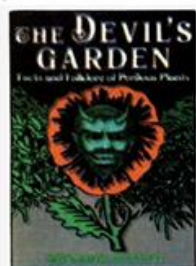
Beginning in the late '60s, the Hash Rebels of Berlin, a Yippie-like group of urban guerrillas, held smoke-ins, fought with the police and bombed judges' homes.

dissolved, although he has remained underground.

Baumann's book was banned and confiscated by the police in Germany. At a press conference protesting this censorship, Cohn-Bendit called the book a "literary masterpiece," because "one discovers the author with all the contradictions he brings with him." Masterpiece or not, it is the first account of the terrorist scene by someone who has been there.

—Thomas McCarthy

THE DEVIL'S GARDEN: Fact and Folklore of Perilous Plants, by Edward Ricciuti (New York: Walker and Company, \$9.95).



The herbal revival has created a need for a primer of intoxicating and/or toxic plants. To some extent Ricciuti serves this purpose well. Interesting tidbits like the ordeal tree of Madagascar enliven his history of poisoning.

He discusses the theory that the dinosaurs died out because they could not

taste the poisonous alkaloids made by some of the new flowering plants.

Ricciuti's fear of any situation but "controlled laboratory conditions" warps every observation he makes about psychoactive plants. In discussing marijuana, he rightfully mentions three recently claimed and unsubstantiated "harmful effects" of pot but fails to mention that two of the studies were done by researchers who have a long history of grinding their axes against the herb. Ricciuti extrapolates dangers that this tentative research does not prove and repeats the old bugaboo of lowered testosterone levels without mentioning the known hormone-inhibiting effect of locking up test subjects for weeks in a mental ward.

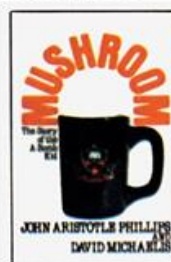
All this would be merely pathetic, except that Ricciuti shows the usual control fetish of the self-righteous rationalist. He weeps for all the witches killed by Christian bigots and hallucinating victims of rye-bread poisoning, while encouraging the modern witch hunt with his attitude that the "troubled young" must be protected from their urge to "escape" the "reality" he would foist upon them. He

solicits our sympathy for poisoned youngsters, while blaming it all on the "back to nature movement" and hinting that suppression of knowledge would prevent the tragedies of ignorance. When he quotes a suggestion for banning the poisonous houseplant dieffenbachia (dumbcane), one suddenly sees DEA agents leaving the border unguarded to uproot Aunt Hattie's tomato patch and prized wisteria.

The sad part is that the public needs a nontechnical book that combines entertaining tales of exotic toxins with information on the dangerous plants of home and garden. Since Ricciuti's handling of this part of his material is straightforward and factual, the book can serve as a basic safety guide for children and parents even though the sections on intoxicants are tainted by pseudo facts.

—Gary Stimeling

MUSHROOM: The Story of the A-Bomb Kid, by John Aristotle Phillips and David Michaelis (New York: William Morrow, \$8.95). The "mushroom" is a double



entendre. First, it refers to the shape of cloud that accompanies the firing of an atomic bomb, such as the one designed by the author when he was a 19-year-old Princeton student several years ago. Second, but more relevant to the theme of this highly readable book, it is a metaphor for the rapidly unfolding events that take place after Phillips hands his soon-to-be-famous 30-page report to his physics teacher.

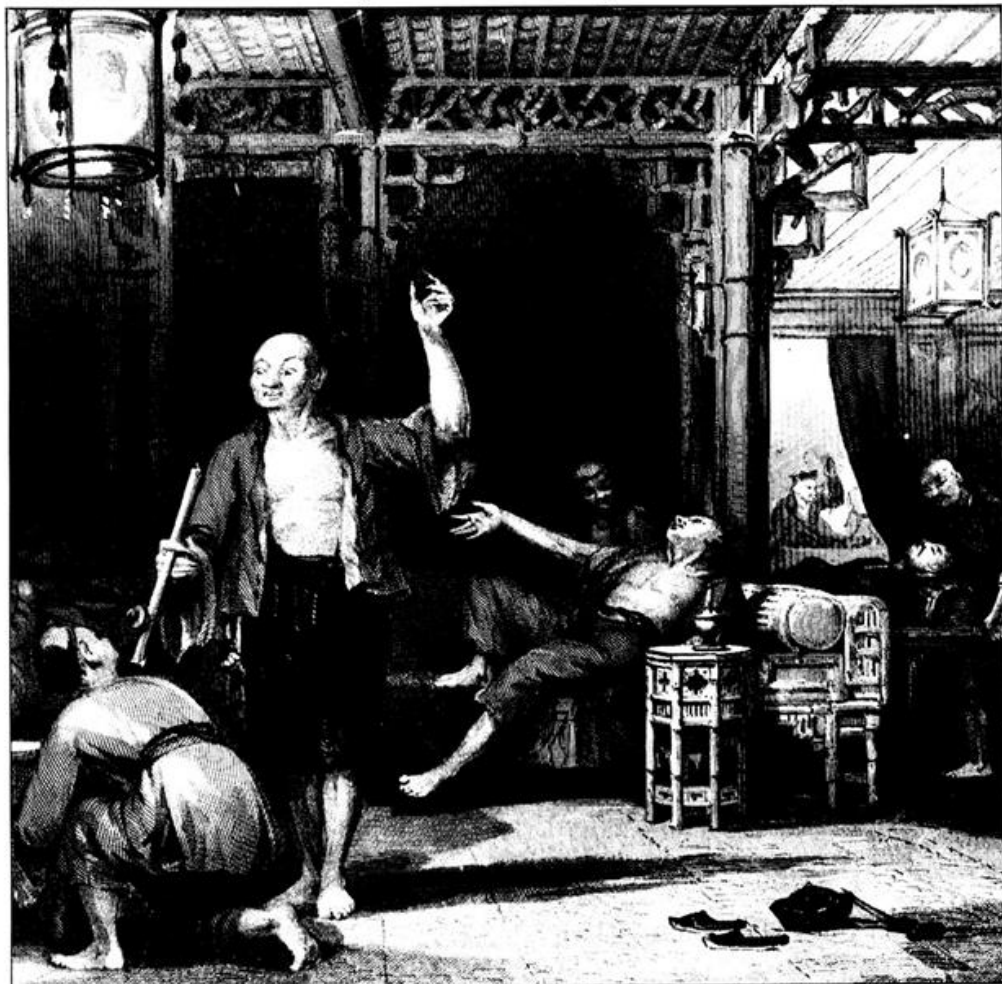
The craziness begins with his professor's disbelief that a student of average intelligence—with only a basic understanding of physics, published information the professor had thought surely was still classified, and a few missing links naively supplied by a high-level executive at DuPont—was able to design a workable A-bomb capable of destroying half of Manhattan; it ends with Phillips negotiating the rights to a movie based on his experiences, starring none other than the average physics student turned bomb designer himself.

The implications for possible terrorist activity and destruction should such a design fall into the wrong hands (along with enough uranium or plutonium to actually build the bomb) frightens the Princeton physics department, the U.S. government, the CIA, the U.S. Senate, the media and other shady groups.

Mushroom is a kind of *Catcher in the Rye* of the '70s, offering the reader a very entertaining account of an articulate young man who is acutely aware that he missed out on the action of the '60s, and is intent on making up for it.

—Bonnie Gordon

(continued on page 109)



Opium den of iniquity: the Devil's garden.

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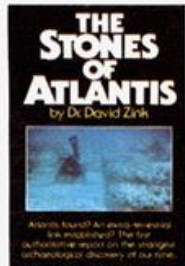
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Zink experienced a "gentle high" when he swam in the "lost fountain of youth" that Ponce de Leon could never find.

THE STONES OF ATLANTIS, by Dr. David Zink (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, \$9.95). Beautifully illustrated, *The Stones of Atlantis* is the account of Dr. Zink's six Poseidia expeditions to Paradise Point in Bimini between 1974 and 1977. Using a multi-disciplinary approach that included submarine exploration of the site, geological analysis



of samples, archaeoastronomy and psychic archaeology, he tried to unravel the mystery of Atlantis, which has generated some 5,000 works in 20 languages since the time of Plato.

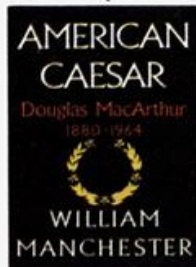
With the help of three gifted women psychics, Zink, who otherwise has a technical and academic background with the U.S. Air Force, postulates the hypothesis of a cosmic migration to Earth from the Pleiades around 30,000 B.C., which created a number of ancient myths that includes Atlantis. These cosmic beings also knew "sacred engineering," thus providing the key for all the amazingly accurate astronomical and geomagnetic data encompassed by ancient temples and monuments such as the Egyptian or Mayan pyramids, Stonehenge, etc. The "Bimini Road" was not a road or a port, according to Zink's thorough investigations, but a gigantic megalithic temple using labyrinthine patterns for religious initiations. The whole submarine complex, Zink believes, "may ultimately be recognized as the major archaeological

discovery of this century in the New World."

If you are into ancient mysteries or Caribbean adventures, this book is a must. Take, for instance, the "gentle high" that Zink and his team members experienced when they swam in the "lost fountain of youth," a rather inaccessible, jungle-covered, healing fountain that Ponce de Leon and other crazy conquistadores could never find.

—Antonio Huneeus

AMERICAN CAESAR, by William Manchester (Boston: Little, Brown, \$15). William Manchester's masterful portrayal of our greatest American general, Douglas MacArthur, is enough to stir a sense of patriotism in anyone, no matter how deeply buried it might be beneath the fashionable



apathy of today's Americans. Here was a man who devoted his entire life in the military—48 years, 33 of them at the rank

of general—to serving his beloved country as he knew best, on the battlefield. Some might scoff at this, but they might not be here to scoff if it hadn't been for General Douglas MacArthur. His career spanning three major wars, MacArthur was responsible for the submission of Japan, displaying a strategical genius that ranks him with Napoleon and Caesar as one of the greatest military leaders of recorded history.



Battlestar MacArthur.

MacArthur's army history dates back to his birth to a father who spent much of his career chasing Indians in the West. Growing up in western stockades, MacArthur entered West Point in 1899 and

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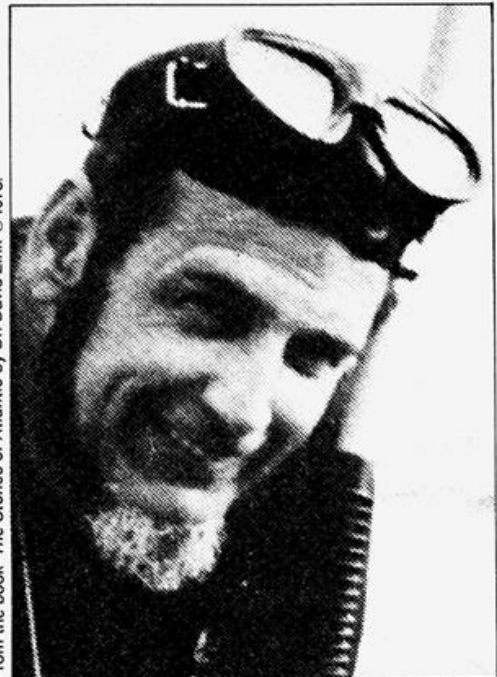
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Zink, lost-world explorer.

THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automo-



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life Church and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

bile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Minister's Credentials, to send a \$10⁰⁰ tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, P.O. Box 669, Dept. H I T , Aptos, CA 95003.

graduated number one in his class. Of the two who graduated with higher grades in the history of West Point, one of them was Robert E. Lee.

Unorthodox from his first taste of battle, MacArthur was loved by his men for his willingness—in fact, eagerness—to participate in the midst of any combat, a definite nix for any general.

MacArthur's ego was at least as large as his image. Manchester illustrates this through the use of several stories in which the general refused to concede to anyone, which eventually led to his confrontation with another unyielding great American, Harry Truman. Publicly denouncing the president for not allowing him to invade China during the Korean War, MacArthur was immediately brought back to the U.S., his war career over. If 795 pages can capture the essence of a man, I believe Manchester has succeeded.

—Legs McNeil

PISSING IN THE SNOW AND OTHER OZARK FOLKTALES, by Vance Randolph (New York: Bard/Avon, \$1.95). Did



you ever hear the one about the half-wit and the eel? How about the twitchet traders? The double-action sailor? The city girl and the cow? The miller's prick? The speckle-ass bull? How Oronogo, Missouri, got its name?

You've probably heard variations of some of the 101 tales here, collected over four decades from the hills of Arkansas by the dean of American folklorists, Vance Randolph; but unless you're an ol' razorback or an indexer of folk motifs you probably haven't heard most of them.

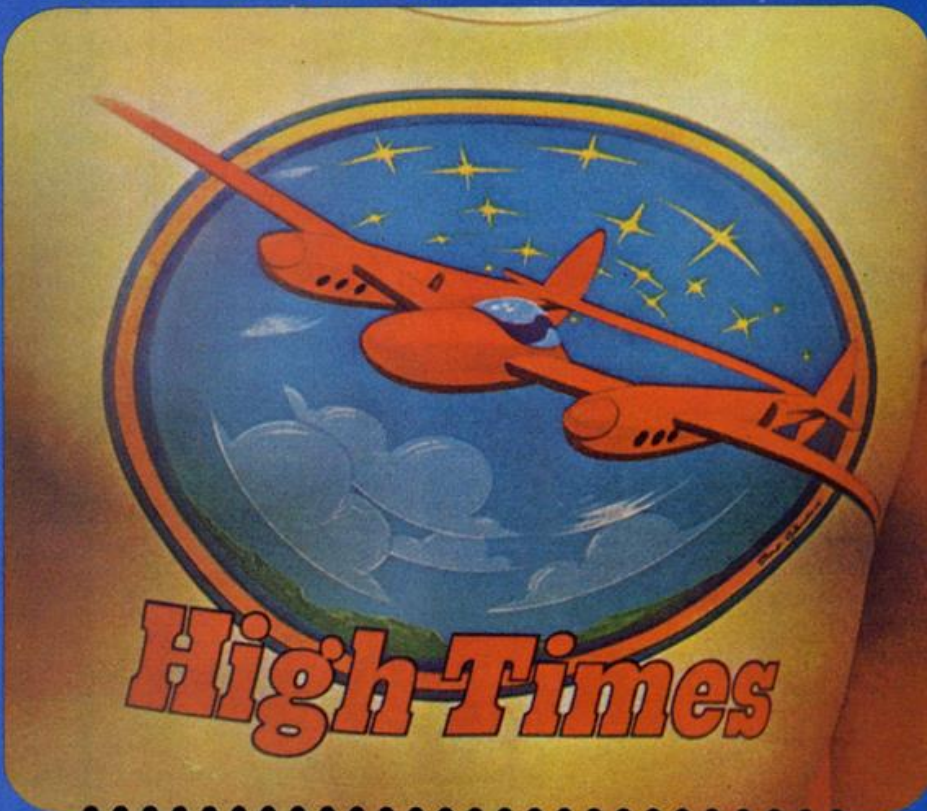
Amazingly enough, it is only in the last decade that collections of rural "dirty" jokes have seen the light of day without the academic convention of substituting asterisks and dashes or finding Latin equivalents for the offending members. With these adventures of rogers, jemsons and diddling tallywhackers and twitchets, a lot would have been lost in translation, so Randolph preferred just to circulate them in manuscript form among fellow folklorists rather than send them out into the world without their full equipment.

It's hard to imagine how anyone could take offense at anything in these good-natured tales about lusty old beekeepers, gullible city slickers, milkmaids, smoothy-chops salesmen, pussy-pursuing preachers, salty sailors, horny hillbillies and assorted talking barnyard critters. Even when they involve trickery—usually, having sex under absurd pretexts or mistaken identity—they generally conclude with satisfaction all 'round for services rendered. There is little ill will or malicious intent in these hokey outhouse yarns, where even the fool gets a fair shake.

—David Dalton

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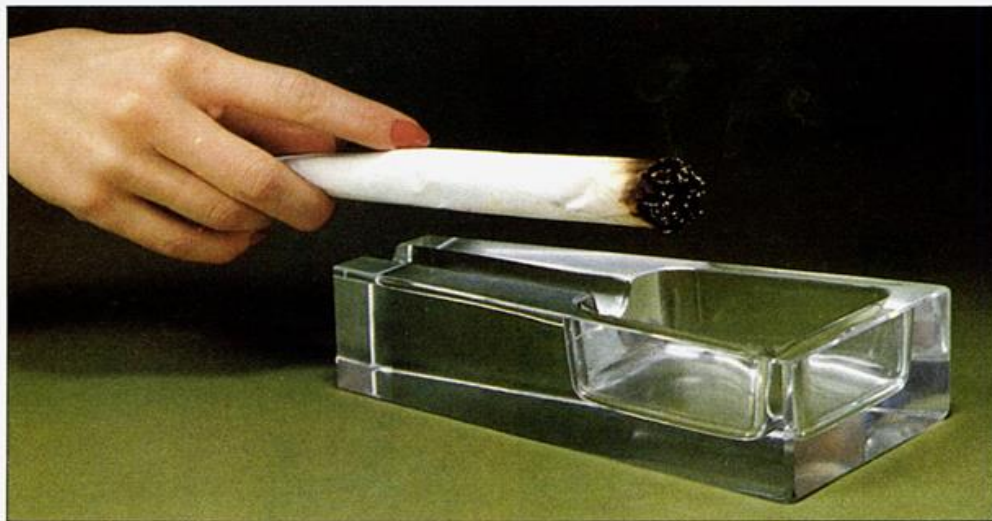


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Jack Abraham

and a long, deep trough that can hold the chunkiest of spliffs or Havana El Ropo cigars. The low center of gravity and solid heft make it almost impossible to tip over. The smooth, nonporous underside is

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Jack Abraham

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Walter Urie

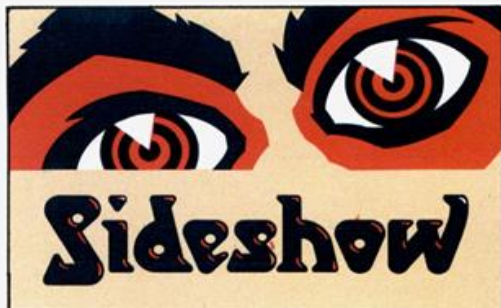


Jack Abraham

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"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor. ☐



Beverly Cusimano

Dynamic Duo

This issue's "Confessions of a Viper" is the product of two authors whose interest in the dope culture is a labor of love—with money a close second. Bernie Brightman wasted 25 years as the veep of a large corporation before quitting the rat race to form Stash Records (P.O. Box 390, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215), a small label dedicated to preserving the forbidden folk songs of America's shifting underground in popular anthologies such as *Reefer Songs*, *Copulatin' Blues* and *Women in Jazz*.

Larry Sloman is a frequent contributor to *High Times* and the best-selling author of *On the Road with Bob Dylan: Rolling with the Thunder* (Bantam). His new book, *Reefer Madness: The History of Marijuana in America* (Bobbs-Merrill), sheds new light on the federal fiasco of 1937 that led to Prohibition and is required reading for the entire galaxy. When between books, Sloman fritters away his days playing ice hockey, practicing alchemy and drinking margaritas.



Kate Simon

New-wave TV: (left to right) Glenn O'Brien, Chris Stein, Walter Steding and Robert Fripp.

TV Party

Glenn O'Brien, author of "A Short History of the Devil" and "Reading, Writing and Reefer Madness," is neither a Satanist nor mad, but he does admit to a Jesuit education, having graduated from Georgetown University, home of *The Exorcist*. A regular *High Times* contributor, O'Brien is also known to new-wave rock fans as the "Beat" columnist for *Interview* and to *New Yorkers* as the host of "Glenn O'Brien's TV Party."

"TV Party" is a weekly cable TV show

broadcast live every Monday night from Manhattan that features the stars of the new-wave rock scene in a talk and variety format. Recent guests have included Blondie, Robert Fripp, Peter Hammill of Van de Graaff Generator, Richard Sohl of the Patti Smith Group, Walter Steding and Kraftwerk. Will "TV Party" go national? "Maybe," says O'Brien. "'TV Party' is the first show to completely erase the line between government and entertainment. It's the TV show that is a cocktail party but that could be a political party."

L.A. Woman

The photographer for our Los Angeles feature on page 68, Marcia Resnick, has packed a loaded camera all around the world, even the South Seas, the Gulf of Arabia and her native Brooklyn. Her autobiographical photo book *Re-visions* (Coach House Press) prompted William Burroughs to pronounce it "the essence of adolescence." Resnick is currently living a nocturnal existence in New York City while working on her forthcoming *Bad Boys: A Compendium of Punks, Poets and Politicians* (for a sneak preview, see *High Times*, July '78).



Marcia Resnick



Laurence of Cannabia

Laurence Cherniak is the kind of adventurer you don't encounter often anymore, an old-fashioned world traveler who is not satisfied unless he is passing through someplace few will ever visit. He's not a soldier of fortune but a photographer of delicacies and has spent 15 years traversing the globe in search of exotic substances. Many of those that he has found have appeared as *High Times* centerfolds, including this month's, the second in a three-part Cherniak worldwide extravaganza also featured on our April cover. Cherniak's forthcoming *The Great Book of Hashish* (And/Or Press) will probably be the definitive document on one of our favorite subjects. ☐

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- *Recycleable Container*
- *No Culture Transfers*

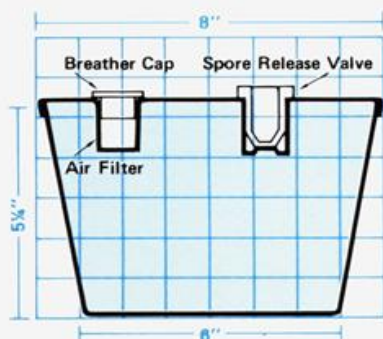
Thanks to the success of our Original Mushroom Growing Kit, Maya Bells proudly introduces the ultimate concept in Magic Mushroom cultivation — the only kit of its kind.

All ingredients including 2 lbs rye grain, growing nutrients, agar, and fertile spores come pre-sterilized in our unique recycleable polycarbonate container that gives you over 50 square inches of growing area.

All sterilization and transferring procedures are done for you in our laboratory. Simply turn a valve to disperse the spores on the growing medium. Put them in your growing area, and watch them grow. Our sterile and fertile spores are fully guaranteed to provide you with a healthy *Psilocybe* culture.

After successfully harvesting your mushrooms return the empty container and \$20.00 for a refill.

For those of you who have not made the trip to the magic land of the Maya we bring the trip to you.



Complete Kit
\$25.00

Colorado Residents
add 6% local tax (\$1.50)



Maya Bells, Inc.
P.O. Box 26166
Lakewood, Colo.
80226

Send me _____ kits at \$25.00 each, check or money order (includes postage & handling)

Name _____

Address _____

City, St., Zip _____

Cashiers Check or Money Orders shipped immediately

Patent Pending

The e-z wider® pipe system

The First New Waterpipe Since The First Waterpipe.

Three out of four pipe and bong smokers prefer the e-z wider pipe system. Here's why:

For thousands of years hookahs and bongs have been easy to spill, hard to clean, clumsy to handle, and inefficient to smoke.

In all those centuries there has never been a better designed smoking system than those primitive arrangements of tubing.

We asked 800 pipe and bong smokers who tried the e-z wider pipe system to state which they liked better.

Three out of four respondents preferred the e-z wider pipe system.

Who wouldn't? It's designed around a patented heat-exchanger cartridge that filters and cools the smoke.

The e-z wider pipe system is spillproof. You can turn

it over to tap the ashes out of the bowl without spilling a drop.

It's also easy to clean, because the cartridge is disposable. When the pipe needs cleaning, you simply replace the cartridge.

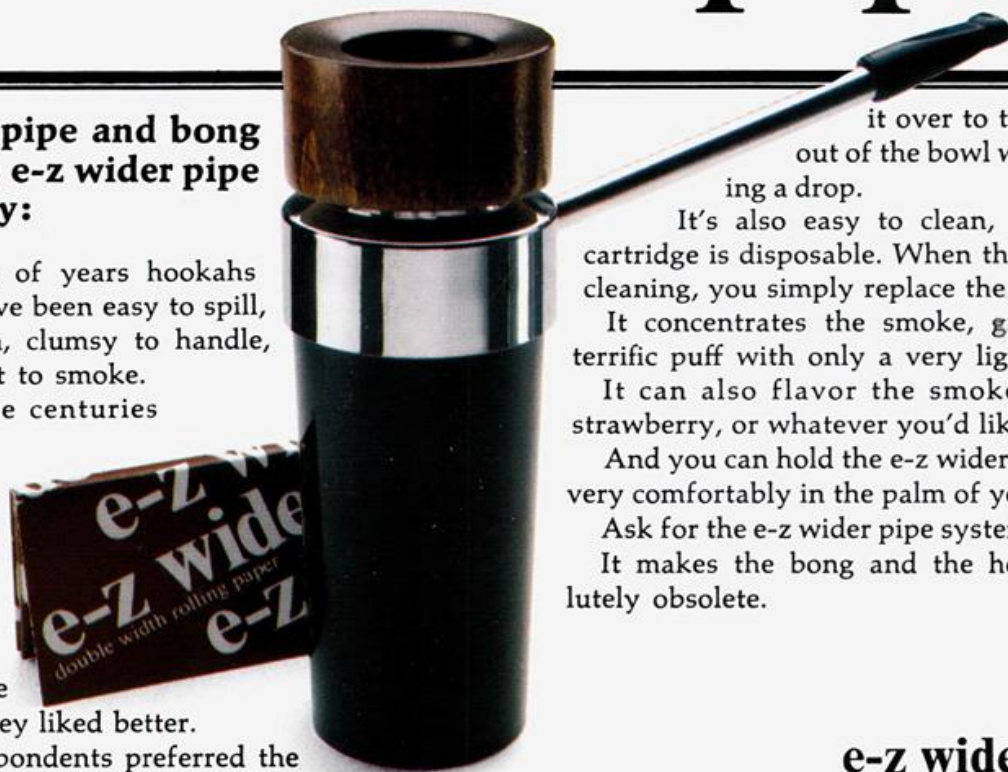
It concentrates the smoke, giving you a terrific puff with only a very light draw.

It can also flavor the smoke: menthol, strawberry, or whatever you'd like to taste.

And you can hold the e-z wider pipe system very comfortably in the palm of your hand.

Ask for the e-z wider pipe system.

It makes the bong and the hookah absolutely obsolete.



**e-z wider
PIPE SYSTEM** 

High Times

MAY 1979



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